

★ PHOTOPLAY

A P R I L

25 CENTS



JOAN
CRAWFORD

MR. CHIPS DISCOVERS HOLLYWOOD By James Hilton
Also: The ASTOUNDING STORY of ERROL FLYNN



فراغرانس جاي العجيب

IN CAIRO, AS IN GAY CAPITALS
THE WORLD AROUND, THEY SAY:

WONDERFUL!
the fragrance



"AL-AJEEBI" Wonderful! It's the word for it in Cairo. "Ravissantel!" they say in Paris. "Priceless!" in New York. In every language, there's extravagant praise for this world-preferred perfume, the fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey... young and fresh and joyous... has captured the feminine hearts of five continents. They're wearing it tonight, the loveliest women, in London and Paris, in 75 nations... dancing in the starlight of a Durban night, dining in Egypt's famous Shepherd's Hotel, riding the Blue Train to the Riviera.

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Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo—the cross-roads of the world! Here are women internationally smart, and a perfume internationally popular—the fragrance Gemey.

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Barcelona... Budapest... Capetown... Sydney... Shanghai
Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Bucharest... Vienna... Amsterdam



Nassau's most Charming Hostess



The Honorable Lady Clifford

Regards Listerine Tooth Paste as an aid to luxurious living.

The beautiful wife of Sir Bede Clifford enthusiastically avows her preference for this dentifrice, with its modest little price of 25¢. Only brilliant results could win the esteem of a woman of such means and discrimination.

Like three million others, Lady Clifford has found that this gentle, safe dentifrice does an amazingly thorough job of cleansing and polishing teeth.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so. You will be delighted at the improvement it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

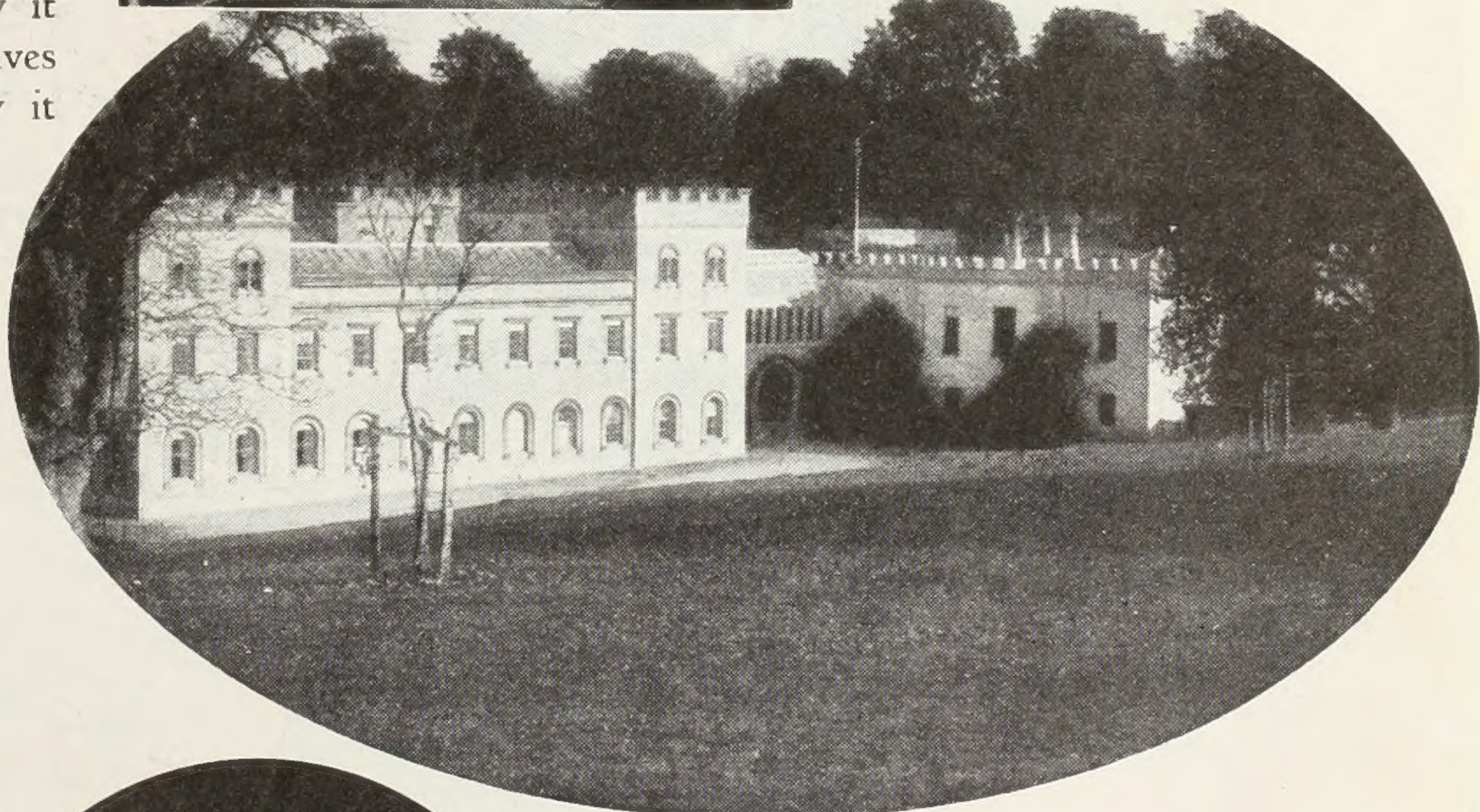
See how thoroughly, how quickly it cleans... how white and brilliant it leaves the teeth. Observe how marvelously it sweeps away surface stains and discolorations. Note the wonderful flash and lustre it gives the enamel. Look for that delicate flavor and feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use.

Never was a dentifrice, regardless of price, so enthusiastically received and used by the most critical of men and women. Get a tube from your drug-gist today and give it a thorough trial. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

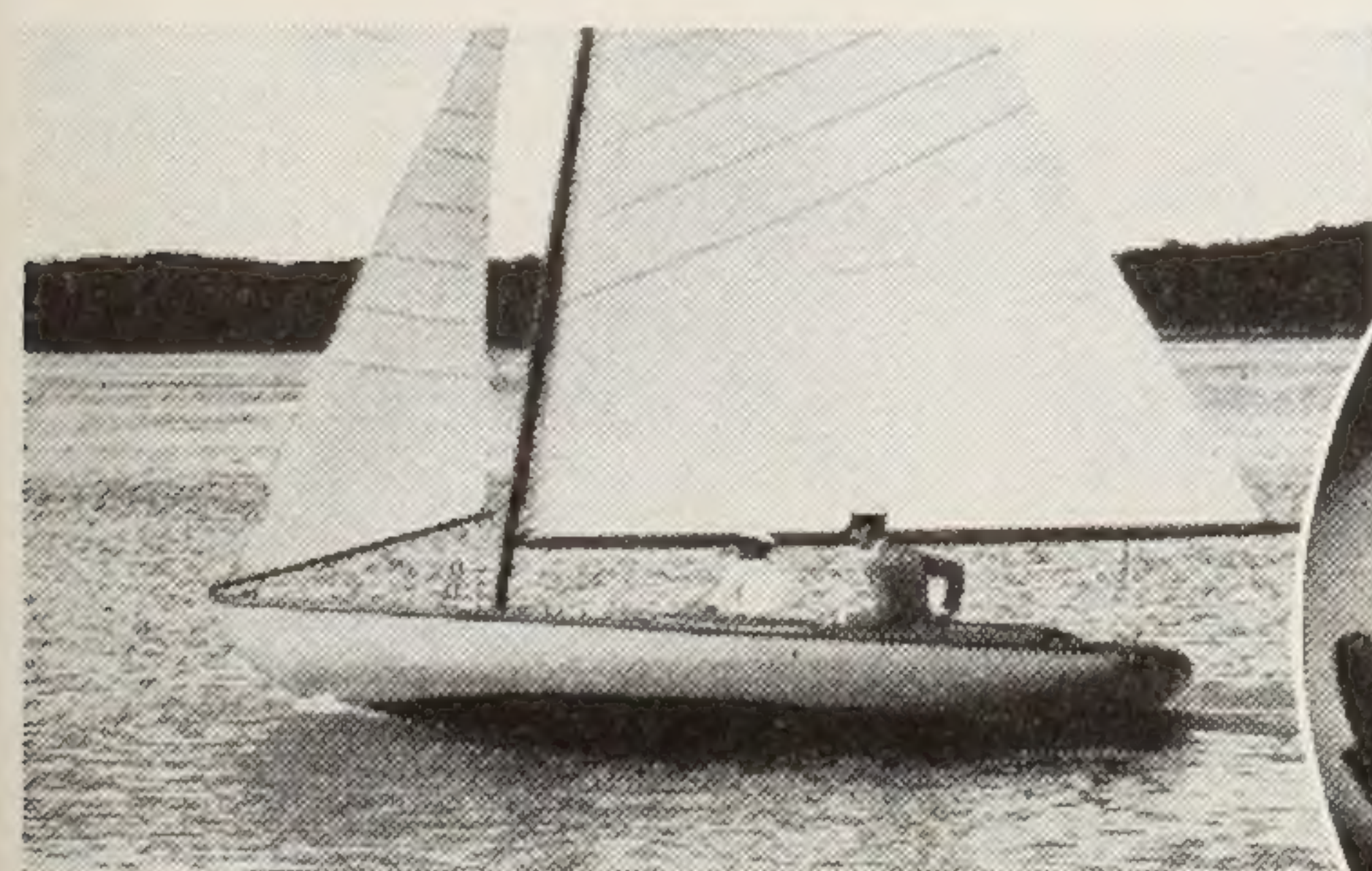
Lady Clifford's cabana on the shores of Nassau's Cable Beach, where much informal entertaining of the world's notables is done.



American born, known internationally for her beauty and charm, Lady Clifford is the youthful mother of three charming daughters. Her life as the wife of Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of the Bahamas, is as varied as it is interesting. She is shown here in Court dress, displaying the famous Clifford heirlooms, earrings given to an early Lord Clifford by Queen Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles the Second. These earrings were part of Queen Catherine's dowry. The stones are large pear-shaped diamonds, set in smaller diamonds.



Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh, Devonshire, English home of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford. This noble castle is situated on the Clifford estates, which have been in the family since 1100.



"Malice Scourge," Lady Clifford's Pirate-class sloop, a familiar sight in Nassau's emerald and turquoise waters.



Listerine Tooth Paste

THE

WILLIAM POWELL
As "The Great Ziegfeld"

MYRNA LOY
As loyal, devoted Billie Burke

LUISE RAINER
As tempestuous, irresistible
Anna Held

VIRGINIA BRUCE
A "Glorified" Ziegfeld girl

FRANK MORGAN
As Ziegfeld's life-long rival

FANNIE BRICE
The inimitable Fannie herself

LEON ERROL
With his trick knee

GILDA GRAY
The original "Shimmy" Girl, herself

RAY BOLGER
Eccentric Dancing Sensation

NAT PENDLETON
As Sandow, the Strong Man

ANN PENNINGTON
Herself, dimpled knees and all

HARRIET HOCTOR
Ziegfeld's Greatest Dancing Star

REGINALD OWEN
As Ziegfeld's Manager

GREAT ZIEGFELD

The Life and Loves of the World's Greatest Showman
2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!
GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified... great Ziegfeld stars... the melodies he made immortal... and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life... his tempestuous romance with Anna Held... his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke... All in M-G-M's biggest musical triumph!

A. A. TRIMBLE
As Will Rogers

BUDDY DOYLE
As Eddie Cantor

JOSEPH CAWTHORN
As Dr. Ziegfeld

W. W. DEARBORN
As Daniel Frohman

RAYMOND WALBURN
Sage, Ziegfeld's Press Agent

JEAN CHATBURN
Mary Lou, Ziegfeld's protegee

HERMAN BING
Ziegfeld's Costumer

WILLIAM DEMAREST
As Gene Buck

200 — GLORIFIED GIRLS — 200
Costumes by ADRIAN

Screen Play by
WM. ANTHONY MCGUIRE

Directed by
ROBERT Z. LEONARD

HUNT STROMBERG
Producer

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

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On the Cover—Joan Crawford, Natural Color Portrait by Hurrell-Ceccarini

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Boos & Bouquets

Your constructive suggestions and candid opinions are helpful and the best win prizes

Strangely enough, Billie Burke met Myrna Loy who impersonates her in "The Great Ziegfeld" for the first time on the set. William Powell has the rôle of Ziegfeld

FIRST PRIZE—\$15

BOUQUETS of orchids to the movies for teaching America to read. The schools tried, but the fact that the reading was "required" made it an act of drudgery and page counting.

But now, it is impossible to find a copy of "A Tale of Two Cities" in any of the public libraries of Pittsburgh. Five years ago, most librarians would have predicted that that would never be true until after Gabriel blew his horn.

Folks who formerly groaned at the length of "David Copperfield" read greedily for every word of *Mr. Micawber* or some other loved character. Real lovers of "Mutiny on the Bounty" are not satisfied until they have finished "Pitcairn's Island." Those who never before read Booth Tarkington are astonished to find his "Alice Adams" dinner party of the printed page even more agonizing than that of the movie.

The movies are giving us such excellent presentations of worth while literature that they whet our curiosity to see what treasure are bound up in books. One book naturally leads to another, so if a movie stimulates one to read a single piece of real literature, another book lover has been born.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG, Pittsburgh, Penna.

SECOND PRIZE—\$10

At last we are able to see and hear the world famous opera stars, such as Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, and many more. We—this means a large number of men and women working in households as cooks, butlers, governesses, nurses, ladies' maids and other domestic professions.

We all have a weekly day off (that means only an afternoon with following evening) and often it is changed . . . a party, a baby is sick. We never know in advance. We would love to go to a theater, a show, to the opera, but we have to do our shopping, our visits, our private affairs, everything, on that one day, so the movies are the only place to go for the big army of non-dancers.

I was often jealous of those people who were able to go to the opera, but since last year a lot of our greatest singers are to be heard in the movies. I am very happy about it and I know others are too. It makes the day perfect to go to a movie in the evening and hear world famous stars—instead of only hearing them on the radio, we can see them too.

FANNIE SCHUELEIN, Bronx, N. Y.



In "Follow the Fleet," the current Rogers-Astaire musical, their ballroom routine to the tune of "Let's Face the Music and Dance" brings down the house

THIRD PRIZE—\$5

Flashes From Hollywood Ten Years Ago

Do you remember:

Tullio Carminati the charming newcomer, sitting at the feet of a pretty lady singing soft Italian songs to her?

The Brown Derby on your way home from a party?

Lowell Sherman and his monocle?

Charles Ray and his brave little wife?

The wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRoque?

The glitter of the Grand Opening of the Grauman Chinese Theater when every other blonde wore ermine—some with diamond necklaces dripping down their backs on the outside of their coats?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN

JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret Matzenauer • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer.

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

Screen play by
Robert Riskin
From the story by
Clarence Budington
Kelland

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER
GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

**THE KING STEPS OUT
FRANCHOT TONE**

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn

Victor Jory

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG.

Glorious Music by
FRITZ KREISLER
Screen play by
Sidney Buchman
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!
STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN
ROCHELLE HUDSON
WALTER CONNOLLY

FARLEY and RILEY
and their 'Round and 'Round Music
Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander
Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play
by Jo Swerling
Story by
Sidney Buchman

Music and Lyrics
by
Lew Brown-
Harry Akst and
Victor
Schertzinger



BRIEF REVIEWS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE
SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE
YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



A starring triumvirate if there ever was one—readily recognizable are Myrna Loy, Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in M-G-M's "Wife vs. Secretary"

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

★ **AH, WILDERNESS** — M-G-M. — O'Neill's great American comedy romance. Eric Linden suffers the pangs of young love, is disillusioned and brought back to his family by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Wholesome, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

★ **ALICE ADAMS**—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (Nov.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL — Paramount. — A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

★ **ANNIE OAKLEY**—RKO-Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (Jan.)

ANOTHER FACE — RKO-Radio. — Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy makes his face and hides in Hollywood studio. Wallace Ford and Allan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

★ **ANYTHING GOES** — Paramount. — Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman in smart sparkling music comedy about a shipboard mix-up. Charles Ruggles and Arthur Pupino lead a parade of clever clowns. Good entertainment. (Mar.)

★ **BARBARY COAST**—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as *Old Atrocious* (Dec.)

BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN—Paramount.—The third Hop-Along-Cassidy story. Top-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Exciting and logical. (Feb.)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katherine De Mille. (Oct.)

BONNIE SCOTLAND — Roach-MGM. — Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

BORN FOR GLORY — Gaumont-British. — A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

★ **BRIDE COMES HOME, THE**—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome, with Claudette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Feb.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS — First National. — Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY HOSTESS — Warners. — A slow-moving, improbable story of torch singer (Wini Shaw) and her manager (Lyle Talbot) sky-rocketing to fame. Uninteresting. (Feb.)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

★ **CAPTAIN BLOOD**—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—Sabatini story of buccaneers in the 17th century crammed with action, romance, excitement, and adventure. A new star Errol Flynn supported by fine cast including Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Atwill. Splendid. Do see it. (Mar.)

★ **CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly suave and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murderer. (Dec.)

CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—Columbia.—Criminals go after Roger Pryor, a roving street photographer who accidentally snaps a hold up. Justice triumphs. Mildly exciting. (Feb.)

CEILING ZERO—Warners.—A perfect aviation picture with honest characters, believable situations and flawless direction by Howard Hawks. James Cagney is the irresponsible ace aviator, Pat O'Brien his serious boss. Tense drama and outstanding ariel photography. (Mar.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives *Charlie Chan* another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

CHATTERBOX—RKO-Radio.—Tears and laughter with Ann Shirley as stage-struck country miss who hears city's laughter in her big moment. Phillips Holmes comforts her. (Mar.)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

★ **CHINA SEAS**—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (Oct.)

COLLEGIATE—Paramount.—The antics of Jack Oakie, Ned Sparks, Joe Penner and Lynne Overman are combined to make you laugh at this humorous story of a gay young man who inherits a girl's school. (Mar.)

CONFIDENTIAL—Mascot.—Donald Cook is the G-Man in this swift moving thriller who sets a trap for a big "numbers" racketeer. Pretty Evalyn Knapp and Warren Hymer's humor relieve the tension. You'll like it. (Jan.)

CORONADO — Paramount. — Comedy, catchy tunes, trick dances. A weak story but enjoyable. A song-writer, Johnny Downs, wins the love of a crooner-ess, Betty Burgess, in Eddie Duchin's band. (Feb.)

★ **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT**—Columbia.—A moving and graphic presentation of Dostoevsky's novel. Peter Lorre is magnificent as the murderer haunted by his conscience. Edward Arnold, Tala Birell, Marian Marsh highlight a fine cast. You should see it. (Feb.)

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Eric Von Stroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the eeriest and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Premature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

★ **CRUSADES, THE**—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the familiar religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANGEROUS—Warners.—Strong dramatic fare of "Jinx actress," Bette Davis, who destroys all who love her. Franchot Tone the real surprise. Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth and nice cast. (Feb.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

★ **DARK ANGEL, THE**—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent performances. Fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned spender of the colorful "gay nineties," Diamond Jim Brady. Binnie Barnes plays an ineffectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (Oct.)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (Oct.)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to rediscover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rolf is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)

EAST OF JAVA—Universal.—A time worn shipwreck jungle tale helped by Charles Bickford's scrap with a lion. Cast includes Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young and Frank Albertson. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]

Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.

And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Albern, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in

COLLEEN

THE PICTURE

OF THE

MONTH

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!— Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .



Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again"

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!



Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Raft, Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (Oct.)

EXCLUSIVE STORY—M-G-M.—Mildly exciting film of newspaper fight on racketeering. Madge Evans and Franchot Tone are love interest. Stu Erwin is crusading reporter and Joseph Calleia is Gangster No. 1. (Mar.)

★ **FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE**—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce the early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincing film of campus life. Charlie Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (Dec.)

FIRE TRAP, THE—Larry Darmour Prod.—Exciting exploits of tin hat laddies in a fire and insurance mixup. Norman Foster and Evalyn Knapp are the lovers. (Feb.)

FIRST A GIRL—GB.—Gay, tuneful, with the British singing and dancing star, Jessie Matthews, in an unusual rôle of a female impersonator with hilarious results. Sonnie Hale supports her. (Feb.)

FRECKLES—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Limberlost, affords Tom Brown an opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRESHMAN LOVE—Warners.—More collegiate activities, this time it's rowing, with Coach Frank McHugh employing Patricia Ellis' charm to help the boys pull for dear old Billings. Light but lively. (Mar.)

FRISCO KID—Warners.—James Cagney in fine fighting form as a sailor who rises to rule the gaudy Barbary Coast underworld. Margaret Lindsay, Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (Jan.)

★ **GAY DECEPTION, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale in which Francis Lederer is a Graustark prince working incognito as a bell-boy in a Manhattan hotel. Frances Dee leads. (Nov.)

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Columbia.—Mostly a burlesque skit about Napoleon, but hardly professional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else. Roger Pryor, Ann Sothern starring. (Nov.)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies in which Kay Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tobin, Ralph Forbes. (Oct.)

GRAND EXIT—Columbia.—Ann Sothern with Edmund Lowe. He is an insurance sleuth hunting arson racketeers. Chuck full of surprise. You'll like it. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERSONATOR, THE—Universal.—Oppenheim's melodramatic mixup with Edmund Lowe as a wastral British peer impersonating himself. Confusing. Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Mollison in the cast. (Feb.)

★ **HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE**—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a manicurist who is determined to marry money but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Astrid Allwyn contribute outstanding performances. (Dec.)

★ **HARMONY LANE**—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Douglass Montgomery interprets the role of Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are doing it. George Barbier plays papa. (Nov.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Oct.)

★ **HERE'S TO ROMANCE**—20th Century-Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martini's voice. (Nov.)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this preposterous story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the changing of the candidate's name from Murphy to Murfree. (Dec.)

HIS NIGHT OUT—Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a fussy dyspeptic who forgets his ailments in love and adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue. Lots of fun. (Jan.)

HITCH HIKE LADY—Republic.—Fast comedy with Allison Skipworth as poor English mother hitch hiking her way to California. Arthur Treacher and Warren Hymer a perfect comedy team. Good Fun. (Mar.)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (Nov.)

PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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HOT-TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-mad cafe owner and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wisecracks. (Nov.)

★ **I DREAM TOO MUCH**—RKO-Radio.—Lily Pons' screen debut in a delightful part. Henry Fonda as conceited composer finds himself swamped in his wife's fame. Thrilling singing. (Feb.)

I FOUND STELLA PARISH—Warners.—Kay Francis and a good cast in a weak story of an actress who tries to protect her child from the shame of a prison birth. Ian Hunter and Jessie Ralph. (Jan.)

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—Columbia.—Blue blood, Herbert Marshall pursues romance incognito into pantry of gangsters' mansion—finds Jean Arthur. Clever Cinderella tale. (Feb.)

★ **I LIVE MY LIFE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne battle along the obstacle laden pathway to ultimate love in this smart, society comedy that is sufficiently vital and humorous to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (Dec.)

★ **IN PERSON**—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the deflation of a conceited movie queen, Ginger Rogers, by a he-man with a sense of humor, George Brent. Allan Mowbray and Joan Breslau are admirable. (Jan.)

★ **IRISH IN US, THE**—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, homely story that once again proves blood to be thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh, steals the show. (Oct.)

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyer invades a swank desert resort only to find himself having to vouchsafe his reputation by making a stratosphere flight, which he does successfully amid uproarious humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (Dec.)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winning novel of the loves and hates of the White-oakes family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that. Elizabeth Allan, John Loder. (Oct.)

JUST MY LUCK—New Century.—The bad luck this time lies in the mediocrity of production, photography and direction which dogs the footsteps of Charlie Ray's comeback. (Feb.)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Ford Sterling, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years and years ago. (Oct.)

KIND LADY—M-G-M.—Not very entertaining crook melodrama. Aline MacMahon regrets her kindness to Basil Rathbone who imprisons her in her own home. Suspense, and not for kiddies. (Feb.)

★ **KING OF BURLESQUE**—20th Century-Fox.—A slick story with plenty of mirth and clever dances. Warner Baxter failing burlesque producer is helped back to Broadway by Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and Gregory Ratoff. (Mar.)

KINGSOLOMONOFBROADWAY—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprietor has his hands full holding on to both his club and his women but manages to do so with much wise cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise pointless story. (Dec.)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropoliss.—Reminiscent in plot and in some respects, of "Maedchen In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theater goers. (Nov.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Bulwer-Lytton title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

LAST OF THE PAGANS—M-G-M.—Relating a mighty Polynesian hunter's fight for love. Authentic South Sea settings. A charming idyll. (Feb.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The age-old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a personable and handsome actor. Worth while seeing. (Dec.)

LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is captivating in a trite story of an orphan adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (Oct.)

★ **LITTIEST REBEL, THE**—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple weeps, sings and dances as the daughter of John Boles, a Confederate army captain. Bill Robinson too. You'll like it. (Feb.)

★ **MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION**—Universal.—Singularly moving story beautifully directed by John Stahl. Robert Taylor wooing a young widow, Irene Dunne, accidentally blinds her, then devotes his life to surgery. Sterling performances by both. Highly recommended. (Mar.)

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal.—Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (Oct.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]



A SON...

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER

... worshipping the ground she walked on... loving her with a fierce loyalty... yet at the same time stealing his way into the flinty heart of a proud, tyrannical nobleman and teaching him the meaning of kindness.

Freddie Bartholomew breathes life into Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved character, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and gives a perform-

ance in the world-famous story that will indelibly stamp itself upon your heart. Dolores Costello Barrymore as "Dearest" his mother, returns to the screen lovelier and more radiant than ever. She will delight the millions of fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return.

We'd like to be modest in our statements about this picture — but

the facts speak for themselves... It has a magnificent cast — a perfect story — was directed by John Cromwell who thrilled you with "Of Human Bondage" — produced by David O. Selznick who gave you "David Copperfield" and the screenplay was written by Hugh Walpole, noted English author.

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!

Selznick International Pictures, Inc., *Presents*

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

with

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE

Mickey Rooney • C. Aubrey Smith • Guy Kibbee • Henry Stephenson
E. E. Clive • Una O'Connor • Jackie Searl • Ivan Simpson • Jessie Ralph

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

TORTURED BY A NATION FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER of SHARK ISLAND

Starring WARNER

BAXTER

with

GLORIA STUART

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

ARTHUR BYRON

O. P. HEGGIE

HARRY CAREY

AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK

20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Directed by John Ford

**Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson**

Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd



The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame

close ups and long shots

BY RUTH WATERBURY



WITHIN two years, I am convinced, every important motion picture will be made in color.

I know the danger of prophecy in the shifting world of Hollywood, but I made this flat statement, so convinced am I of the imminence of color, after seeing "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

It will mean a production revolution; it will mean chaos probably worse than that of 1927 when sound came in. Undoubtedly it will see the dimming of the stars now at their zenith and the swift ascent of unknowns with these new rainbows round their shoulders.

One afternoon recently, when I had come to the end of an imperfect day, the Walter Wanger office called me and said if I wanted to I could see the rough cut of "Pine" at the technicolor laboratory.

I didn't want to particularly. I still recalled my deep disappointment at "Becky Sharp." Besides, it was nearly six o'clock.

WE sat in a dreary little projection room, a couple of exhibitors and I. They warned us that we were to see an unfinished print of the picture, and unfinished it certainly was. Every few feet the blues would jump about or a big column of red would suddenly march across the screen, or the plain black and white print would strike through. The projection machine was one of those one-lung affairs that would only take a reel at a time, so that every fifteen minutes the continuity of the action was broken while the projection man stopped and put on a new reel. It would be practically impossible to see a picture under worse circumstances, but I stayed on while the city went dark outside and my appetite grew.

I stayed, because it was one of those electric moments for a motion picture enthusiast, as electric as that first glimpse of Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement," or the original sound of Lawrence Tibbett's voice in "The Rogue Song," or the initial screen tapping of Fred Astaire's dancing feet, as electric as those moments and much more important.

For here was color used without self-consciousness; here was color as a pure plus value in entertainment. There was none of the "composition" of "Becky Sharp." No one was going about being mannered. Here was just a movie, a swell movie, made out-of-doors with the blue of the sky and the dark pines and the weather-stained old mountain cabins as a subtle background for its love story. Here was the dark loveliness of Sylvia Sidney's hair, so arresting above those strange blue eyes of hers. Here was the greatest realism that had yet come to pictures.

THERE are two methods for the use of color in pictures, the realistic and the imaginative. "Becky Sharp" took the latter method and today at Pioneer the same group of people are again taking this imaginative approach in their production of "Dancing Pioneer." It is being made entirely inside the studio with the skies tinted so as not to conflict with the colors of the ladies' dresses.

THIS time I hear they have a fine story and the basic failure of "Becky Sharp" was not, of course, its color, though that jibbered about enough, but the weakness of its story plot.

But "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was taken almost entirely out-of-doors. With its color so accurate and beautiful that after a bit you forget all about it, just as today, now that you have become accustomed to sound, you seldom hear the music score of a dramatic picture. In this picture, color is used quite simply and honestly to heighten your pleasure in a picture that in every other way is superb entertainment too.

AS with all revolutionary things, there is a personality in back of all this. He is Walter Wanger, distinctly one of the most intelligent men in the motion picture business and, as far as I am concerned, the only relaxed motion picture executive I have ever seen.



Walter Wanger, distinctly one of the most intelligent men in the movies

Wanger is another thing besides daring, he is practical.

He it is who had the courage to produce "Gabriel Over the White House," "The President Vanishes," and "Private Worlds," risky pictures all from the point of view of the box-office, but he is also the same man who had the common sense to produce such simple money items as "Every Night At Eight," "Smart Girl," and "Shanghai."

Where the average picture executive surrounds himself with all the trappings of a king in a musical comedy, Wanger operates from a small, neat building in a little studio on a Hollywood side street. You walk up a flight of plain, uncarpeted wooden stairs to get to his office which is

furnished with the serene charm you might expect in intelligent business executives' offices, but which is startling in Hollywood. People pop in and out of his office in a quiet and happy way. He keeps few people under contract to him, but those he has are devoted to him.

THE day I went to see him, Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda dropped in casually from side doors into Mr. Wanger's office. Henry wanted to discuss some dialogue and Madeleine wanted to know about her stills. A script writer came in to talk scenes and a set designer had some sketches to show. It was all very unaffected and friendly and they were all obviously working together towards the same end, producing a good picture, and Mr. Wanger lounged back in his chair making it plain that, while he was perfectly willing to talk about himself, he much preferred to discuss politics or world peace programs, on both of which subjects he has passionate convictions. There was no hustle and drive, no tension of nerves about the place and yet this same producer has put out thirteen productions in the past year, which is a whale of a record.

IT is just the advent of a man like this into the realm of color pictures that persuades me of their imminence and their true value. Wanger says that the addition of color to a picture makes it cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars more, but he can not feel that on the important budgets pictures have today, an extra one hundred and fifty thousand is anything to worry about, not as balanced against the greater entertainment value that color creates. He believes in color so completely that he has two and possibly three more color pictures planned on his schedule this year.

To which I can only add that if "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" doesn't make a million dollars, I'll eat this prophecy.



CARTOON BY TOM HOLLOWAY

"Ajax Pictures Corporation is not big enough for both you and me, Martin—one of us has to get out!"

THE AMAZING



The simplicity of this child genius' family life with her brothers, Jack and "Sonny," balances her personal publicity



I'LL never forget the first time I saw Shirley Temple. I lost a bet.

She was bouncing around an office in the publicity department of Paramount Studios when I opened the door. A tiny little thing then with eyes glistening like shoe buttons, and curls twisting out from under a round dark blue hat. Two dimples deepened when she said "Hello." She pointed at a stack of screen magazines on the desk she could barely reach.

"Bet you a nickel my picture's in there" she offered

a wise little gleam sparkling in her eye. I fell for her game.

"I haven't a nickel," I told her, "You know how it is these days. But I'll risk a penny."

"All right," she agreed, "you pick."

I picked. She turned the pages. It wasn't a long hunt. She spread her round little face with a smile. "See," she said, "I win."

"Shirley," said a woman who had been sitting quietly in a chair nearby, "give the penny back to the man." She was a tall, capable looking woman, with a calm, motherly face.

TEMPLE FAMILY

A surprise visit to the house on Nineteenth Street to meet that much-discussed Temple clan

By Kirtley Baskette



The most fortunate thing about the greatest, yet the tiniest star in Hollywood is the whole-hearted devotion and common sense of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Temple

When they had gone, the publicity woman turned and said: "Isn't she a darling? Her name is Shirley Temple. She's just finished 'Little Miss Marker.' That's her mother with her. They live out in Santa Monica. Her father works in the California Bank branch at Washington and Vermont."

"She'll get along," I said, without the slightest prophetic feeling.

The last time I saw Shirley Temple was a short time before her recent birthday. Outside the comfortable bungalow which used to be Lilian Harvey's her omnipresent guard watched

eagle-eyed for any possible threat to Hollywood's most precious package. Inside Shirley was having lessons with her tutoress. Every now and then as Mrs. Temple and I talked Shirley would burst into the room, her eyes glistening with excitement. Then she would draw one hand from behind her and hand her mother a folded up piece of paper. Once it was a crayon drawing, florid and fuzzy. On it she had scrawled, "To Mother—I hope you like this—Shirley." Again it was a passage in French, "Maman, je t'aime—Shirley."

Every time she did a lesson particularly well, the teacher explained, Shirley got to do something she wanted. Usually she wanted to make something for her mother. Sometimes she elected to "use the telephone"—her idea of a real treat. Then anyone on the Fox lot, from head man Darryl Zanuck on down, might pick up his receiver and hear her broadcast:

"Hello, this is Shirley. I've just learned the names of five new flowers and three new birds, and all about them too."

When they announce their astonishment, Shirley hangs up and returns to her lessons.

As I left she framed her healthy, chubby little body in the doorway grinning from dimple to dimple.

"Goodbye, Shirley," I called, "Happy Birthday."

"Happy, happy birthday!" cried Shirley.

I caught on—a game.

"Happy, happy, happy, birthday," I returned.

"Happy, happy, happy, happy birthday!" multiplied Shirley in high delight. "I won!"

Possibly you are wondering what all of this has to do with the Temple family. I don't know exactly. Except that somehow as her completely unspoiled image faded from my vision I thought of that day when I had first seen Shirley Temple and played her game and lost my penny. I wondered what it was that had kept her from changing.

I thought of what had gone between. Here on the eve of her second happy birthday since she became a little star, I recapitulated the string of mounting hit pictures which had made her the greatest, yet the tiniest, unchallenged star in Hollywood's glittering galaxy. I thought of the reports I had read about "The Littlest Rebel" and its record breaking runs. I thought of all the honors, and the adulation and the sincere, heart felt, globe wide love which had been showered on this one little bright eyed sugar lump. I thought of the great men

who had come to Hollywood and worshipped first at her shrine. What was it H. G. Wells had said, just the other day?—"she totally disarms you—she lifts you off your feet."

All of this and more and more and still more. Fame—adoration—tremendous fortune, the first little girl of the world.

The after words of that publicity woman, voiced two years ago, rang in my ears. They might have been said at this moment. They still rang true.

"Isn't she a darling?—Shirley Temple. That's her mother...."

And it suddenly struck me that here indeed was a remarkable family who had managed a remarkable thing.

In the face of the greatest stroke of fortune ever to visit an average American family of modest means, the Temples have maintained the same even tenor of their existence. They have acted with taste and good solid sense in everything they have done. They have kept Shirley for themselves when the whole world reached out its arms for her. And they have kept her sweet, unspoiled, healthy and happy.

It's not such a simple thing as it sounds.

They deserve what Texas Guinan used to call "a great big hand."

You can drive down Nineteenth Street in Santa Monica, California, and see the house the Temples live in, the house that Gertrude Temple still runs. It is an unpretentious house like the rest of the houses in an unpretentious neighborhood.

You can still see the small branch bank where George Temple sits at his desk attending to his daily banking duties, just as he did before his daughter became the idolized little goddess of the universe. You can find oldest brother Jack up

at Stanford and "Sonny" at Military School in New Mexico, attending to the normal processes of their educations.

With all the glamour, ostentation, pretention and pose of Hollywood around them constantly, this family has remained simple and unaffected. Thrust by fortune into the heart of a dazzling pinwheel, they have remained unmarred by its sparks.

Shirley Temple today is Big Business. The biggest individual business in Hollywood. She is one of the greatest money-earners in this nation. Less than one per cent of the population of these United States earns over \$10,000 a year. Shirley's salary and bonus arrangement for pictures alone runs between three and four thousand dollars a week—fifty-two weeks in the year. That in itself, is a lot of money. But that isn't all. There are more Shirley Temple dolls, more

Shirley Temple dresses, more Shirley Temple books sold every day throughout the world than any other kind for children. All of these bring in royalty checks. During the past Christmas season alone her share of the Shirley Temple books sold—at a quarter of a cent a word—came to \$18,000.

Her income for a year, at the present rate, would very probably run between a quarter and a half million dollars.

It could be more than that.

I happen to know that not long ago the Temples turned down a radio offer with options totalling \$283,000!

That is a quarter of a million dollars. It is also a respectable fortune. Actually begging to be

accepted. The Temples didn't turn it down because it wasn't enough. They have never been greedy about money. Money has come simply because Shirley was worth it. When her first tiny salary check of \$150 was readjusted to \$1500, it was as much the studio's gesture as it was the Temple's request. Darryl Zanuck more than doubled that a few months ago at his own initiative, at the same time raising Mrs. Temple's salary from \$100 a week to \$500 because she was more than worth it.

But the income, amazing as it is, is not the most remarkable thing about the Temple family. The remarkable thing is their refusal to let it make any difference in their lives. Or to let it threaten Shirley's future life.

The Temples turned down that tempting fortune, that \$283,000, because of a very simple and altogether sound reason—it would overtax Shirley. This, in addition to her screen work, would possibly overwork her and react on her health. Shirley, not money, comes first with the Temples. And so the radio—quarter million or not—was out.

You can't help but admire people like that.

Neither of the Temples had ever been used to such money. Shirley's father has been a banker, moderately successful all his life. His family were good, solid American stock—in Los Angeles there is a "Temple Street" named for them—but not wealthy. Shirley's mother was brought up in modest circumstances in Chicago. When she was fourteen her father died, leaving her mother and a younger brother. It was her nature to take responsibilities upon herself. She went to work. At seventeen she was married to George Temple.

Up until Shirley's great good [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

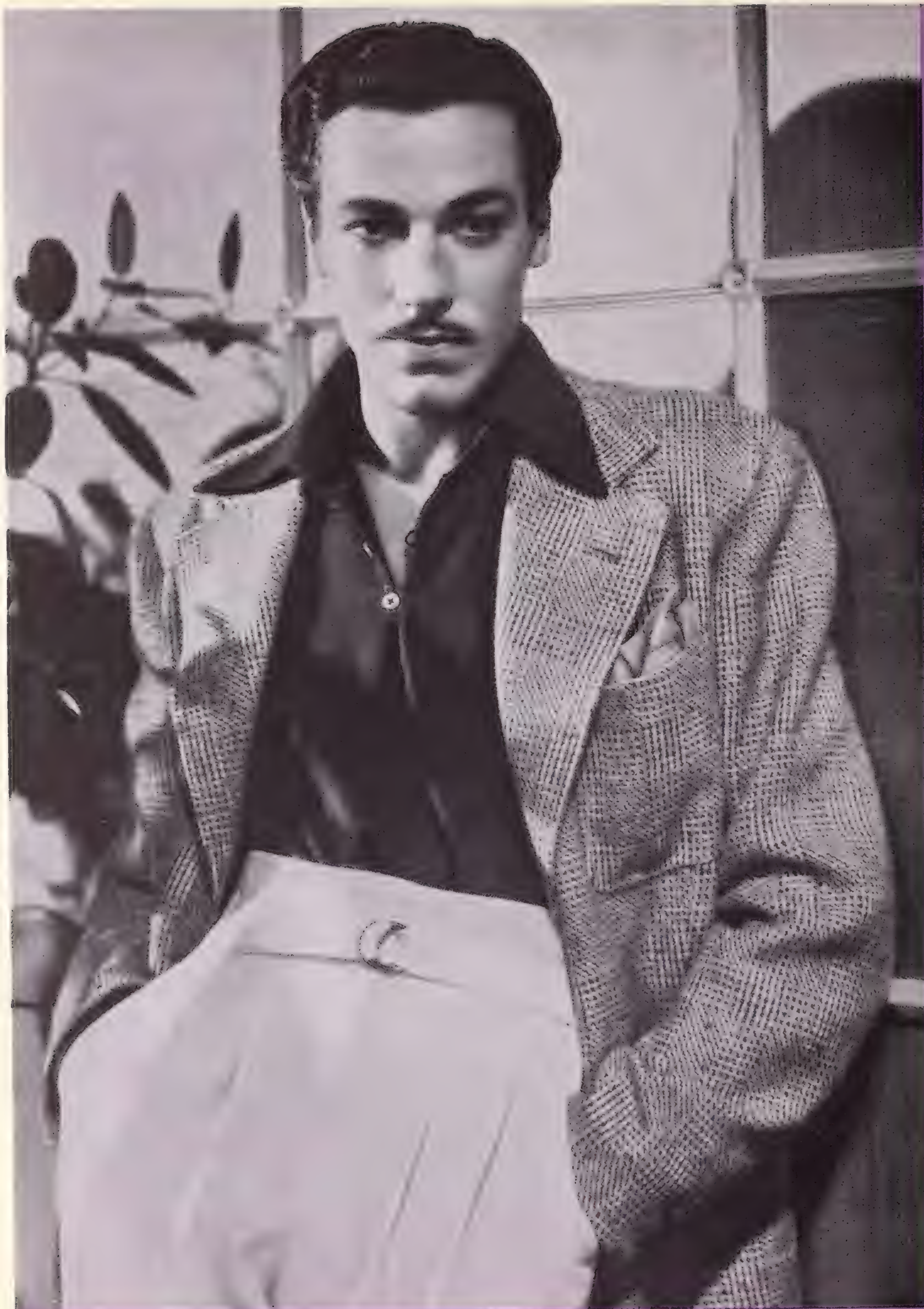


A dimpled queen enjoys herself at the birthday party given by Junior, the Harold Lloyds' little crown prince



sylvia - henry

Celebrating Paramount's revolutionary all-color "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," Photoplay presents Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney in its new color process



cesar

A hit in "Love Before Breakfast," Cesar Romero is expected to glow even more brightly in "She Married a Million." And he started as a ball room dancer



FAY JONES

Completing her new picture "The King Steps Out," with Franchot Tone, Grace Moore, Tennessee's famous song bird, flew to the Metropolitan for "La Boheme"

grace



FRYER

joan

And quite stunning, too, we say. Joan Blondell in her brand new smart frock she had designed from the motif of zebra stripes. Joan, by the way, is in "Sons o' Guns"

Trials and Triumphs Of A Hollywood Dress Designer

THIS is my pet Hollywood story. It should be. It took me eleven years to get it.

Way back in 1925 I started harassing Travis Banton for this confession of his fitting-room secrets. At that time he had been Paramount's head costume designer for just twelve months, and he informed me, with a fine disdain that even a whole year in Hollywood hardly condoned the compilation of his cinematic memoirs.

And so he continued to shake his head at me during 1926 (Negri had him skipping merrily that year), during 1927 (Clara Bow was just beginning to give him the jitters), during 1928 (there was Nancy Carroll), and during 1929 (there was still Nancy Carroll and the depression too).

By 1930 we were almost friendly and he promised then to give me the "dope" someday when he was in a reminiscing mood.

Somehow I cannot resent the six years that managed to slip by before the mood overtook him. A gown designer, especially one of the Hollywood variety, has a well earned right to a few eccentricities. And then, those years were packed to the brim with beautiful women, their demands, their melodramas, their absurdities and, in a few instances, their allure.

Deep and lasting friendships were forged with many of the magically lovely women that swarmed through his busy life. A few, Banton frankly disliked, and one, he loved.

Now, Travis Banton admits that twelve years ago he arrived in Hollywood with the wrong attitude. He was very certain, it seems, that gown designing for a studio would be a jolly lark and that all feminine picture stars were sweet natured, albeit misunderstood, young ladies who would be enchanted to have him correct their abominable taste in clothes.

There is a very interesting reason behind this pair of school-

For the first time in his twelve years as ace costumer at Paramount, Travis Banton tells all!

By Julie Lang Hunt



Claudette Colbert's meticulousness maddens Banton, yet she is one of his favorites. And Claudette rewarded him with "a thousand thanks"

boy illusions. Her name is Norma Talmadge.

Banton met her in 1916 (twenty years ago, imagine that) when she was at the very crest of a staggering fame and popularity. He was still an art student and she was about to make a picture in New York called "Poppy." Through some miracle, or maybe Banton really was a boy wonder, he was given the commission to design the great star's entire wardrobe for the production.

And although two decades now lie between him and his first fitting-room session with a picture star, Banton can recall every detail of the encounter, even down to the ridiculous details such as Norma's frock (it was beige and tailored), Norma's hat (it carried a pair of green feathers), and Norma's hair (it was daringly bobbed, remember it was the early Irene Castle era).

He was a nervous, awkward confused youngster and there were probably plenty of mistakes in the drawings he submitted to the renowned Talmadge, but she accepted each sketch with enthusiasm and praise as if she divined the boy's desperate need of encouragement and admiration. And during the subsequent fittings, that were, no doubt longer and more tiresome than they should have been due to Banton's inexperience, there was no word of complaint or irritation from

this celebrated and charming woman.

And several years later when he had returned from the war, and received a similar assignment for Alice Joyce (then a newly discovered name), he was completely convinced that all movie stars of the female gender were a race of super-women endowed with a surfeit of charm, graciousness and breeding.

And the lovely Joyce managed to keep him fascinated in spite of the long and tedious hours she kept him in the fitting-rooms demanding a complete and impossible perfection in the manipulation of each tiny seam, gusset and tuck



Mary O'Brien makes adjustments on the gown Travis Banton (looking on) designed for Carole Lombard. For another of Miss Lombard's gowns by Banton, in color, turn to page 63



Florence Vidor was difficult to work with, Banton learned, yet she was to leave an indelible, emotional imprint on his life



When Greta Nissen turned down every gown Travis designed for her, insisting that he carry out her own ideas, he had to fight the whole family!



Banton had to use heroic tactics with Pola Negri, but the above inscription: "To the great Mr. Banton," proved he was right

Years later Banton was to discover this same maddening quality of meticulousness in two other brunette stars, Florence Vidor and Claudette Colbert, who were (and still are, strangely enough) high favorites of his in spite of their fatiguing and hyper-fastidious habits.

In 1920 there was another pleasant although indirect encounter with a prominent star. Banton, at the time, was working for the famous Madame Frances of New York, and one of his spring creations, a bridal gown of bouffant white net, had received wide comment and publicity. The day following the publication of a picture of the romantic frock in a leading fashion magazine there was a hubbub of secret activity in the main fitting salon of the Frances establishment. Even Banton was not permitted in the room although his famous bridal frock was whisked off its hanger and borne unctuously behind the locked doors.

He was consumed with curiosity. He wanted to see the June bride who was buying the lovely costume. He hoped she would be tiny and blonde and beautiful because he had designed the gown with such a girl in mind. Suddenly the door stood ajar for a full minute and Banton was able to see the bride. She was tiny and blonde and beautiful and her face was suffused with a great happiness as she stood before the mirrors framed in billowing clouds of net. Before the door closed he recognized Mary Pickford. She bought that gown for her marriage a few days later to Douglas Fairbanks.

And so on a drizzling winter day in 1924 when a Paramount official telephoned and suggested that he sign a contract to go to Hollywood, Banton accepted instantly. He was almost reluctant to ask the salary involved in this halcyon arrangement that provided a chance to escape a New York winter and the golden opportunity to work with women who were both genial and beautiful.

His initial Hollywood job was a super-super-dress picture called "The Dressmaker from Paris," and Leatrice Joy was the star. Their first interview got off to a bad start. It seems that Miss Joy had read and believed the publicity department's published stories concerning "the famous Travis Banton from Paris," and she greeted him enthusiastically as Monsieur Le Banton. And when "Monsieur" replied to this astonishing salutation in an unmistakable Texas drawl, embarrassment flamed between them.

The second interview was even more cheerless. On that occasion, Banton showed Miss Joy sketches for the gown, wrap and coiffure to be used in her big scene. It seems that Miss Joy had ideas of her own on the matter that did not include svelt black satin gowns or sleek, unadorned bobbed hair. Her hairdresser, she informed Banton, had created the then usual intricate masterpiece for the vital scene, a coiffure that boasted two huge Spanish combs made of braids (something extra-special even in 1924), more braids around the head and a simple lattice work of pearls and rhinestones to richen the effect. Then the star objected firmly to sketches for daytime frocks that permitted eleven chic inches of her legs to show. Only Mack Sennett bathing beauties dared such revealment. And it did not matter to Leatrice or any other Hollywood star that the fashionable world of New York and Paris was wearing short skirts. A dramatic actress must wear dramatic clothes, and the ungainly, outmoded trailing skirt which at that date spelled "drama" to the film colony.

And so the dawn found Banton picking up the shattered pieces of his gay illusions. He tore his hair, he walked the pavements, he packed his trunks, he wrote his resignation, and then suddenly he saw the light—flattery. Wasn't it every man's lethal and legal weapon [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



It's distinctly understood among her intimates that Irene Dunne is meant when one asks after Mother Hen

This Is Really IRENE DUNNE

and serenity have roots in soil born of some necessity, this story then is for you.

I can promise you nothing sensational. For Irene Dunne is not a sensational woman. I can guarantee no juicy bits of intimate gossip. For I know of none. Unless, perhaps, she lies awake nights heartsick about the kitchen sink in her new home. She's afraid it's too near the door. Or would you call that juicy? No? No, I thought not.

But if I tell you Irene Dunne is a woman who magnificently rose from the ashes of the woman she might have been, what would you say to that, eh?

If circumstances or fate or whatever one chooses to call it has suddenly stopped you in the even tenor of your way and shoved you off in a new and bewildering detour where all seems lost and hopeless, it might be well to think long and earnestly about the woman Irene Dunne. For the very qualities that endear her to thousands to-day, were born of just such an exigency.

I can't say, not being a prophet or seer, and thereby losing a chance for easy pickings in Hollywood, what Irene Dunne might have eventually become in life, but I have even money to lay down it wouldn't have been a movie star. Knowing something of her gentle breeding, of her home life in Louisville, Kentucky, the disapproving consternation of her father at the mere suggestion, coupled with her shyness and complete lack of hardened determination necessary for the work, all climaxed in her one ambition to become a concert singer, I'm sure it would have prevented Irene Dunne from even dreaming of it.

BUT at the age of twelve her world, her quiet, safe, secure world was lost forever. Irene's father died. At twelve, Irene knew in her little girl heart, it was up to her to provide a secure future for herself, her mother and younger brother.

They went back to her mother's old home where a dozen or so young cousins and nieces and aunts lived. All looked to Irene for some solution to the problem. Irene with her voice and fairness could do something. Eyes, blue, brown, young, old looking day after day to Irene until the sense of responsibility grew up within

her like a giant plant crowding into the background all other preconceived ideas, traits, plans and dreams. Even submerging the deep Irish wit that still loiters near the surface. It molded a new Irene Dunne. And because it was taken up with such eager willingness, with such seriousness of purpose, such touching bravery, it became the outstanding characteristic of the woman to-day. It permeates everything she thinks, says, does. It shows forth clearly from the screen as if it were written in big red letters.

IF you are one of the many, many thousands who have sat in a darkened theater and wondered about the woman Irene Dunne as she moved serenely about a movie screen, this story is for you.

If you have wondered at the quiet calm of her, the half-hidden flame of humor that lies so near the calm surface, if you have noticed the rapt, yes, the entranced expression of every man, young or old, who sat about you, if you have had a feeling, an intuitive feeling, that those qualities of dignity

Never before has this elusive lady sat for a word portrait so real, so heart-warming, or—as she herself put it—so “truly lovely”

By Sara Hamilton

It's the keynote to her soul—this allegiance to her family and work. One inseparable from the other. It's become second nature to her and influences everything she thinks and does and plans for you on the screen.

A lifelong allegiance to a service! The service long since rendered but the allegiance still glowing brightly. Looking after her family with anxious solicitation.

It's distinctly understood among her few intimates that Irene Dunne is meant when one asks after the Mother Hen.

“Well, what's Mother Hen about today?”

ONE reads from a biography written, no doubt, by some well meaning press agent, that after her school days, Irene Dunne was wooed by Broadway. Her heart was set on the Metropolitan and opera but no, Broadway, in a fetching mustachio, wooed and won Irene.

How cozy. How intriguingly romantic. And how completely untrue.

People, theatrical producers especially, remember Irene Dunne in the days she tramped the pavements of New York looking for work. There was an immaculate neatness about her that hid any trace of shabbiness. There was something so brave about her, one producer later recalled, that one knew here was a girl who would have died before revealing the reason behind the pressing need for work. Or using it as a lever. Here was a girl who wanted to become an actress not because being an actress was glamorous but, with her fine voice and quiet beauty, it was the only work she felt fitted for. “I can shut my eyes now,” he related, “and see the gentle quietness of her as she went about the business of job hunting. And I always felt as if I had let myself down when I had nothing for her.”

And if that is being wooed by Broadway, I'm just about to give in to Michigan Boulevard.

I'm particular about giving you this background of her in order that you may drape upon it the following facts, impressions and stories about her and so form in your own mind the complete picture of the woman, Irene Dunne.

I give you, to begin with, three ladies of Hollywood. All

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



Dear Sara Hamilton
Thank you so much
for writing this truly lovely story
I know how much of your
time it has taken but
I am truly grateful -

Irene Dunne

on the set

Following up her big success in “The Magnificent Obsession,” she appears in Universal’s “Showboat”

Left, the note of appreciation which Miss Dunne wrote on the last page of the author’s manuscript

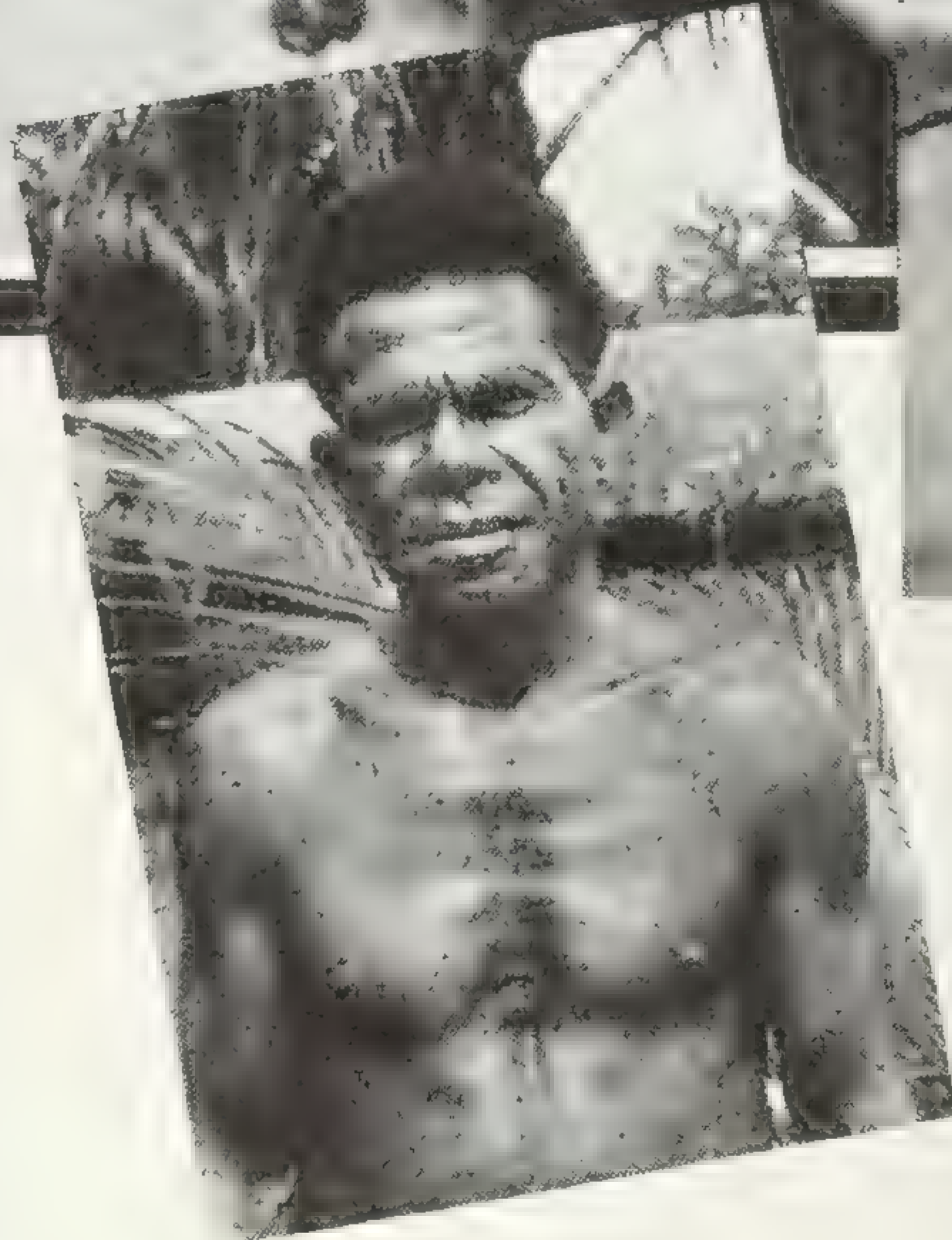
The Astounding Story



Errol in his skipper's cap, and the crew on his schooner the "Maski" before the fantastic ending of one adventure



Above, at twenty-three, this tall Irishman was hunting gold in the jungles



Left, the faithful black who accompanied Errol on his many dangerous exploits

ONLY the light crash of feet tearing through the matted ground growth ruffled the deathly silence of the jungle. Heading a column of black native bearers, a tall arrow-straight youth with keen eyes and a blond silken stubble of whiskers parted the thick green leaves with his elbows. A holstered revolver rubbed his right thigh.

Behind him the blacks glistened under a load of tripods, duffle chests, and tins of film. Paces back another white man guarded his precious camera. The tall youth was the guide. The cameraman belonged to an expedition sent to film the Head Hunters of uncharted, "uncontrolled" New Guinea.

Already they were three days from the last government outpost. Entering the Head Hunter country. Anything could happen now.

Suddenly it did.

Black, bushy heads mushroomed magically out of the tropic thicket. The blacks squealed, dropped their packs, scattered in panicked confusion. The trees rained whistling darts.

The young man dropped to his shins, tore a stinging arrow from his ankle. He pulled himself behind a tree trunk. His pistol spat at the quivering leaves where savages had been. It was silent again. He turned with an odd Irish grin to the white man with the camera. Its lens was leveled at his good looking face. A crank was still turning.

"Didn't miss a frame," said the cameraman, "even if they did wing me. Here pull this thing out and let's have a drink."

"That's a good idea," said the youth.

There has never been a stranger, more exotic, more dramatic, more incredibly weird screen test. For those few feet of film, cranked by an alert and courageous cameraman as death

challenged deep in the unknown Head Hunter country of New Guinea, far beyond the fences of civilization, are the reason that that arrow-straight youth, Errol Flynn, is in Hollywood today.

With his bold Irish gentleman's face of taut cheeks, narrow nose and tilted chin, with his waving brown hair and his tawny rollicking eyes; with his curling lips and their wide wall of smile beneath.

And when people watch him, suddenly Clark Gable seems a little old. Leslie Howard perhaps is stodgy after all, and Herbert Marshall's suave charm all at once seems empty and somewhat dull.

For this youth's blood races and his eyes flash and his muscles move.

Men see him and think of another, named Douglas Fairbanks, who years ago led them out of humdrum worlds into the sun golden fields of high adventure. Women see him and swoon.

That's why Errol Flynn is the current thrill and hope of Hollywood.

The hundreds of thousands who stormed theaters to see him

of Errol Flynn

This descendant of a famed adventurer proves that old-fashioned thrilling romance exists in the 20th century

By Warren Reeve



The handsome star with his extremely decorative wife, shapely Lily Damita

Right, with Olivia De Havilland in "Captain Blood," his first starring part



A few months ago an unknown, now the white hope of Hollywood; to Errol, it is but another adventure in his incredible life

life than come to any ten ordinary men in a lifetime.

You ask him about it today and he grins and says he didn't seek adventure out. It just happened. But how it happened!

At eighteen he landed in New Guinea as flat as a trolley wheel, the seat literally out of his trousers. He had come from Sydney, Australia, because he had been kicked out of school there, and it seemed to him that this time it might excite parental wrath.

Errol had been expelled from school twice before. Somehow, as a kid, life seemed much more fun without rules. He was a North Irishman, and what made his school turbulences worse was the fact that his father was a professor at Queen's University in Belfast and hardly sympathetic towards a rebellious school-boy, even if it happened to be his own son.

So after Errol had been exposed to St. Paul's and King's College and schools in England and France with similarly inharmonious sequels, his father listened to his pleas and took him along on a scientific expedition exploring the coast of wild Tasmania. It was six years before Errol saw home again.

As his father had left him in the Sydney school and gone home he felt that he was on his own, and he heard about gold in New Guinea.

It wasn't gold he found when he landed from the wallowing cargo tramp which brought him there but an odd shilling for an odd job every now and then. He did everything and anything. Perhaps the oddest was his [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]

in "Captain Blood" sensed that here at last is the McCoy—a gent things could happen to as they did to *Peter Blood*. And here at last the McCoy is indeed. Because they have.

Errol Flynn traveled the royal road of romance and adventure to Hollywood.

The restless swell of faraway seas is in the curve of his hair; the tense threat of the jungle is in his quick, smooth stride; distant sun swept horizons lie in his eyes.

And he is only twenty-seven.

He wasn't quite twenty-one when that Head Hunter ambush thrust him into the strangest screen test on record. But already he had packed more adventures into his young

This eminent author
speaks his mind about
"one of the world's
most maligned places"



MR. Discovers

LET me begin by a disappointing confession. I have no sensational revelations to make about Hollywood. I have seen no midnight orgies, no fisticuffs between rival stars in swell cafés, no platinum-fitted bath-tubs, no champagne drunk out of girls' slippers, no dancing on table-tops. If these things exist and happen, it has not been my fortune, good or bad, to witness them. But I have met a lot of rather nice people, and a few *very* nice people; I have been to pleasant houses where one drank the toast of 1936 no more boisterously (and no less) than might have happened in New York or London; and I have seen a good deal of Hollywood's chief preoccupation, so rarely mentioned because it is popularly supposed to be lacking in glamour—I mean, Hard Work.

Now this, though not sensational, may be to some a revelation; and perhaps, from Hollywood's point of view, a desirable one. For Hollywood is in many ways one of the world's most maligned places, and partly by its own fault. Once upon a time, when Montgomery Ward stood at 130 and United Steel at 150 (do you remember those days?), Money and Glamour were almost synonymous terms, and we all just loved to read about the screen-star who had four hundred overcoats, had built a swimming-pool of black marble, or had insured each of her eyelashes for a thousand dollars. It sounded good, and it made us feel how wonderful we all were, what a grand thing progress was, and so on.

But today things are different, and it does seem a pity that so much of the pre-Depression publicity still attaches to Hollywood and its doings. It is not only very largely untrue; but it sounds the wrong note. I have been struck, during a single trip across America, with the extent to which, though individual screen-personalities are popular, Hollywood itself is disliked. People who are hard-up cannot help envying a class which they imagine to be earning fabulous sums for a very easy job, while the movie-star's grumble against high taxation merely draws a derisive smile from the man whose yearly income is too small to be taxed at all.

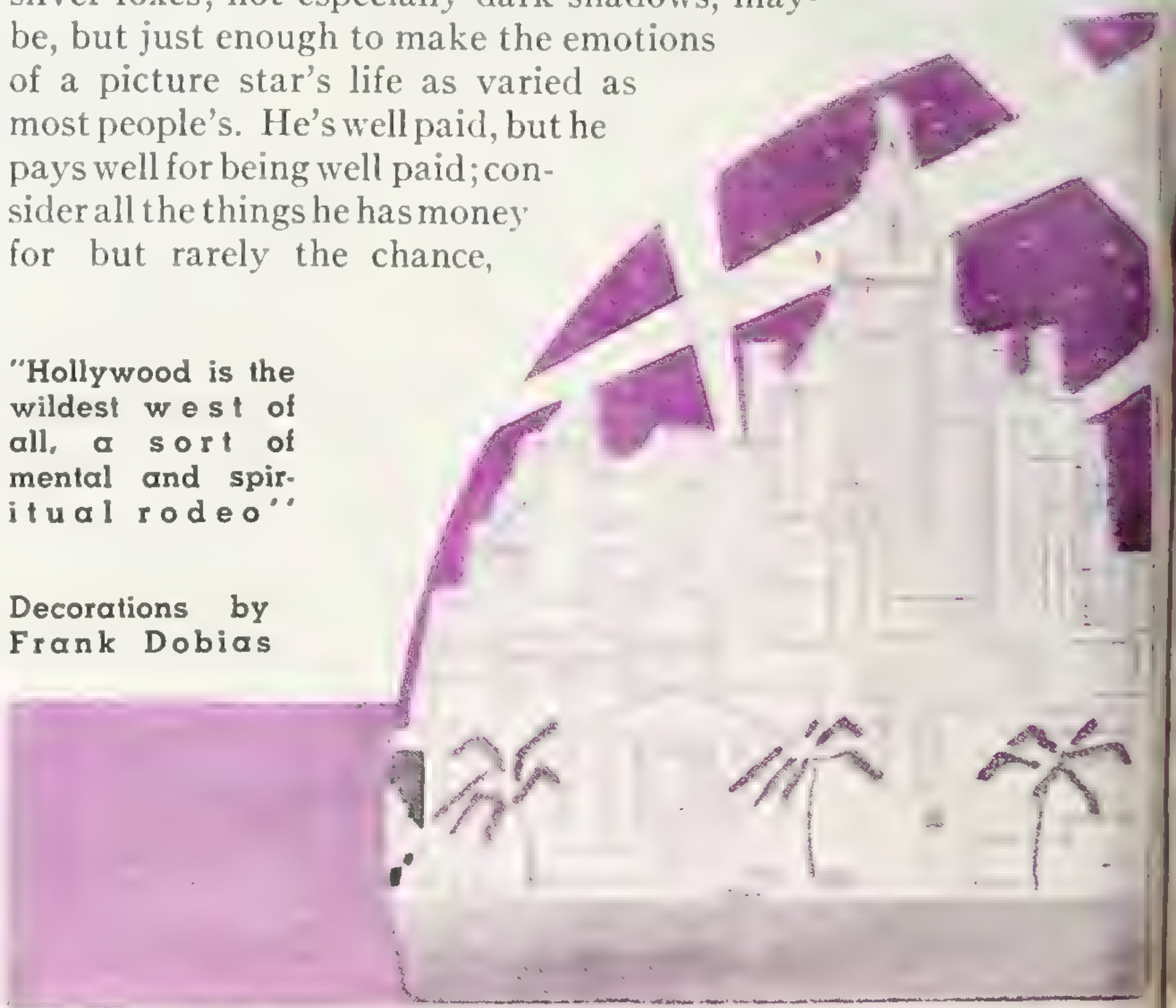
Therefore I stress this matter, glamorous or not, of hard

work. Granted that many Hollywood salaries are high—absurdly high, if you insist. The point is that they are not earned easily; that a day in the studio is as hard and as long as a day in the machine-shop or behind the counter; that stars have as many business worries as anyone else; that their status and jobs are about as insecure as anything could be in an insecure world; and that, in addition to being the world's idols, they are also the world's targets for begging letters, gang-threats, petty racketeers, and scandalous gossip. You can commit murder in Missouri and only have your name in the local papers. But if a picture star's Pekingese snaps at Mrs. Jones it means front-page nation-wide news, high-pressure attorneys, a million-dollar writ for shattered nerves, and a settlement out of court for five hundred.

All this adds shadows to a world of golden sunshine and silver foxes; not especially dark shadows, maybe, but just enough to make the emotions of a picture star's life as varied as most people's. He's well paid, but he pays well for being well paid; consider all the things he has money for but rarely the chance,

"Hollywood is the
wildest west of
all, a sort of
mental and spir-
itual rodeo"

Decorations by
Frank Dobias



CHIPS Hollywood

Famed for "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon"—Mr. Hilton



to do. He would like to travel and see the world; all he has time for, as a rule, is a Pullman's eye-view. He dare not walk openly along Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly in case a crowd collects. Wherever he goes there are interviewers, photographers and autograph-hunters to worry him; and if they were not there he would worry even more.

If I were a producer I would make a picture of a story which, so far as I know, has not been used before—the true story of a screen actor's rise to fame and fortune. I would have Mr. Clark Gable taking for once the part of Mr. Clark Gable; I would show him arriving in Hollywood from wherever he did arrive, acting first of all in small parts, then in better ones, until his final stardom. And I would show Hollywood pictorially—studios and streets and the sort of life an actor has before he earns much money, the foundation of hard work he has to put in before a Mr. So-and-So can become *the* Mr. So-and-So.

You wouldn't be too sorry for him, of course. But you would agree that his job has its drawbacks, like yours and mine

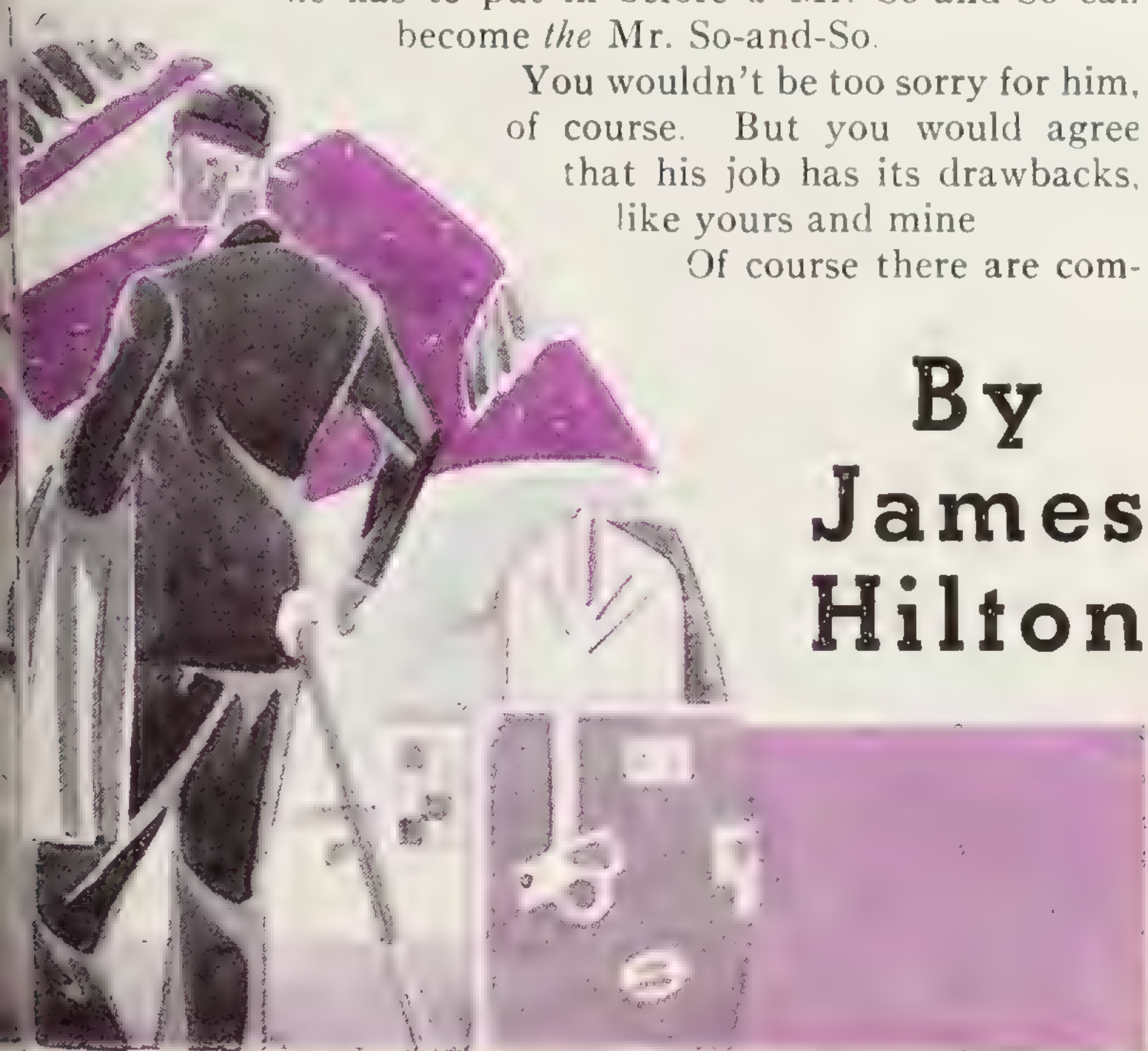
Of course there are com-

By
**James
Hilton**

pensations. The Californian climate is one; it makes all other climates look like mere weather. And the mental atmosphere is equally enlivening; you cannot live in Hollywood for long without realizing that the ergs or ohms or whatever they are of intellectual activity expended in it continuously amount to a perfectly staggering total. It is one of the street corners of the world, where the most interesting people sooner or later come strolling along; and, of course, the handsomest too. It magnetises beauty and brains from all over the earth; the loveliest and the best, or—if they are not all the best—well, the second-best are not so bad. No one would pretend that Los Angeles County completely lives up to its name; but the idea that it is a devil's paradise is equally erroneous. It is a place where pleasure is manufactured for export, and where the human material, coming in duty-free from every country on the face of the globe, is sometimes—but not very often—rather raw material. (Hence the legends!) One might even call Hollywood the first really International City the world has ever known, for it is not American; it just has an American colony somewhat larger than its English, French, German, Italian, and other colonies. And for this reason it is a place where, though you may not feel thoroughly at home, you can't feel a complete exile either.

Of course things don't always go well. Then Hollywood can be cruel, or—worse still—indifferent. There are picture actors who once drew ten thousand dollars a week and are now glad to earn fifty as an extra. They have grown old, or the talkies didn't suit their style, or they got mixed up in some scandal. Whatever the reason, their day is over, for it is easier (let us hope) for the rich man to enter Heaven than for a former picture favourite to stage a come-back. Of course you can say that they ought to have saved something out of their once-huge salaries. But perhaps they did, and lost it all in the stock-market slump or in bank-crashes. Anything can happen in Hollywood, and most of it has happened already.

All of which points to a personal classification and a tragic difference; tragic, not only in { PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116 }





Never a dull moment at the latest of Hollywood's meeting places of the stars—the new Cafe Seville. From the left, the smiling faces belong to Bert Wheeler and his girl friend Sally Haines, George E. Stone and his girl friend Louise Sidel, Joe Penner and his girl friend, Mrs. Penner, the former Eleanor May Vogt, of no less than the Folies, suh

DON'T be surprised if Pinky Tomlin's next song is a sorrowful lament. He's in mourning—for his pet guitar. Sally Eilers smashed it the other day. She was driving a car in a scene and stepped on the gas instead of the brake when she was supposed to pull up short. The Tomlin "gittar" was the only casualty. Sally swears it was accidental but there have been rumors of decoration for valor.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is becoming quite proficient at the American pastime known as the come-back.

Freddie had been practising riding an old-fashioned bike for a sequence in his new picture, and like the Redskins of old, had "bit the dust" more than once. Finally he admitted to Director John Cromwell that he had mastered the riding trick.

"I forgot to tell you, Freddie, that the big scene shows you falling off!" Cromwell said.

"That's a cinch," Freddie answered. "I learned that in the first ten seconds!"

cal york's gossip

ONE of the current crop of really beautiful little actresses who is getting a big build-up at Twentieth Century-Fox these days is June Lang.

She's really a Hollywood wonder. A couple

of years ago she was June Vlassek. She had platinum hair, bands on her teeth, and was inclined to be a little awkward. You should see her now—or that is, you will be seeing her now. She's a dream, on or off the screen



Dr. Herbert Gaylord and Glenda Farrell at the President's Ball, Biltmore Hotel. 'Tis said the Addison Randall-Glenda romance is very much a thing of the past

Virginia Pine's and George Raft's hearty laughter is witness enough to the reputation Joe Lewis, master of ceremonies at the Trocadero, has for putting over a good story



It can't be anything else but a romance between Tom Beck and the very pretty Anita Louise



Photos by Hyman Fink

Four of the screen world notables at a Mary Pickford party at beautiful Pickfair (once the gay Doug Fairbanks' beautiful home, too). From the left, Delmar Daves, ace writer in Kay Francis' life, Miss Francis, Leslie Howard and Gene Raymond

of hollywood...

THERE'S one girl in Hollywood who can use that line "My best friend and severest critic" with impunity. She's actress Queenie Smith, wife of Robert Garland, New York drama critic. And a tough one.

YEP—they've really gone horse crazy in Hollywood. When Fred Astaire's wife had their baby the other day, Bob Montgomery, who is expecting one in the family any time now, sent a telegram to Fred

"Congratulations," it read, "yours to win and mine to show."

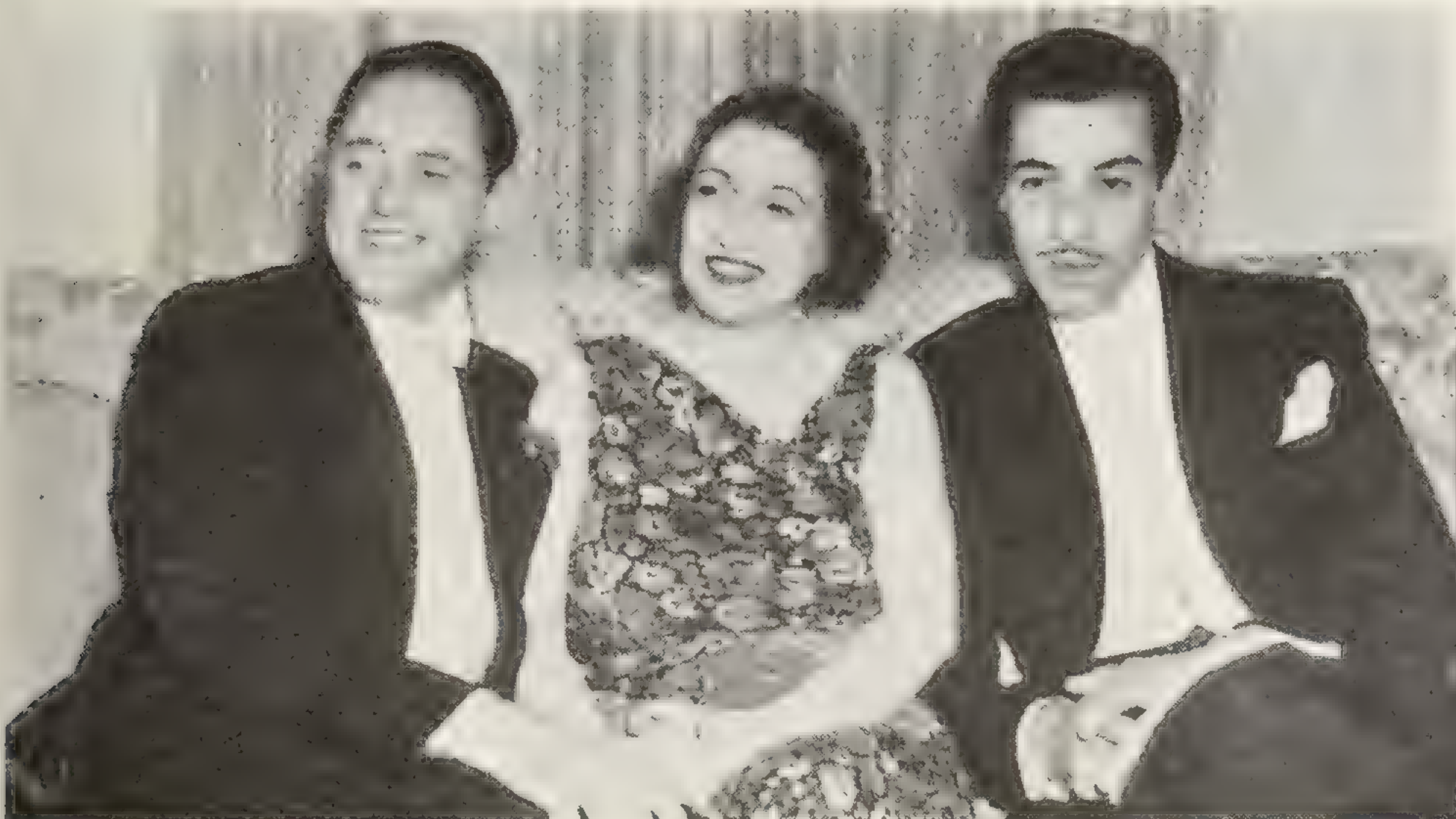
ABOUT the time you read this, Clark Gable will be getting the old duffle bag packed for his next big jaunt—this time to the Orient.

The South American trip was a pretty strenuous affair—Latin people are such hero-worshippers. But Clark thinks that he'll really be able to get away from it all in China and Japan.

Whether or no, he'll be hieing hence as soon as he makes one more picture. If he can get passage on the China Clipper, he'll fly. Otherwise the fastest boat to the Rising Sun will carry him. He'll go it alone.

THEY used to call her "Diamond Lil"—but our Mae has gone back on her "ice." Like practically everyone else in Hollywood, she has succumbed to a star-sapphire.

Mae went for one the other day tipping the beam at one hundred and fifty carats!



Michael Bartlett, handsome tenor, the attractive Mrs. Clark Gable and Cesar Romero were also among the host of notables who were guests at Mary Pickford's party

Irene Hervey and Claire Meyers in a spot plenty of his girl fans would like to be in—luncheon guests of the rising young star, Allan Jones, at the Cafe Seville





WHEN Hollywood saw, heard, and applauded "Rose Marie" at its preview, Nelson Eddy was miles away up in Seattle, on a concert tour.

But he heard them clap for his singing over a telephone wire!

His mother arranged it, and it cost around seventy-five dollars.

But if you were a star, you'd know it was worth that much to hear that your picture is a hit.

GEORGE RAFT can't keep out of the fight racket somehow. George used to push his leather padded dukes around before he became the vaseline topped lover of the movies.

Now he's an owner. George just bought the socking rights to Joey E. Grey, who is the kid brother of the Raft shadow, Mack (the Killer) Grey.

Joey E. is making his professional debut where all the Hollywood ringsiders can get a load of him, and they do say that Mae West and the Paramounters are backing his fistic aplomb to the elbows.

JUST when advance reports indicate that Luise Rainer's work in "The Great Ziegfeld" will make her one of the greatest stars in Hollywood, Luise announces that she's going to go home in a few months and get married.

She won't tell his name, but he's a young diplomat, and they've been in love some time. Luise is alone now in Hollywood. Her mother has left for Vienna. She still runs around with the few people who speak her language; Jean Negulesco, who used to squire Sidney Fox, being the most frequent escort.

Wedding bells, so Luise says, will ring in about six months—after she finishes "The Good Earth." And they won't ring in Hollywood.

GRETA GARBO will have a very nice little surprise awaiting her, if and when, she ever comes back to Hollywood, and her particular movie home—M-G-M.

They found a plain gold signet ring in the ruins of the old M-G-M commissary when they tore it down the other day.

Some years ago Garbo practically turned the studio upside down looking for it. But they couldn't find it. Whereupon, she was a bit upset. The ring had some sort of a sentimental meaning which no one but G. G. herself knew about. Now they're holding it for her.

The Yacht Club Boys yodel Beverly Roberts and Al Jolson to luncheon from "The Singing Kid" set. From the usual left, Charlie Adler, Jimmie Kern, George Kelly, Beverly, Al and Billy Mann



And was she embarrassed? Little Luise Rainer surrounded by a group of enthusiastic admirers at the Westwood Village Theater



Fay Wray met on arrival at Santa Fe R.R. station. Ralph Bellamy, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay, Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond

JOHN QUALEN, who plays "Papa" Dionne in the Quintuplet picture, "The Country Doctor," is not only a dead ringer for the world's champion daddy, but comes from Canada and has had three babies of his own. At the birth of every one of them, Papa Qualen was away on an acting engagement.

DUNCAN RENALDO knows what it is to have friends. And once again Hollywood friendships have proved not to be fair weather friendships.

The full pardon which President Roosevelt granted Duncan came as a result of a very large and very long petition, signed by half of Hollywood and forwarded to Washington. Evidently the president thought that a man with that many friends couldn't be such a wrong guy.

If Duncan can arrange to stay in this country, he'll find plenty of work in Hollywood too. Three studios are ready to offer him parts.

AS you read this, Anna May Wong will be getting her first glimpse of China.

Yes, it's true. Anna May has been playing

Chinese ladies for years and years, but while she's Oriental by parentage, she's an American citizen. Born in Los Angeles.

THE Bing Crosbys aren't the social kind—at least, they seldom step out. But the other night, Bing and wife managed to stay up long enough to take in the "Seven Seas," one of Hollywood's better South Sea spots.

Before Bing had left the joint, he had managed to sign up an entertainment trio for his radio program. Even when he plays, Bingo has business on the brain.

IF there is anything Margaret Sullavan would rather not have, it is any inference that she and her husband, Willy Wyler, are not happy. So the other night, when she was leaving a preview in company with her ex-spouse, Henry Fonda, she saw with horror that a photographer was taking her picture. Margaret pleaded, but the photographer refused.

He was going to print and use it, he said firmly, because he thought he owed Margaret no favors. Sometimes the boys who get snubbed get a chance to poke back.



Is this personal or professional? Robert Taylor and Janet Gaynor at the close of the day's work on the "Small Town Girl" set

Clark Gable, Mrs. Lewis Milestone and Director Milestone apparently had a nickel or so down on the right horse at Santa Anita



Photos by Hyman Fink

Four of "the boys" drop in on director Eddie Goulding for a bit of a chat and such. From the left to the right, Frank Lawton, Herbert Marshall, Basil Rathbone, Mr. Goulding and Ralph Forbes

SINCE Sylvia Sidney split up with brand new hubby, Bennett Cerf, the reconciliation rumors fly thick and fast concerning her old swain, B. P. Schulberg. They've been out together, and while that doesn't mean anything in Hollywood, still the odds are shortening against a complete reunderstanding. They went with each other for a long, long time.

YOU'VE heard it over the radio—"I'm Building Up to an Awful Let Down"—Fred Astaire's song. But did you know that El Astaire would never have blossomed as a songwriter if he hadn't been encouraged by Irving Berlin?

Fred has always improvised music. He williddle-t-yum his way through dance steps in rehearsals and his piano player will jot it down. It's usually good. Just tinkering around on the keys of the piano he rapped out "I'm Building Up." When Irving Berlin heard it, he wouldn't stop until he had persuaded Fred to publish it.

Now, be advised that Fred is taking it seriously. He's knocking out a full musical comedy. Tunes 'n' everything.

GOOD old C. B. DeMille. He goes back into history even when he plays the ponies. DeMille backed a horse named Polydorus at Santa Anita. It came in. DeMille said he knew it would because a gent named "Apollo-dorus" ran Cleopatra's government for her and he was sure Polydorus would run for him. C. B. collected twenty-five bucks.

BING CROSBY, Dick Arlen and company were having a nice game of golf on the Lake-side course in Toluca Lake. As they proceeded around the links, they came upon queer little excavations and ripped stretches of fairway.

"Ah," said Bing, "this is great news. 'Bill' Fields is well. He's playing golf again!"

BASIL RATHBONE'S dexterity with fencing foils lets him go one up on a Barrymore. In "Romeo and Juliet" Basil is wielding his own trusty blade, while John called upon a double to fight for him.

Incidentally, when Basil let Errol Flynn run him through in "Captain Blood" it was just for picture purposes. He can take Errol's measure with swords any day.

BIG red-headed Dick Foran and Paula Stone are in the endearment stage. Guess what he calls her—"Postscript." Why? You'll have to ask Dick. Maybe because she's short and snappy.

HOLLYWOOD sympathizes deeply with Chester Morris. Last month his dad, William Morris, died. They were very close—the Morris family. All five of them used to act together, in the old days.

Chester was mighty proud of his father, who in his day was one of the best known actors in New York. Chester's kids adored their grandfather. He made them toys and played with them. Everyone will miss William Morris.

THERE'S one Scottie in Hollywood who really rates. His name is "Toughie" and he belongs to Madge Evans.

"Toughie" took a header into Madge's swimming pool the other day and promptly started sinking to the bottom, emitting canine shouts for help.

Madge was nearby, wearing a prized gown she had lugged with loving care all the way from Europe.

But "Toughie's" anguished yelps were too much. In Madge plunked, gown and all. It was pretty much all wet and ruined when she came out, but "Toughie" was saved. Greater love hath no star—

JUST in case any of her friends from the frozen North drop in sometime, Jean Harlow is getting ready to make them feel at home. She's planning to build—of all things—an ice skating rink in her basement.

The basement was a problem, until Jean did some fancy sliding around in "Wife Vs. Secretary." It was so much fun doing figure eights and things that she decided to have the glacial business transferred to her own home. Heretofore, Hollywood has had to pop off to the mountains or to Los Angeles' one solitary winter garden to glide—but soon the skimmers will all congregate at Jean's

WONDER if you knew that Bob Montgomery has a brother? Maybe you'll see him—if his test turns out all right. Donald is his name. He visited Bob the other day, and just a trip around the lot won him a break before the testing lens. Handsome lad, he is, too. Very much on the he-man type.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Love, Honor and Obey THAT IMPULSE!

Franchot Tone tells why he will never have to sacrifice his "rugged individualism" to marriage

By George Kingsley

THIS much you know: that in New Jersey last November, Franchot Tone married Joan Crawford after two years of waiting.

And this much I know: that so far as Franchot is concerned, marriage to one of the most beautiful and famous of today's screen ladies will not in any way affect his personality, his dreams for the future, his ambitions, or his philosophy of life.

Oh, there will be adjustments; that much is demanded of every young man when he agrees to spend his remaining years with another person.

But basically, Franchot Tone will remain the same. He is the same, today, as he was three months ago when I talked with him beside the bright blue bay at Catalina Isthmus.

He was making "Mutiny on the Bounty" then; and I bundled myself into a perilously small speedboat and was whirled across a rough channel to the Island, stoic in the face of qualms and bad weather—because somehow I had developed a whole-hearted curiosity about this reserved, drawn-into-his-shell young actor.

I wanted really to know him—few enough people do—and I wanted to peer under that mask of his, discover and understand the intricate processes of his character and imagination. I wanted, if it were humanly possible, to get his formula on paper.

By the time I found him, relaxed, smoking a cigarette on a pile of cast-off planks, the sun had come out with that tentative air it has on cloudy days. The brass on the harbor boats glittered; warmth came down.

During one lazy hour we discussed that always fascinating subject: Ourselves; and under the influence of the gentle, shifting weather Franchot stretched his legs out and put his head back and *talked*.

OUT of the life he lives on this earth he must have, first, a glimpse of Utopia—and this is idealism. "I'm optimistic enough to believe the perfect state actually exists somewhere," he said. "We'll have universal plenty in a few hundred years, of course, only I won't be here to see it.



Franchot Tone's marriage to the brilliant and completely feminine Joan Crawford was the culmination of an ardent courtship of two years. Back in Hollywood at the Lamaze

"Anyway, I'm going to buy a schooner soon and sail around the world in it. You can't tell me that *sometime*—in *some* part of the Pacific or Mediterranean or India Ocean—I won't find a 'Pitcairn's Island.' No taxes, no money, no politics: I've dreamed about a place like that ever since I was old enough to read Sir Thomas More."

We were quiet for a time, watching a white yacht ride in from the channel. On a mental note-pad I wrote, "Tone is idealistic without melodrama. When he was very young his dreams had a fine frenzied color; now he dares remember the color while others forget the dreams. He will find his island."

"I want a house!" Franchot said suddenly. "That's another thing. I want to build a place in New England for purposes of vacation, and when I say vacation I mean vacation. I'll go there when I'm tired, and I'll read a little—I'll sleep and eat—I'll listen to the radio. Not another thing, so help me."

"What kind of a house?" I wanted to know.

He looked at me. "You must know the sort of home I'd want," he said. And I did, even before he described it.

It will loom far back from a quiet road, protected by maples; it will have an air of stately and peaceful grace. Staunch tradition, deep foundation, fine proportion—these will be its birthright. And certainly there will be wide lawns.



Franchot Tone—a distinguished actor, a Phi Beta Kappa man, a great reader, an expert horseman, a dashing gentleman who still believes in ideals, and hopes some day to find "Utopia"

"That pretty well takes care of your spare time," I pointed out. "A schooner, a vacation retreat. How about work?"

He was very emphatic. "The stage, of course. I'd like to stay with acting for the rest of my life. When I'm middle-aged—well, then I'll take middle-aged parts. And when I'm old I can always be a character actor."

"No more movies?"

"Oh, I wouldn't give up pictures. The stage is better, offers more opportunity for sustained moods and continued work; but it would be swell to come out to Hollywood for a part of every year, and then go back to the footlights." He looked up appreciatively at the blue and white sky. "It makes a marvelous winter resort, you know . . ."

He put another cigarette in his mouth and began a systematic search for his lighter. "Then, too, there's the possibility of opera," he said.

He found the lighter. "I've been studying voice for some time now," he said through smoke. "Rather secretly, of course. I may or may not have any success—but it's just one more thing I'd like to do."

"It'll probably be a success," I remarked. "You're notorious for your good luck."

"What would you say," Franchot said quickly, "if I told you that with all those other things, I wish Fate would deal me some good—hard—knocks? I've had luck all my life: a rich father, the breaks in everything I've started. I didn't want those breaks. They've ruined me for things that are the absolute McCoy."

He tossed his cigarette away. "There were a few times," he said grinning, "when I thought I [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



She's the darling of the Fox Hills lot, this mite of a girl who follows "King of Burlesque" with "Poor Little Rich Girl"

Baby Star of Hollywood

Once they told Dixie Dunbar to go back and grow up. That's just what Dixie didn't do!

By Chet Green

"I'm the Baby Star of Broadway—"

The beam of a spot bounced flashily off a tremendous safety pin cinching a diaper fashioned from a table cover. A bib hung from under her chin.

Her doll-sized slippers twinkled on the polished floor. Dixie did hope they'd like the dance she did for them. All her life, when she danced for the local Legion benefits, the Junior League Follies and such, she had dreamed a wild dream that some day she might dance on Broadway.

Her father had said, when he saw them off, Dixie and her mother, on the trip that was her reward for finishing her high school course in Washington Seminary so early,

"Now, please, don't dance in any night clubs."

Well—the name was "restaurant" so it wasn't exactly a night club. And everyone was so nice. Her mother was right there. And she couldn't resist when her old M. C. friend "NTG", "Granny" she called him, had invited her to join the show the day she visited his rehearsal, just for fun.

She must have had a lot of clothes on when she showed up, because she saw him grin and say, "Cut your panties in half, Dixie, and you can go to work."

Then they thought up this baby costume—and someone batted out the cute song for her.

"I'm the Baby Star of Broadway—"

"I hope you'll like—"

They liked all right.

They liked her on Broadway because she was cute and fresh and sweet with that deliciousness of the 'teens which was the genuine article.

But Dixie—when her vacation had rolled into a year and she had twinkled her slippers and spread her smile and tossed her curls all over town, at the Village Barn and the Nut Club and the Paradise with Paul Whiteman—Dixie was still a real Baby Star of Broadway. She was still what she was, a little Southern girl being her age—fifteen now—sweet as a sun ripened peach.

She was still going home with her mother right after the show.

Wherever she played she was the show's particular pet. If anyone had ever tried anything [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

I'M the Baby Star of Broadway—"

Christine Elizabeth Dunbar trotted out on the floor of New York's swank Hollywood Restaurant. The eyes of smart women and those of sophisticated men fastened on her plump peach face and her round little doll body.

"I hope you'll like the songs I sing for you—"

Christine Elizabeth had never faced a night club crowd before. She had been dancing since she was three, but she had never faced any audience as a professional entertainer. Christine Elizabeth was fourteen years old. In her home town of Atlanta, Georgia, they had called her "Christy" and "Tootsie," but because her words ended in a velvet slur, they gave her another nickname which looked like it might stick—"Dixie."



Bu

PHOTOPLAY brings you the first pictures of M-G-M's screen version of Shakespeare's immortal story, "Romeo and Juliet." Norma Shearer portrays the sensitive Juliet and Leslie Howard is Romeo



"His name is Romeo, a Montague, the only son of your enemy." Against the rich Renaissance background, the superb talents of Leslie Howard as the lover will be seen to advantage. John Barrymore is Mercutio; Basil Rathbone is Tybalt



"O! she is rich in beauty, Juliet is the sun." As the sheltered, dreaming adolescent daughter of Capulet, Norma Shearer is a delight to look upon, and fulfills one of the ambitions of her acting career. Edna May Oliver is the Nurse





Although Anne Shirley has appeared in over three hundred pictures since the age of three, her acting has a deftness and charming simplicity rarely seen in one so young. She is scheduled to play the part of the old miner's daughter in Bret Harte's classic story "M'Liss"



Bachrach

The statuesque Ann Harding once studied with Otis Skinner and her poise and perfect diction are the envy of her friends. After "The Lady Consents," she is to play in "The Witness Chair," a highly dramatic courtroom story, for RKO-Radio. Walter Abel will be opposite her.



Hurrell

Edmund Lowe's ability to be alternately a romantic lead or a hard-boiled comedian has much to do with his continued success. Completing his part as Philo Vance in "The Garden Murder Case," he was signed by GB and goes to England for "Doomed Cargo"



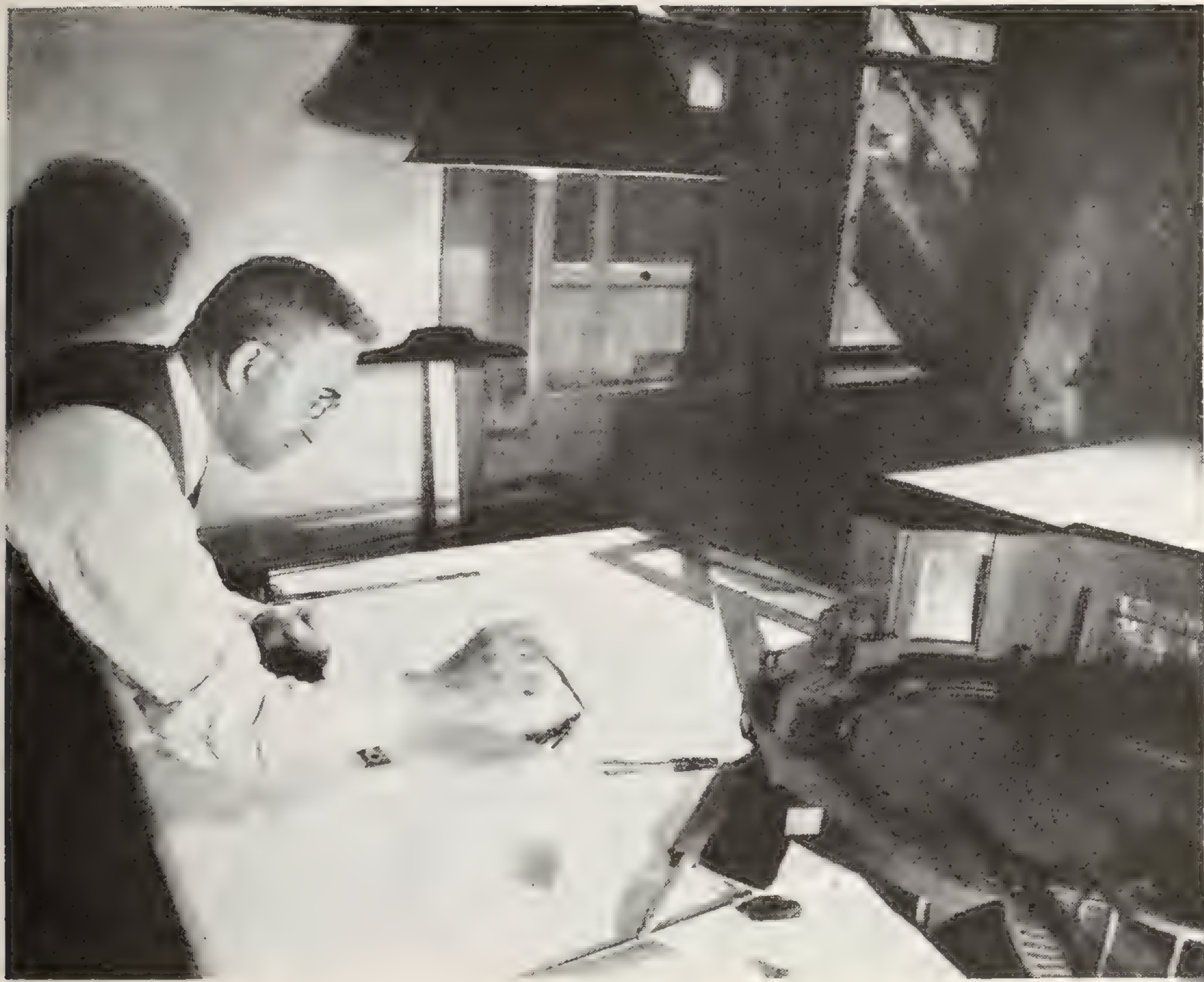
Hurrell

The delectable little ingénue, Ida Lupino, inherits her acting finesse from her father, the famous English comedian, Stanley Lupino. After "Anything Goes," she was borrowed from Paramount to star with Francis Lederer in Pickford-Lasky's "One Rainy Afternoon"



Welbourne

Warner executives cheered when they saw "Stranded." In June Travis they had that screen rarity—a "natural." She was immediately cast in "Ceiling Zero." Her next will be a comedy, "The Gentleman from Big Bend" opposite the very suave Warren William



The Private Life of a Talking Picture

By Howard Sharpe

Above, architect drawing plans for sets in the Draughting Department. Note the miniature set. Thousands of such plans are made monthly

OUR engrossing task is that of telling you how they make the movies out here in Hollywood; and that is no superficial "how." When PHOTOPLAY learned that the behind-the-scenes story of motion pictures is a closed volume to most American people, it decided to do a thorough job—to leave nary a stone unturned in the cause of enlightenment.

It sounded like a push-over at first, when I was assigned to work one day in each department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, this earth's largest entertainment factory, in order to learn the hows and wherefores. But the planned two weeks stretched into three months before my job was finished. . . .

I learned that in two weeks you don't scratch the surface of what goes on in a studio so big that it employs 5,000 people to work for it in 117 different arts and professions—that even in twelve weeks the trip through 72 buildings and 45 departments was hurried, if thorough.

The preceding articles, following a modern talkie in development, told you how a story is selected and a script prepared from it; gave you a glimpse at stars in the making, and at extras through a studio's eyes; let you watch those people being wardrobe and made-up in preparation for the camera.

Now: the "set."

In the almost forgotten day of silent pictures movie companies were able to do a great deal of shooting in genuine houses and railway stations and hotel apartments which they rented from willing owners. It was a less expensive method. Today producers dare not take the chance of dealing with extraneous noises; 75 per cent of all work is done against artificial



The warehouse is a veritable Aladdin's cave. Above, a few of its thousands of period chairs

Left, Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M. His sets have won international awards

backgrounds built within sound-proof cement barns called sound-stages. There are 24 of these on the M-G-M lot in Culver City.

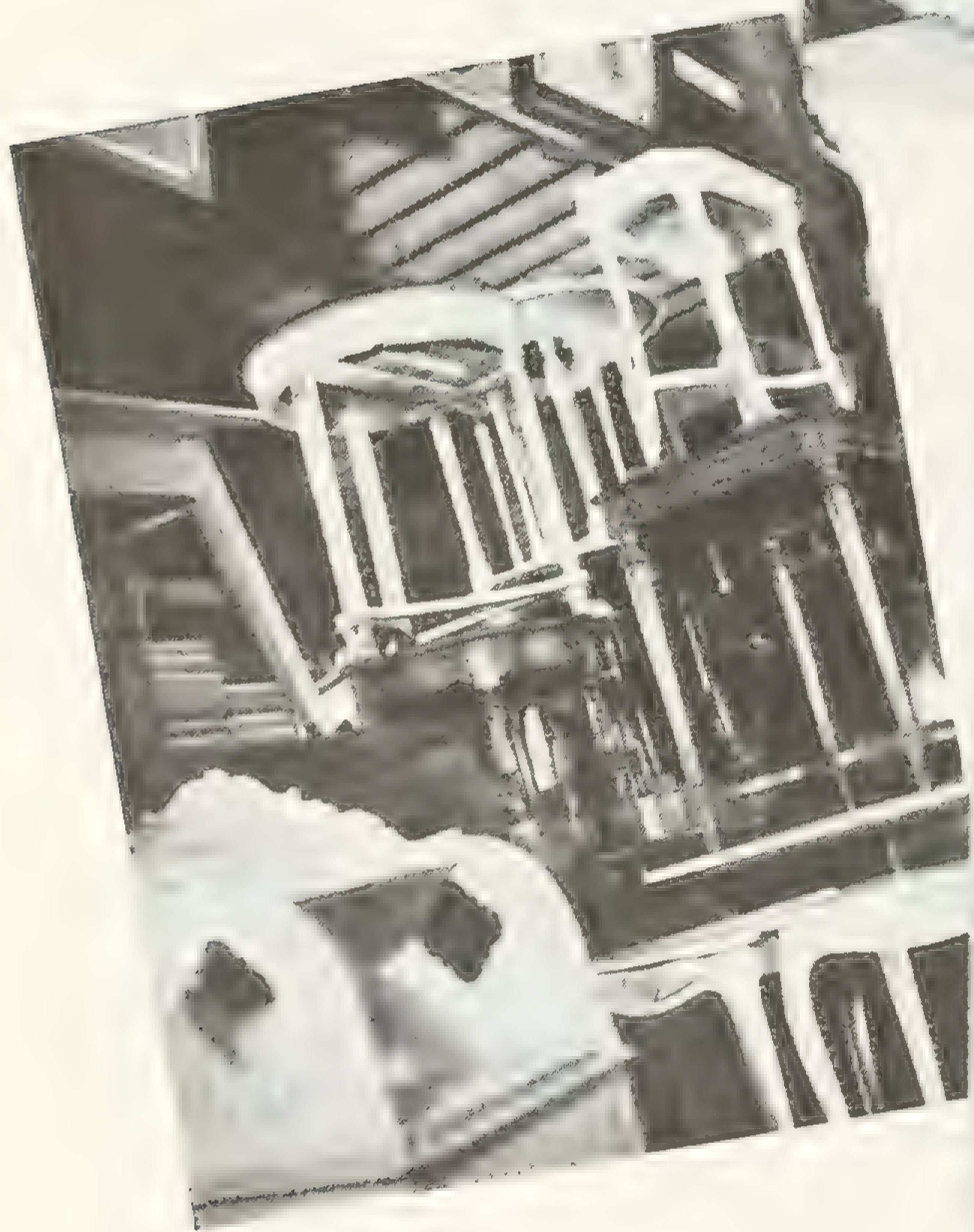
IF ever you, as the movie public, have for a moment taken time out to regard the sets in a picture, your probable reflections dwelt (with pleasure or dislike) on the originality of furniture placement, or the peculiar atmosphere of a certain musty apartment, or the resemblance of a particular room to one in your own home. But those reflections have always accepted the "interior landscapes" in terms of *reality*—that is, as part of a house or as a unit of some building which really existed.

You cannot have thought of them as sets, as sets are: the

The third of a series of fascinatingly vivid stories telling what takes place in the sixth largest industry in the world before you see the finished product—a modern movie



Above, some of the 72 buildings at M-G-M studio, the sky line of sets on the back lot. Here are represented 117 arts and professions



Above, the tables used in pictures to give "reality" are brought from all over the world

Right, Edwin B. Willis, head of the props and guardian of treasures worth millions



carefully painted canvas walls with nothing but littered debris and two-by-fours behind them; the full-furnished drawing rooms with one invisible side open to the vast shadowy gloom of a sound-stage; the interiors of countless houses without any ceilings at all. . . .

I said before that the average studio-worker's life was one of daily surprise, of outrageous but fascinating pursuits, demanding special ingenuity and intelligence to carry on. This phase of movie-making—the designing and building and furnishing of sets—is a grand example of what I mean.

An architect in any other part of the world is safe in the established order of his work; at Metro he must build his rooms and hallways with other things in mind: the camera, the light-

ing, the position of the actors, how they will move across the floor. He must, for some pictures, be able to reproduce the famous apartments of history; for others he must translate an author's mood into the proportions of walls.

The ordinary interior decorator dreams out his draperies and tables and love-seats with no other thought than that the finished arrangement must be beautiful, interesting. But at the studio he must think of fabrics and wood as only a backdrop against which, for instance, Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne will be photographed in an embrace. He must conceive of combinations and effects with regard to star-personalities, even with concern as to their favorite color-harmonies.

You will understand the need for this versatility as the story proceeds; just now we deal with Cedric Gibbons, husband of lovely Dolores Del Rio and head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's art department.

He is the origin of all M-G-M sets; it is his titanic task to plan a dozen "homes," perfect in every detail, each day. His office is huge, littered with sketches and books and drawing-boards, but somehow trim. In it we sat, while he described for me the evolution of those "homes."

"There's a lot to do in a very short time," he said, gesturing at a pile of scripts on his desk. "You see, each picture requires about fifty sets, of two or three rooms apiece—and when you consider that the average production is scheduled for only three month's work, and that there are usually about fifteen of them in progress, it's obvious how the orders stack up.

"In thoroughly modern American stories where the rooms can be designed after the style of [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

PHOTOPLAY'S Memory Album

Edited By Frederick L. Collins

1932 to 1934 were big years in pictures—what with new names and new faces and new voices and new types of entertainment. On this page, the stars in ascendency



Gable with Garbo, in "Susan Lennox—Her Fall and Rise"



Gable as Anita Page's husband in "The Easiest Way"



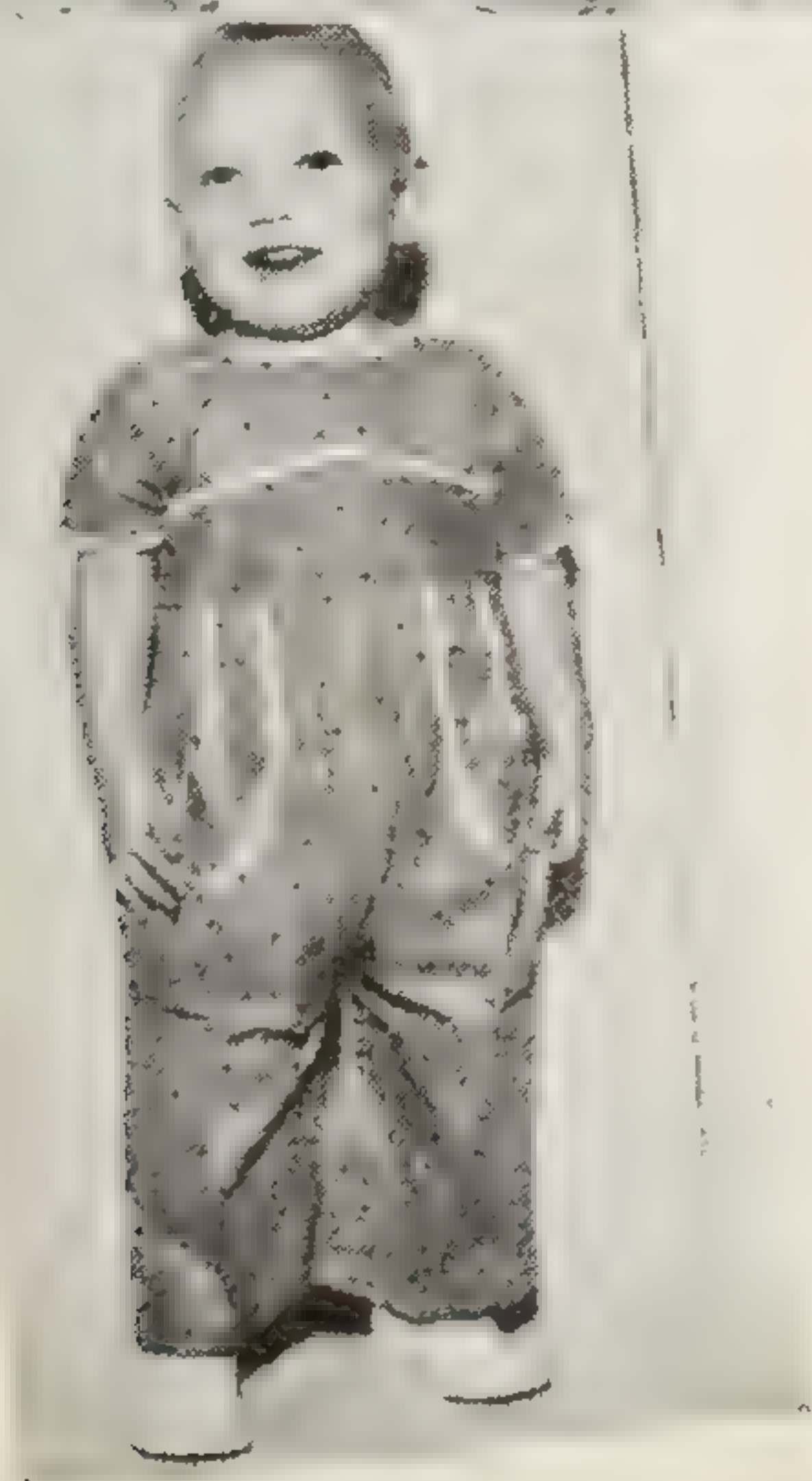
Claudette Colbert and Gable in "It Happened One Night"



Above, center and left, Mickey Mouse, favorite of the world, and his cousin, one of the "Three Little Pigs"



The star of stars—Shirley Temple, in "Stand Up and Cheer," with her pal James Dunn



Baby LeRoy, who lifted our hearts during the depression days

Mae West's first picture — with Alison Skipworth — "Night After Night"





Astaire went his earlier successes one better in "Roberta"



Three from that ace musical picture, "42nd Street"—Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers



Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, in "Sign of the Cross"



Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, in Noel Coward's "Cavalcade"



"Back Street" gave us those old favorites in new rôles, John Boles and Irene Dunne



Warren William, May Robson, in "Lady for a Day"



Marie Dressler with Wallace Beery in "Tugboat Annie"



Beery in one of his greatest rôles, Villa, in "Viva Villa"



Dorothea Wieck and Hertha Thiele, in "Maedchen"



Myrna Loy, William Powell and Skippy, in "The Thin Man"

As the '32-'34 period turned into 1935, it seemed as if the talking picture plant were in full bloom!

Story, presentation and acting reached a new high in '32-'34, and better pictures resulted



"One Night of Love," with Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati, raised a demand for opera films



Shirley Temple, in "Little Miss Marker," with Adolphe Menjou



Dick Powell, after "20 Million Sweethearts," had that many



Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, in "Marietta"

Fredric March and Norma Shearer in the famed "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"



Freddie Bartholomew and W. C. Fields, in "David Copperfield"



Margaret Sullavan, in a scene from "Only Yesterday"

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, in "Of Human Bondage"



James Cagney, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Margot Grahame and Victor McLaglen, in "The Informer"

Probably more new stars shone in the film firmament in 1932-34 than at any other time

Several foreign screen and stage favorites met with high approval from American movie goers



"The Big Broadcast" established Bing Crosby as a ranking star. Above, with Stu Erwin, George Burns



English Robert Donat, above, with Elissa Landi, in "Count of Monte Cristo"



"The Scoundrel" gave us Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and heated discussion



Screen gamine Elisabeth Bergner (above) captivated many of us in "Escape Me Never"



"Henry the Eighth" established Charles Laughton and introduced Binnie Barnes



Will Rogers at the peak of his fame. With Stepin Fetchit in "Judge Priest"

Katharine Hepburn's film debut, "Bill of Divorcement," with John Barrymore



"Morning Glory" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Katie Hepburn



Miss Ruth Waterbury, Editor of Photoplay, presents Photoplay's Gold Medal for the Best Picture of 1934 to Miss Norma Shearer

Gold Medal Picture of 1935 To Be Announced Next Month!

AS Miss Ruth Waterbury, our editor, makes the presentation of PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL for The Best Picture of 1934 to the gifted Norma Shearer, representing M-G-M and the cast of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the medal winner, it is with enormous interest that we watch the ballots pouring in from our readers in the voting for The Best Picture of 1935!

The list of powerful and distinguished pictures grows more gratifying each year. The vogue for Dickens, Shakespeare, and other literary classics is only one instance of a constant effort on the part of the producers to bring to

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

- 1920
"HUMORESQUE"
- 1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
- 1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
- 1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
- 1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
- 1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
- 1926
"BEAU GESTE"
- 1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
- 1928
"FOUR SONS"
- 1929
"DISRAELI"
- 1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
- 1931
"CIMARRON"
- 1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
- 1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
- 1934
"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET"



the screen pictures of universal appeal and atmospheric integrity.

Votes from all over the country have come in for such great pictures as "David Copperfield," "The Dark Angel," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Naughty Marietta," "Black Fury," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and others of equal merit.

NATURALLY, we have no inkling which picture finally will win until all the votes are counted. But it looks as though the count may be as exciting and dramatic as last year for the 1934 medal winner, when "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" won by the closest margin possible—one vote.

"The Informer," John Ford's picturization of war-torn Ireland, won the movie critics' prize for the Best Picture of 1935, but our readers may not agree with this verdict at all. But next month's PHOTOPLAY will give you the full details!

We Cover the Studios

Again we give you another enjoyable trip back-stage to see the new pictures in the midst of production

By Michael Jackson



There were some famous English people on the set of "Romeo and Juliet" when author Jackson visited. Back row: director George Cukor, Hugh Walpole, John Barrymore, Mrs. James Hilton, Mr. Hilton (Read his story in this issue). Front row: Poet John Masefield, Frances Marion, Mrs. Masefield, Leslie Howard, Irving Thalberg, Basil Rathbone and Reginald Denny



In "The Farmer in the Dell," Fred Stone is the farmer, Jean Parker the daughter, and Frank Albertson the rest of the joke

NEVER has Hollywood had a more interesting group of sets than those in production this month. At Columbia, Frank Capra, probably the best director in the business, is guiding Gary Cooper through "A Gentleman Goes to Town." On the stage next door, Josef Von Sternberg, a circus in himself, is directing the temperamental Grace Moore in the musical, "The King Steps Out." Out in Burbank, Warners are having a time making the all-Negro picture "Green Pastures." And at 20th Century-Fox, Frank (Mutiny-On-The-Bounty) Lloyd is making "Under Two Flags" with Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen and that smoothie, Ronald Colman.

But with the studios all roaring at full blast, one picture stands above all the others for excitement-on-the-set. It's the

"Romeo and Juliet" company out on M-G-M's back lot.

We had been trying for about three weeks to watch Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, John Barrymore, Basil Rathbone, *et al.* We had been so politely but firmly rebuffed that we were about to give up. But when M-G-M's publicity department called and said that George Cukor, the head man, had relented and was willing to disclose it all to our prying eyes, we dropped everything (which turned out to be a chocolate soda) and dashed out to Culver City.

While any set is apt to be somewhat thrilling to a Hollywood visitor, "Romeo and Juliet" even has the blasé carpenters gaping. For one thing, it has a grand collection of stars doing their best by Shakespeare. And for another, the sets are things of real beauty. Because visitors are strictly barred, everyone, with natural perversity, wants to see it.

Since the "Absolutely No Visitors" signs plastered over the back lot don't say Positively, there were a few people lodged along the sidelines. The select visitors, it turned out, impressed the stars so much that work was halted for a while.

Basil Rathbone, very dashing in his tights and vivid coat, got a speed camera and began snapping shots right and left. It was very amusing to see this turn about, to watch the actors reverse rôles with the visitors. Even Leslie Howard and



Tybalt, the heavy, in the film. He saunters up to Leslie Howard, *Romeo*, and tries to pick a scrap.

When Howard shows that he won't fight, Barrymore intones a lot of graceful dialogue to the effect of "What's the matter, Romeo? Why don't you poke that sissy?"

This scene is a lot more difficult than our sketchy description might imply. The camera is constantly moving to take it all in. And in the background a multitude of extras—noblemen, beggars, nuns, monks, and townspeople all colorfully clothed—move about.

"*Romeo and Juliet*" may be Leslie Howard's last film. He is giving the rôle everything at his command. But even so, it is doubtful if he will steal the picture, for all the actors are trying to outdo each other. Our guess is that Barrymore, with the meaty rôle of *Mercutio* will steal the show.

Besides the actors on the set, there are a flock of pigeons cooing about the bubbling fountain in the center of the square. A prop boy pokes at them with a stick to keep them flying in front of the camera. When we asked the prop boy how he kept the birds from flying away, he said, "Oh, we just feed them. Don't even have to lock them up at night. We couldn't make them go away."

M-G-M feeds these pigeons corn, but we don't know what Columbia gives its brilliant director, Frank Capra, to keep him so happy at home. Almost everyone agrees that this young Italian is the most valuable man in Hollywood. He made "*It Happened One Night*" and "*Broadway Bill*," and is the person most responsible for Columbia's meteoric rise. To give you an idea of what the studios think of him, M-G-M traded Clark Gable for Capra on one picture deal and thought it was getting the best of the bargain. And then

they never made the picture!

"*A Gentleman Goes to Town*," Capra's current assignment, tells somewhat of a [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]

Barrymore greeted the newcomers. And Director George Cukor stopped to show the people around. The guests were James Hilton, author of "*Lost Horizon*," John Masefield, England's Poet Laureate, and Hugh Walpole and Frances Marion, out on a script writer's holiday.

While this was going on, Irving Thalberg and Edmund Goulding drove up. Now the "strictly barred set" was really jammed. Everyone but Leo, The Lion, was crammed into this square in the village of ancient Verona.

When finally the illustrious outsiders left, the company resumed comparative calm. The take, a rather complicated one involving about twelve actors and full of movement, was rehearsed four times. On the first actual shot, an aeroplane droned overhead, spoiling everything. Nobody swore, didn't even seem to notice the incongruity of a plane soaring over the ancient village with its brilliantly costumed inhabitants.

Once more the scene was shot. And briefly—in our own words, not Shakespeare's—this is what happens: Under a screened-off sky, so that the lighting can be controlled, Rathbone, with his rouse, strolls into the crowded square. Rathbone, who played *Romeo* on the stage with Katherine Cornell, is seen as



Eric Blore, Beverly Roberts, Joe E. Brown, Winifred Shaw and director Lloyd Bacon of "*Sons O' Guns*" enjoy plenty of laughs off the set as well as on. But Joe E. soon dropped his grin when he learned his nag lost at Santa Anita!

A Day with Miriam Hopkins

By Mitzi Cummings
Who Spent It With Her

BOOM! went the mighty Pacific, and Miss Miriam Hopkins jumped out of bed. In two leaps she was in her bathroom. In one hop she was in the shower. With one yell the cold water went slushing over her, and with a rub-a-dub-dub she was dried with a big, a thick, and a luxurious towel.

Then came a hop-hop-hop and she was in shirt and slacks, shoes and socks. A dozen mighty strokes and the tousled hair was shining and temporarily subdued. Then a triple pit-a-patter and she was down the stairs. A quick, yearning peek at the rumbling, tumbling ocean, and the gay blue and white polka-dotted umbrellas in her Santa Monica front yard, another yearning glance up at the windows where small son Michael still slumbered, and she was out of the gate, into her car, and on her way to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's studio in Hollywood, there to meet William Wyler, her director, Joel McCrea, her leading man, Merle Oberon the featured player, and to lend her own charm, good looks, and histrionic ability to her current celluloid, "These Three."

Thus began the day for Miriam Hopkins.

But Sleepy-bones here, slept on and on. Wasn't it only seven-thirty in the morning? Was I a movie star? Did I have to be on the set, ready and made-up by nine-thirty? No, regretfully, no. So, I slept on, dreaming happily of my appointment with her at noon, thence to spend the rest of the day, and most of the evening with cinema's brightly gleaming heavenly body, Miriam Hopkins.

While I slept she stepped. Quick, smartly, efficiently. Her chauffeur doubled in brass, literally, as her butler, and while Miriam with the help of her maid, Yvonne, who maids her at home, too, got into the red and gray woolen sports suit, shoes, et al, that she wore in her first scene, the man, in the kitchen of the four-roomed dressing room made a swell breakfast for his "five feet two, eyes of blue" mistress.

Her lovely, wind-blown naturally curly hair was shoved behind her ears while she rubbed on, carefully, but with an expertness born of much experience, the greasepaint. Yvonne put on her shoes . . . always the same shoes, Miriam wears . . . a slender, high heeled pump, duplicated in many colors, and always bought from the same N. Y. store. Of one pattern, too, incidentally, are her evening sandals. Coral toe-tips peep



With the same sparkling vitality characterizing her acting, Miriam discusses her day with Mitzi

out, while on top of them a velvet bow, sometimes a satin one, sometimes tiny, bright rhinestone buttons, fastens the front sides of the slipper, with a narrow strap across the arch.

And then her man called breakfast. She ate a hearty one she always does, with no fussing about calories or particular foods. A healthy gal, who plays wicked tennis, swims a mean Australian crawl, and posts a neat trot (all when not working you understand—or, sometimes when she is) and Miriam eats food what is food and makes no bones about it.

Shall we take a look around the dressing room . . . see what's in it? First of all, you notice, after you appreciate its tawny coolness and simplicity, the abundance of flowers. Her girl secretary, Billy Huntington, has an armful of them, and they're all yellow or white. With the exception of one bunch . . . blue delphinium. These go into a tall white vase on the largest living-room table. On a smaller table, loaded with magazines, is a white bowl of yellow roses. In the dressing room, gay with purple-pom splashed chintz, are magnificent lengths of great white chrysanthemums, and in the center of

THIS FASCINATING SOPHISTICATED SOUTHERNER ORDERS HER LIFE



"The Three" is ambitious, hardworking Miss Hopkins' fourth success in six months

In the dining room table there are yellow and white ranunculus. The phone rings. Billy answers it.

"Is Miss Hopkins ready to have her hair done?" inquires the hairdresser.

Miss Hopkins is . . . in ten minutes. And while she industriously shoves ham an' into her mouth, Billy tells her happily, for the fiftieth time, how much she loves the exquisite pair of matched silver foxes that Miss Hopkins, for the very good reason that she likes Billy, and doesn't have to have birthdays or Christmas to demonstrate it, gave her a couple of days ago.

Then Miss Hopkins giggles in her coffee and says that the

pair she bought herself, because she so liked the ones she gave Billy, are pretty snoozy, too!

Now the hairdresser is in the dressing room. She has a job. She has to make naturally curly hair lie straight and calm and see that the curls are only on the ends. It's a nuisance, says Miriam, but it looks fine. She goes on with her make-up, while Billy and the hairdresser and Yvonne, who is getting the make-up case ready, wonder, as they always do and always shall, how so lovely a lady has only a casual pride in her hair, and cares not a tuppence for the blueness of her eyes, or the shapeliness of her mouth. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



★ MODERN TIMES—United Artists

IT was worth waiting for. Charlie Chaplin hasn't changed. He's the same wistful, baffled clown, knocked in the same hilarious fashion from disaster to disaster in a world that's too much for him. If you look for them, "Modern Times" has elements of social satire, but you don't have to look for what only Chaplin can give us, unadulterated comedy served up in the old Chaplin style.

He has adventures in jail, a department store, a night club, on the streets, and with a huge nightmarish pile of machinery in a factory. Some are funnier than others, but they all end up to a high total of laughs. Paulette Goddard is elfin and appealing. Don't let the fact that "Modern Times" is a silent bother you. The musical score, composed largely by Chaplin, is excellent, and he sings!



★ LOVE ON A BET—RKO-Radio

WITH a plot as highly improbable as an Arabian night tale of conquest against impossible odds, this picture is nevertheless grand fun from start to finish.

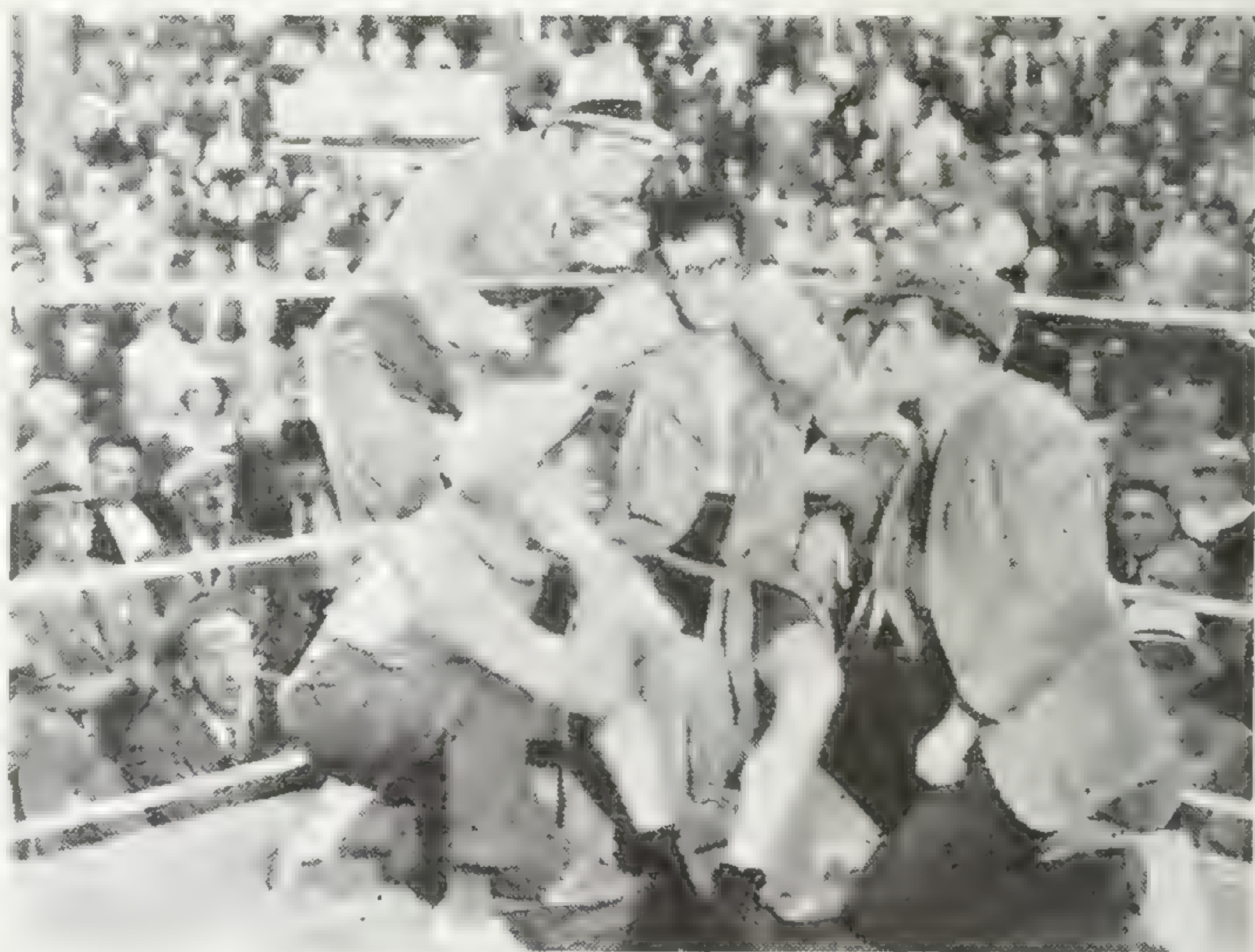
It scores via a perfect triple threat to gloom, swell dialogue, unique comedy situations and effortless performances all around.

To win enough money to back a play, Gene Raymond wagers he can duplicate the feat of its hero—to start from New York in his underwear and wind up in Los Angeles ten days later with a good suit, one hundred dollars in his pocket and a fiancée.

In making good, he runs up against as batty a series of adventures with droll Helen Broderick and lovely Wendy Barrie, her niece, as was ever filmed.

The SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures



★ THE MILKY WAY—Paramount

PLAYING a mousey little man who is accidentally forced by circumstances into making ludicrous pretensions, Harold Lloyd returns to the screen after an absence of many months in one of the fastest and most hilarious comedies he has ever done.

Harold is a mild little milkman, placidly making his rounds with his wagon. Having been bullied in childhood, he learned not so much how to fight back, but how to duck. So, when he comes up against a toughie making a play for his sister, brother Harold knows just how to duck as the tough lad starts going to work on him for interfering. And Harold happens to duck at the right time, with the startling effect of knocking out the world's champion lightweight.

The champ's manager, with an eye to the pocketbook, insists on a return bout, and to that end, builds up the much blustered milkman, friend Harold. Here is where the famous Lloyd naïve bewilderment comes in strong and the fun begins. The dialogue as well as the action is the best in comedy too.

Adolphe Menjou and wife Verree Teasdale play the nervous fight manager and his wife. Helen Mack is lovely as Harold's sister. Dorothy Wilson is Harold's sweetheart and Bill Gargan makes an excellent champ.

If you enjoy one laugh after the other, don't fail to see Harold who has out-done himself in this one.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE MILKY WAY THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE
 MODERN TIMES FOLLOW THE FLEET
 LOVE ON A BET NEXT TIME WE LOVE
 THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN TIMOTHY'S QUEST
 IT HAD TO HAPPEN DESIRE
 THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Harold Lloyd in "The Milky Way"
 Sylvia Sidney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
 Henry Fonda in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
 Beulah Bondi in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
 Charles Chaplin in "Modern Times"
 Fred Astaire in "Follow the Fleet"
 Ginger Rogers in "Follow the Fleet"
 Harriet Hilliard in "Follow the Fleet"
 Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love"
 James Stewart in "Next Time We Love"
 Lionel Barrymore in "The Voice of Bugle Ann"
 Clark Gable in "Wife vs. Secretary"
 Jean Harlow in "Wife vs. Secretary"
 Myrna Loy in "Wife vs. Secretary"

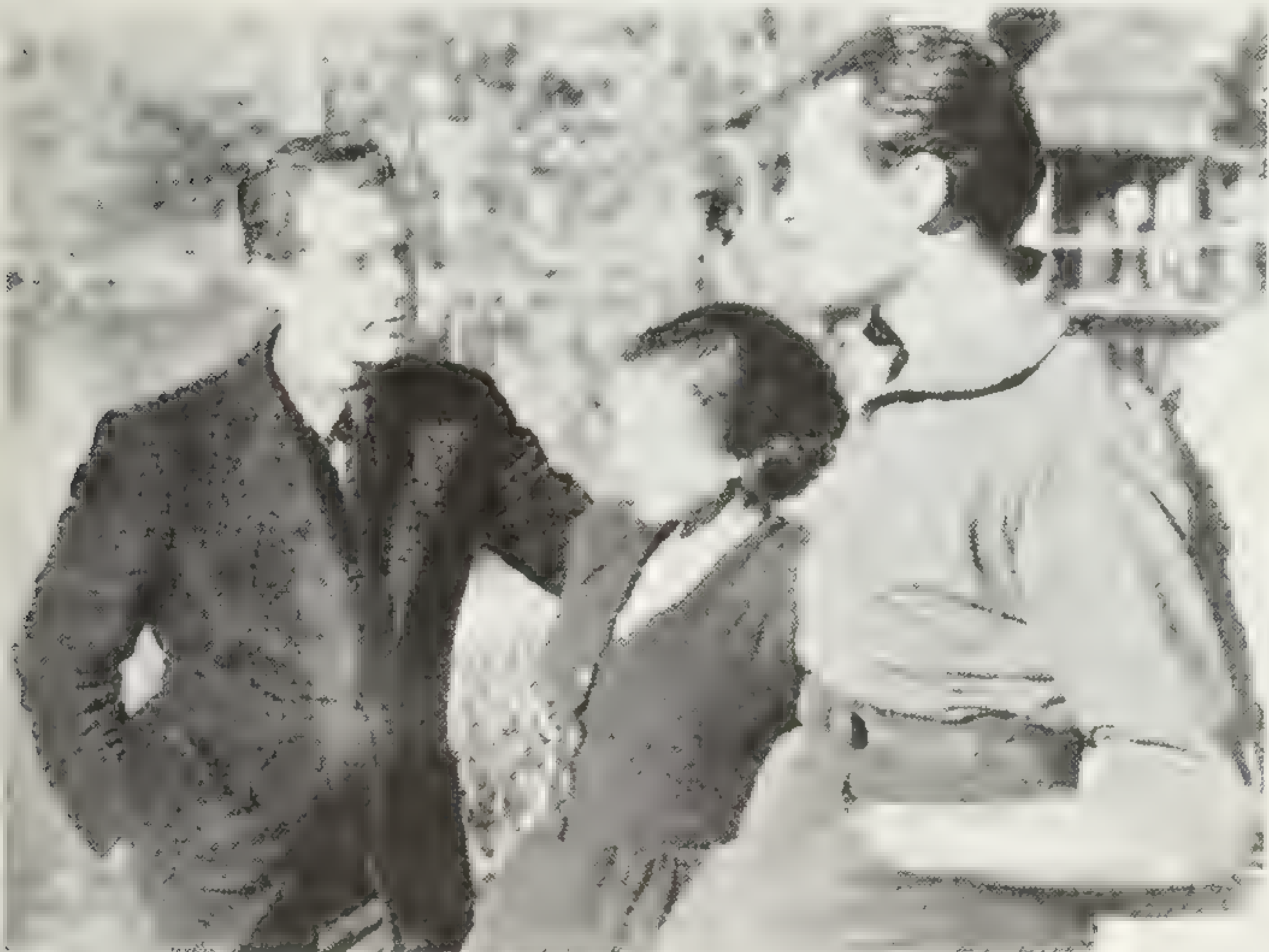
(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 122)



★ FOLLOW THE FLEET—RKO-Radio

ANOTHER musicocomedy hit for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Combining Astaire's amazing dance routines with Irving Berlin's music and Ginger's grand dancing makes hit pictures almost a cinch. To this is added a beautiful talented newcomer to the screen, Harriet Hilliard, whose voice may have thrilled you before over the radio.

Astaire is a sailor who joins the navy to forget a broken love affair with his partner, Ginger Rogers. They meet after a long cruise. So do Astaire's buddy, Randy Scott and Ginger's sister, Harriet Hilliard, and the song and dance is on again. Fred dances everywhere, and Ginger's dancing is more beautiful than ever. Hit tunes are "We Saw the Sea," "Let Yourself Go" and "Here Am I."



★ THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE—Walter Wanger-Paramount

WITH this presentation in color of John Fox, Jr.'s famous novel of the warped, bigoted, clannish lives of Southern mountaineers, Hollywood has passed another screen milestone.

There is added interest in the fact that the picture has been photographed almost entirely in the open, and nature's lovely glowing colors are here in all their brilliant effectiveness.

The background of the High Sierras is awe-inspiring, and the color has none of the harsh, brittle quality seen in the first all-color pictures.

The producers are to be congratulated in bringing to the screen a truly magnificent effort.

When we say that you also have an intensely interesting story, a fine cast, and outstanding direction, any other adjectives would be superfluous.

The old story of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children as the hatreds of these mountain clans are handed down from generation to generation is familiar. Sylvia Sidney plays with sympathy and feeling the part of ignorant little *June Tolliver* who falls in love with a young mining engineer from the city. Henry Fonda as *Dave*, the yearning young mountaineer, is superb, and the whole cast deserves honors.

A powerful, splendid picture. Don't miss it.



★ NEXT TIME WE LOVE—Universal

URSULA PARROTT'S beautifully bitter-sweet story, "Next Time We Love," lifted to real distinction by deft direction and a sincerity of character seldom achieved on the screen.

How two people can love yet let self-respect and ambition hold them apart is its theme. Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart marry with the impulsiveness of youth. But misunderstandings from contrary careers pry at their hearts.

James Stewart excels as the foreign correspondent who is always too far away. He is a rich screen find. Margaret Sullavan is at her best as the young wife who flees from neglect to a stage career. Ray Milland makes an appealing "other man." The picture charms with effective restraint

SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T



☆
**THE VOICE
OF BUGLE
ANN—M-G-M**

A HOMEY heart-touching little saga, not only different, but appealing. Lionel Barrymore is a lovable character, the rural dog breeder who glories in Bugle Ann, a hound with a musical bay. When he believes a man killed her, he kills the man. Maureen O'Sullivan clears up the mystery, and also the troubled heart of Eric Linden.



☆
**TIMOTHY'S
QUEST—
Paramount**

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S story of two orphans is charmingly and sincerely produced. Dickie Moore is appealing in his "Quest" for a home, and Virginia Weidler as the snooty child rates honors. Eleanor Patterson as the old maid is excellent and dancing Eleanore Whitney and Tom Keene carry the romance. A good picture for the entire family.



☆
**THE PRISONER
OF SHARK
ISLAND—
20th Century-
Fox**

HERE is a page from American history, the poignant story of Samuel Mudd, a country doctor, who innocently sets the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, and is, therefore, due to the national hysteria of the moment, railroaded to prison for life. How he wins his freedom through his service to his fellowman is exquisitely if a bit somberly told.



**COLLEEN—
Warners**

THEY gave this one the works as far as names and production goes, but it just misses fire due to a conglomeration of farce, musical comedy and straight drama. Joan Blondell is grand as the dizzy chocolate-dipper, and her waltz number with Jack Oakie is 100 per cent funny. Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler so-so, Hugh Herbert standard.



**EVERY
SATURDAY
NIGHT—
20th Century-
Fox**

DRAMATICALLY effective with the everyday problems of an American home, this is an engaging little picture. You'll live every one of the familiar incidents and recognize the brood of father Jed Prouty and Spring Byington and their growing-up troubles. This is the first of a series of pictures to be called "Our American Family."



**DANCING
FEET—
Republic**

IT'S the younger generation versus Grandpa in this mild dance-mad drama. Joan Marsh likes to step with playboy Ben Lyon, to her rich grandfather's fury. Her independence lands her in a dance hall hostess' slippers—she meets Eddie Nugent and they work out a terpsichorean idea which even Grandpa likes.

HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES



IT HAD TO HAPPEN—
20th Century-Fox



YOU'LL like George Raft in this big city success story of an Italian immigrant smashing his way to political power. He's right at home in the turbulent parts and so is Rosalind Russell as the Park Avenue lovely who almost makes him weaken. Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge and Alan Dinehart are as smooth as George's hair.



DESIRE—
Paramount

IF you like your sophistication very ultra, this dramatic story has exotic Marlene Dietrich even more so than usual, her love scenes with Gary Cooper leaving nothing to be desired in that direction. With a confederate, John Halliday, she smuggles jewels, dupes Gary into assisting her. Excellent photography and good cast. Not for children.

DANGEROUS WATERS—
Universal



A SEA-FARING man (Jack Holt), a selfish girl (Grace Bradley), another whose love is loyal and dirty work in the engine room are the characters and plot around which this salty tale is spun, with Holt foiling plans to wreck his ship for the insurance. Old-timer Charlie Murray with his funny slapstick comedy steals scenes.



BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT—
First National

ROSS ALEXANDER turns on all the volts of his personality to make this familiar little story hum. It's his first major part as the ne'er-do-well windbag who fools his critics in the applesauce business. Anita Louise is lovely as his trusting sweetheart and Gene Lockhart and Joseph Cawthorn are funny—but it's Ross' show. You'll like it.

MUSS 'EM UP—RKO-
Radio



PRESTON FOSTER is pleasantly convincing as the detective in this mystery tale which keeps you alternately aughing and guessing. A fake kidnapping and a real murder notivate the action while "Big Boy" Williams has a Roman holiday of fun as the dick's stooge. Margaret Callahan and Florine McKinney are the heart interests.



WOMAN TRAP—
Paramount

JEWEL crooks versus G-men and reporter George Murphy trying to return kidnapped Gertrude Michael to her senator father all mix into an exciting melodrama when Sidney Blackmer's gang carries his hostages into Mexico. A suavely fascinating Mexican "bad man" character by Akim Tamiroff is the real treat

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]



"Perhaps the finest thing about Mercutio is that he dies for love, even though it's Romeo's, not his own"

John

Barrymore's Kick-Back

JOHN BARRYMORE was back. Back to pictures. Back to work. Back to form. There was no doubt of it.

For here, at the first rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet," was a *Mercutio* in mufti reading the famous Queen Mab speech so dashing, brilliantly, merrily, his own rapier wit flashing to Shakespeare's, that Leslie Howard, white-sweatered *Romeo*, Norma Shearer, lovely in *Juliet's* trailing robes, and Edna May Oliver, a *Nurse* with 1935 hat drooped over one skittish eye, rocked with helpless laughter.

"How long have you been away from pictures?" I inquired when we were settled in his dressing-room.

"If time," considered Mr. Barrymore, "may be reckoned emotionally, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, an eternity. To me the calendar has become merely a wall decoration, with here and there certain dates in startling red."

"Would you call yours a come-back?"

"Let us say," he proposed, "a kick-back. Not that in any sense or place it has left me sore. You will notice I am in a sitting position."

What I did notice was that John Barrymore was unchanged. Nothing, for that matter, *could* change his unholy sense of humor.

"You know," he reminded me, "I went to India. I wanted to see it for the reason my father was born there. Everyone was very nice to me. They are a wonderful race, very cultivated and charming. I felt greatly honored when fans spoke to me. But they were interested in me, I realized, because of my father."

Drawing reflectively at his cigarette, he raised that expressive left eyebrow of his, then:

"But my later visit to New York was, as you may have shrewdly surmised, marked by an interest not wholly ancestral."

"Did that surprise you?"

"What has always surprised, not to say puzzled me," he granted "is public interest in the actor aside from his acting. This may be due to the fact that he is publicly vocal. But so is the auctioneer. Yet the auctioneer, when his feet turn into the thorny path of romance, is not chased by relentless taxicabs

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

**Back to pictures. Back to work.
Back to form. A stimulating interview with Mercutio in mufti**

By Charles Darnton



PHOTOPLAY fashions

BY KATHLEEN HOWARD

INVITATION TO THE DANCE

Layers of blue and green chiffon swirl gracefully when Carole Lombard dances in this lovely gown. Louis Fenton is Paramount designed for her personal wardrobe.

Dress worn photograph by Louis F. Dreyfus.



Jeanette's Brilliant Coloring Enhanced by Gray

A gray beige dress from Jeanette MacDonald's own wardrobe. Ecrú lace edges the accordion-pleated apron, sleeves and collar. Brown suède gloves, sable scarf

Jeanette again chooses gray for what she calls her service dress, a one-piece sports frock, Irish green taffeta scarf, gray oxfords, gloves and bag, and duveten ho

Trousseau of Mrs. Franchot Tone

On the cover this month, Joan Crawford shows you a hat in blue suède, in a delicate light shade, Joan's favorite. The band is navy blue. The hat is from John-Frederics, at which shop she bought more than thirty when on her last trip East



Over her suit, Joan wears a cape designed by Irene. The novelty of it lies in the square built shoulders which suggest a Chesterfield, as do the velvet lapels. All very Joan and extremely distinguished

A tailored suit, designed by Irene for Joan Crawford, is of black and white check. Notice the flap which covers the buttons and meets the fold in the skirt. Baby and Pupchen are a bit bored



Harriet

Joan's favorite portrait of herself in black suède crêpe dress with a cummerbund of deep red suède. The buttons are of tiny rhinestones, the capeline hat is of black straw



15400

An evening gown of simple lines edged at the wide armholes with silver beads. Over it Joan wears a spring wrap of shiny coq feathers. Hair clips match her bracelets

Hats from the Personal Wardrobe of Betty Furness



Chinese in inspiration, this hat is in electric blue silk with a wooden ornament and narrow black velvet ribbon ties



An enchanting half hat in black velvet. Huge red flower for sheer excitement in contrast to the demure black velvet ties



Shown at the left is an off-the-face hat of quilted wool crêpe, with crown of olive green, squared brim faced in brown



Up to the minute with low crown, side rolled brim, black velvet band, gay bouquet. White straw goes with everything



Fascinating and practical for evening wear. Veil is bordered in maroon wool which matches Betty's evening gown

Do Your Own Thinking

A GIRL walks into my office, slumps into a chair and says, "Miss Howard, I'm going crazy." "Why?" I query. "Because I look at the movie stars on the screen and yearn to have that crisp look they have and I just don't know how to do it. Can you help me?"

I ask her to stand up. I study her and see an average young American. She has a good figure to work with but she stands as though she had no vitality. Her head pokes forward, her knees are slack. Her hands drip at the ends of her arms. I tell her to stand as though she were on the top of a mountain at sunrise, halloing to the sun.

At once her shoulders go back, her head up. That is better.

Then I analyze her clothes. Her simple sports dress is good but the color is that unvibrating blue which makes her static instead of alive. Her accessories have evidently been bought because they looked pretty in a store and not because her costume demanded them; also there are too many of them, a clip, three bracelets, earrings, belt buckle, all too noticeable.

She tells me she will buy a new dress and I advise bottle green or grey, because her hair is coppery brown. But it is uncared for and she promises to brush it for ten minutes every day, to get the sheen she notices on Joan Bennett's or Carole Lombard's hair. A green hat for the green dress and a grey for the grey one with brown suède gloves and matching shoes to go with the former and grey for the latter. A minimum of gadgets, please, or none at all. When in doubt, leave off, is a good motto.

But first of all she must get a new girdle which does not cut in at the waist, for, slim as she is, there are those little rolls across her back which go 'round and 'round and come out at the front.

If she makes up by artificial light, I ask her to go to the window and see how she looks by daylight; see if her rouge is high enough and scant enough, see if her lips are alluring and not over emphasized. She may round out her upper lip if she does it with care, for it is a little thin.

"And walk as though you were sure of yourself," I say. "Don't slump and slouch. I don't mean be arrogant, I mean be dignified and light footed at the same time."

I knew just what she meant by "that crisp look." The girls of the screen are meticulously groomed, but none of them learnt how in a jiffy, nor can this girl. It is a question of study. A good way is to pick the screen star who most closely approximates your type; try to imagine what she started with, before she became this finished delight to the eye; compare her point to point with yourself, and then benefit by what she has accomplished. Don't try to *be* her. She is an actress with a definite job in hand of playing the heroine in a drama. Your drama, if it comes, will probably not be played in public, so don't imitate her too closely. Be yourself, not a copy. In other words, do your own thinking and don't expect Joan Crawford or Claudette Colbert to do it for you.

Kathleen Howard

"Must



Jean Arthur plays a business girl in Columbia's "A Gentleman Goes to Town." Wardrobe by Lange. Her suit is of grey herringbone and black with piqué cravat and cuffs. Left, Lange's sketch



Daytime frock of fawn grey woolen with diagonal piqué on collar and cuffs. Narrow patent leather belt, chromium initials. High-topped sleeves give a becoming shoulder width



A hurry call to a dressed-up affair and our business girl puts on a midnight blue suit of velvet with a long coat. She varies her blouses, but she always wears her velvet cap

Haves"



A dressier woolen for afternoons is made of fine black gabardine. Circular rufflings of mousseline de soie are deliciously feminine, as is the tiny veil. Note the sketch by Lange, shown at the right



She must have woolen street frocks, so here is one of cinnamon brown with glacier blue cordeliere overlay and underlay. Wooden disc buttons, threaded with silk; brown felt hat

"End of the day and a dinner date. Oh dear! my hem is down. Quick! a stitch!" And out she goes in trim black velvet, frogged with white enamel fastenings; rick-rack finish



Carole Lombard

Gladys Swarthout



IT is astonishing how much individuality may be expressed in hands. Look at the beautiful exotic hands of Carole Lombard, expressing luxury in their long slender modelling, their deepest crimson pointed nails, enhanced by the blue of her great star sapphire ring and bracelet.

In contrast, there is the hand of Gladys Swarthout, who never wears jewelry in the daytime, trims her nails short, prefers a pale finish for them.

Joan Bennett's hands are typical of herself. Small, ultra



Joan Bennett

Frances Drake



Claudette Colbert

feminine, with beautifully cared for nails. This is her favorite jewelry; a sapphire ring and sapphire and diamond bracelet.

The hands of Frances Drake are unadorned, for this is the philosophy of the girl herself. She believes in a minimum of ornament and allows her shining pale pink nails to take the place of gems as highlights.

Claudette Colbert's hands could belong to no one but her. They completely express her personality in graceful sensitivity. She wears a large, simply set sapphire for driving.

Hands as Personality Portraits

Dressing Table Gadgets



Helen Wood, who is playing the lead in "Champagne Charlie" is wielding a stout little brush which she finds indispensable to well groomed brows. They must be trained to orderliness and freed from powder. Notice the flacons!

There is art in using an eyebrow pencil as Helen shows. She follows the natural arc of the brow. The color should not be too dark, nor should it be too heavily applied either at the edges or ends of the brows. Avoid harsh lines

An upward curve to your lashes will make them appear longer. Helen suggests a little gadget that will encourage a curl in even the straightest. And don't forget that a lash cream smoothed on your eyelashes will make them grow



Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop
Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck



If your face is oval accent the outline by a swept-back coiffure, which also gives added height to a low forehead, as you see in the case of Kay Francis

To make small eyes appear larger, Rochelle Hudson draws a fine line with brow pencil from center of lower eyelids beyond corners and blends it



To give the illusion of length to a rounded face, Mary Carlisle blends her rouge delicately toward her nose and far down into the full part of cheek

Beautiful

HAVE you ever seen anyone who has all the ideal qualities that make for perfect beauty? No, I know you haven't. Even such an exquisite creature as Norma Shearer was not always as beautiful as she now is. Through keen intelligence, and unswerving determination, she has attained a breath-taking beauty, as you will discover when you see her in "Romeo and Juliet."

The motion picture stars haven't entirely faultless features. They are not much different from you and me. But they study their good points and enhance them by the artistry of makeup. Try it yourself. If you aren't a Helen of Troy, by deft and subtle use of rouge, powder, lipstick and an eyebrow pencil you can give the illusion of loveliness.

The photographs of the motion picture stars shown on these pages will assist you in deciding what type you are. Perhaps you have an oval face like Kay Francis or Patricia Ellis;



Patricia Ellis' eyes narrow when she smiles. High arched brows are sophisticated, but they widen eyes

a round face like Mary Carlisle, or a long square face like Loretta Young or Norma Shearer. When you have decided the type you are take a sheet of paper and on one side under credit, write all your best points. I'll wager you have several going to waste. Then on the debit side, your defects and don't be afraid to face them. You may find yourself in the red, but you don't have to stay there. If you are half as conscientious as Kay Francis or determined as Norma Shearer or any one of the successful stars that you admire, you'll succeed in making yourself a real personality. Let your make-up give you new beauty.

The shape of your face must be considered. If your face is inclined to roundness as is Mary Carlisle's, with features



If you have a heart-shaped face like Sylvia Sidney's, which tapers to a narrow chin, make up the lips to their full contour, keeping wide browline



Rouge must be applied carefully to the prominent part of the cheek only, if you have what is termed an oblong-square face like Norma Shearer's

Imperfect Faces



The illusion of width must be given to the long oval face. Tala Birell does this by blending her rouge outward from cheekbones, keeping it from center of face

in good proportion, your chief problem is to create the illusion of length. This can be done with proper application of rouge to create highlights and shadows. And I'll tell you how. Place the rouge on the cheekbone and blend downward far into the full part of the cheek, then blend toward the nose; this lessens the highlights at the center of the face.

Lips on a round face are usually well formed. Let lipstick follow the natural line. Define the natural shape of the brows, paralleling the line of the upper eyelids. The brow line in most instances can extend down, almost even with the upper eyelid.

In the long slender face like Tala Birell's the make-up problem is to make the face appear wider. Apply rouge to the cheekbone, blend outward



Gloria Stuart's face is full of contradictions: firm jaw, sensitive mouth. She shadows deepset eyes out from center

to the full part of the face, keeping away from the nose and the center of the face. The lack of color highlights the center of the face creating the illusion of breadth.

Never place rouge in the hollows, because rouge acts as a shadow and only accents the hollow. If you are over twenty you need a warm glow of color, but never too much rouge for it steals color from the eyes and suggests age.

Follow the natural outline of the lips to the full width of the mouth. If your lips are thin, carry the lip-rouge above and below the natural line. The use of a lip pencil will prevent smudging.

Carry the eyebrow line in a wide sweeping arc, extending it well toward your hairline to further the illusion of width.

For the long square face the trick is to emphasize the eyes and mouth with make-up.

Apply rouge very delicately only to the prominent part of the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107]

By Frederick
L. Collins

The Confidential

“ONE thing my five years on the stage had done for me — I was no longer stage-struck.”

The speaker was William Powell, the Bill Powell, who had just finished telling me the modest tale of his really remarkable success on Broadway.

“Instead of trying simply to get by,” he continued, “I now concentrated on the a b c’s of my job. How to walk across the stage without falling over my own feet, that sort of thing. I was thinking more and more about the future, too. The glamour of applause had pretty well dulled. It was all right, but it was no Townsend Plan. Much more important to me was the food for tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.”

“Then, you didn’t go back to Broadway after your first chance at pictures?”

“Yes, once. My final fling was in ‘The Woman Who Laughed.’ When that play closed—I think it was in August, 1922—I closed too, for good and all, so far as the Broadway stage was concerned. Since, I have done nothing but make pictures and worry about my old age. Well, that isn’t quite exact. I worry about everything. In fact, I’m a very fine worrier, a very fine worrier, indeed!”

I knew this was true. Mervyn Leroy, the director, who is some worrier himself, once showed me a silver cup that Bill had given him upon the completion of a picture they had done together. Engraved on the cup was this inscription: “To Mervyn Leroy, Vice President of the Hollywood Worriers’ Association, with the affectionate regard of the President, William Powell.”

“Why worry,” I ventured, “you who



Bill plays the title rôle in “The Great Ziegfeld,” divides honors with Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer



Out for the evening at the Club Seville, Jean Harlow joins our Lothario in a glass of champagne

have been steadily employed almost from the moment you put on grease paint.”

“You’re right, in a way. I have had more than my share of luck.” Bill ascribes everything good that happens to him to luck, not to his own deserving. “I had hardly finished my bit in the ‘Sherlock Holmes’ picture when I was called for a very good part, that of *Francis I*, with Marion Davies in ‘When Knighthood Was In Flower.’”

“Just luck, I suppose?”

“Absolutely! Jose Ruben, a really good actor, was to have played the part, but he got struck in the eye by a piece of steel, and I stepped into his tights. At least, I tried to. Ruben was on the short and stocky side; I was on the long and thin side. In his clothes, I looked more like the late Johnny

History of Bill Powell



At a miniature regatta some time ago—William Powell and Junior

Carole Lombard and Bill, once married, are great friends today



Bringing you up to date on that ace of sophisticates: his career, his travels abroad, and—ssh! —his private life!

Dooley than I did like the late Francis I, but I had to go right on the set, where Miss Davies was waiting, and play a terrifically big scene. I wasn't nervous, but my pride was hurt—no one seemed to care how my legs looked."

"Well, then I was in 'The Woman Who Laughed,' as I said. Meanwhile, I had several near-offers for more pictures. Griffith tested me for a part, but it didn't take. I always blamed Dick Barthelmess for that. I had seen him at the Lambs and had never liked him and he didn't like me. And he stuck behind the camera all the time I was doing my stuff. I didn't realize then that that was always done in studios and I blamed my failure on him.

"Not long after that, I got a call for a picture called 'The Bright Shawl.' I didn't know who was in it until Barthelmess

walked in to look over the new man whose name was Powell.

"But I suppose they couldn't get anybody else. Anyhow, they took me, and stuck me on a boat to Cuba, where the picture was to be shot. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'I don't need to have anything to do with Barthelmess.'

"First day out, walking around the deck—you know, we tourists do love to walk around the deck! — I bumped into something in a huge raccoon coat. It was Barthelmess. There didn't seem to be anything to do but walk around together, but neither of us said a word. It was bitterly cold. Finally, Dick said he was going to have a drink, and would I have one? So we went down to his stateroom.

"We not only had a drink, but we had lunch. We stayed in the stateroom all the

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



Hyman Fink

dinner at Dick Powell's

- Service Plates—gold plate Bavarian
- Furniture—Louis XIV
- China—Minton
- Linen—Hand-made Italian inlaid
- Candelabra—Sheffield silver

meal for men only

NINE cronies of Dick Powell's gathered at his French provincial home in Toluca Estates the other night to break bread with him at a stag dinner. It turned out to be more—quite a bit more—than just bread for despite the fact that no feminine guests graced the long board, the appointments and meal were as carefully chosen as if they had had to pass the muster of more discriminate eyes.

Only in one detail, the food itself, was concession made to the sterner sex; it was man's food from consommé to apples in ice cream and was eaten with direct concentration on dining in approved male fashion.

Four-foot logs blazed in the hearth of the high-beamed drawing room where Dick, his secretary Carnye Kemp, and Jimmy Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Regis Toomey, Hugh Herbert, Dick Arlen, James Whitmore, Maurice Leo and Dr. Edouard Lippe stretched their legs in sprawly comfort and sipped their Martinis. With the cocktails, incidentally, they made short work of a platter of Dick's favorite *hors d'oeuvres* made from small sausages split lengthwise, stuffed with baked beans, wrapped in bacon and broiled over hot coals.

Predominantly a man's home, Dick's has retained colorful beauty. The drawing room walls are panelled in knotty pine in a light shade and the rug is a deep pile in magenta. Harmonizing greens, dull golds and figures to match the glazed chintz draperies at the tall windows cover the definitely comfortable furniture. A grand piano fills one corner and smoking appurtenances, praise be, are everywhere within reach. Over the hearth is a perfect reproduction of the sunbursts with convex mirrors with which Louis XIV filled his palace at Versailles.

Exactly when they felt like it, and no sooner, the men adjourned to the dining room for the important business of eating good food. Here the knotty pine panelling is of deeper shade and the floor is covered with a woven rag rug in a dull green. The period chairs are upholstered in dull gold cut velvet and the draperies at the windows and the doors leading to the adjoining patio are chintz in mustard and black.

The napery on the oblong table was hand-made Italian and richly simple. Bachelor buttons and calendula in strong shades of blue and orange were arranged in an amber crystal bowl which matched the water goblets and wine glasses. Handsome gold service plates were placed ready and three-branchedandelabra held lighted white tapers. A unique feature of the room is the 300-year-old copper *lavabo* on one wall. Originally it was a handy basin for laving the hands before and after dining; now it serves as a huge flower bowl.

In this entirely masculine household, food is cooked by Tom and served by Hara, both Japanese servants, and in this instance Tom did his young master proud. A strong consommé with toasted wafers, radishes, stuffed olives, celery, and yes, green onions, was served first. Next came grilled crab legs on toast and then a prime rib roast of beef with Yorkshire pudding, stuffed baked potatoes, steamed spinach, string beans and hot buttered rolls. For salad there were fingers of fresh neapple dipped in French dressing and for dessert, baked apples in ice cream.

Chambertin burgundy (1923) was served with the roast, and coffee in the drawing room where the well-filled guests again stretched in comfort for a half hour of the masculine equivalent

of after-dinner chit chat before having a go at bridge and poker in the roomy playroom fronting the Powell swimming pool. A midnight concert of hearty male ballads with Dick acting as chanty man topped off the evening, typical of all of his stag dinners.

That playroom, incidentally, constitutes one of the most lived-in parts of the Powell home and for the obvious reason of comfort plus charm.

Large enough to accommodate a whole gang of guests, it is panelled like the drawing room in knotty pine and boasts a fireplace in which five-foot logs can burn. The polished hardwood floor is covered with throw rugs which can be kicked aside for impromptu dancing. Figured hangings of glazed chintz are at the windows on three sides of the room and at the French windows which occupy one full wall space.

Red leather is predominant in the furniture, most of which is rather massive and definitely modern. Deep seats run the length of two sides of the room flush with the wall and angle around the corners to the stone walls of the fireplace. In front of the hearth are two large L-shaped settees, also in red leather. Scattered here and there are other heavy pieces, all of them invitations to slouch in complete relaxation.

A grand piano, painted antique white, almost fills one corner. At the opposite end of the room is a ping pong table while bridge, poker and backgammon tables stand ready for use. In case music, other than that provided by Dick or his guests, is indicated, a combination radio and phonograph which plays a stack of records without human attention is equipped to fit any mood or need.

On the walls of the room are scores of those trophies which apparently are sought as eagerly by stars as by fans—autographed pictures of film, stage and radio celebrities.



Dick Powell has but one golden rule for successful entertaining be it stag or otherwise

FOR lack of English words to adequately describe his culinary treats, Tom gave sketchy directions for making crab legs on toast, Yorkshire pudding and the baked apples in ice cream which logic maintains should be called ice cream in baked apples. Here you are:

Grilled crab legs: Mix anchovies and Worcestershire sauce into a light paste. Roll the shelled crab legs in it and

then broil them under a hot flame. Serve on toast and dress lightly with a sauce of browned butter and lemon juice.

Yorkshire pudding: (to serve eight) Stir thoroughly 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups of consommé, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs and 1 cup of flour.

Season to taste with salt and pepper. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven in a casserole or, if necessary, a frying or baking pan.

Apples in Ice Cream: Spice large apples with cinnamon and nutmeg and bake thoroughly. Hollow out half of the baked pulp and fill with well-frozen ice cream. Over this pour a sauce made by melting 2 cups of brown sugar with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of lemon juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter.

Dick has but one golden rule for successful entertaining, be it stag or otherwise:

Make your guests comfortable, give them good food well prepared, and a good time will take care of itself.

TELEGRAM
WALTER STEVENS
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

CHARLES BOYER AND PAT PATERSON HIS BRIDE
ARRIVE CHIEF TUESDAY DRAWING ROOM C CAR
NINE STOP MEET THEM AT PASADENA REGARDS
AL

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS
FROM WALTER STEVENS

Boyer and Paterson arrive Tuesday as per attached wire.
Cover this arrival and let's see at least two columns of art in
every sheet in town.

MEMO TO OTTO METZ
FROM JOE COLLINS

You and I are meeting the Chief in Pasadena Tuesday
afternoon. Boyer, the French matinee idol, and his English
wife, Pat Paterson, are the lucky people you'll shoot. Think
of some good gags for pictures as I figure we ought to get at
least two columns in every sheet in town.

SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Hollywood, California

Mr. Paul Palmer
Mammoth Studio
Hollywood, California

Dear Paul:

As even you probably know by now, Charles Boyer and Pat
Paterson are arriving Tuesday on the Chief. As Paterson is
under contract to Mammoth I suppose you may be planning
on covering the arrival. Boyer is, of course, much more im-
portant and we are covering the arrival so I thought I would
suggest your laying off as there is no sense of us both going
out and shooting it. I'll take care of a Mammoth credit in
the caption.

In swoops the plane with
Joan, her companion, hair-
dresser, and maid. I intro-
duce her to the theater
manager and load them
all into the limousine

I Meet the Stars!

What Joe Collins didn't know
about incoming celebrities wasn't
worth knowing—so Joe thought!

By Bill Thomas

Illustrated by Frank Dobias

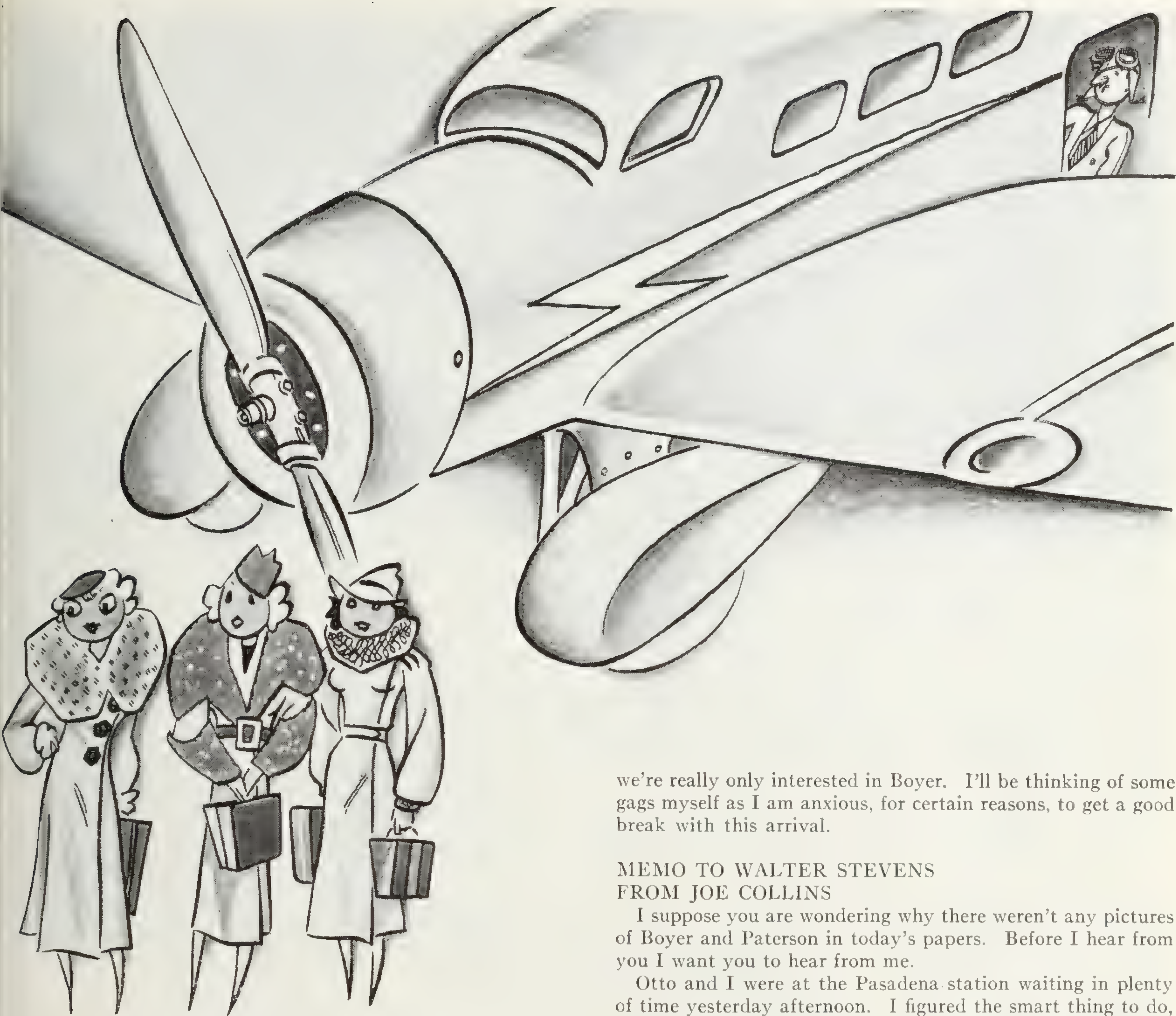


Kindly let me know.
Best regards,
Joe Collins

MAMMOTH STUDIO
Hollywood, California

Mr. Joe Collins
Supreme Studio
Hollywood, California
Dear Joe:

Thanks a lot for your very kind offer
to cover the Pat Paterson-Boyer arrival.
Of course, Boyer is more important on
the screen, but you'd never get a picture
of him printed arriving alone. How thi



arrival art hits will depend on the gal and her gams. Although I trust you implicitly, nevertheless we will also cover this arrival. If you wish to lay off we will credit Supreme in the caption. Let me know what you decide.

Cordially,
Paul

SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Hollywood, California

Mr. Paul Palmer
Mammoth Studio
Hollywood, California

Dear Paul:

You might forget how to spell Supreme. We will cover the arrival of Charles Boyer and his wife.

Regards,
Joe

MEMO TO OTTO METZ
FROM JOE COLLINS

Better take a four by five box and a graflex out with us to Pasadena tomorrow to meet Boyer and his bride. I hope you've thought of some good gag poses that I can write some snappy captions on. Forget all those old chestnuts of sitting them on a baggage truck, etc., etc. While we will need some legs to get the stuff printed, don't give the break to Paterson. Remember,

we're really only interested in Boyer. I'll be thinking of some gags myself as I am anxious, for certain reasons, to get a good break with this arrival.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS
FROM JOE COLLINS

I suppose you are wondering why there weren't any pictures of Boyer and Paterson in today's papers. Before I hear from you I want you to hear from me.

Otto and I were at the Pasadena station waiting in plenty of time yesterday afternoon. I figured the smart thing to do, in addition to shooting art ourselves, was also to call all the city desks and also the syndicates and get them to send their own photogs out. I knew that Mammoth was covering on account of Paterson and figured I would have them licked as I only mentioned Boyer being under contract to Supreme.

All the sheets sent a photog and all the syndicates covered it also. I felt pretty swell when I arrived and found a whole battery of cameras lined up. I looked around to see who else was there as you never can tell, Garbo or Gable might be coming in and spoil everything. There wasn't a soul on deck except Paul Palmer and his still man waiting for Paterson, so everything looked sweet and lovely.

I got busy and reminded all the boys that Charles Boyer is a star on two continents, etc., etc. I added that Paterson's only claim to fame is that she is the wife of this famous Supreme star, etc., etc. In spite of Palmer's attempts to butt in, everything still looked sweet and lovely when the choo choo came choo-chooing in.

I spotted the correct car and started to climb aboard when June Knight came climbing off with a fur in front of her kisser and shouting she didn't want any pictures taken. I told her not to worry, the boys weren't looking for her, they were waiting for the Boyer party. I finally got on the train and corralled Charles and his bride. I asked him if he had on his hair and he said no, so I told him to keep his hat on in all the shots and we climbed off. There wasn't a camera in sight—not even Otto! Now please don't blame Otto as he was doing the best he could. I had told him to be sure the boys from the papers and the syndicates[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Edward G. Robinson is one of Hollywood's most frequent visitors to radio. Here he is in Lebus' Restaurant, between rehearsals of "The Boss," which he did for the Lux Air Theater

Hollywood at the Mike

By Dan Wheeler



Photos by Bert Lawson

MORE and more radio news is coming out of Hollywood. Just the other day another big advertising agency, which handles several elaborate air shows, announced that it was opening a Hollywood office, solely for radio. Another agency let the information slip out that \$3,000,000 worth of its programs during 1935 had originated in the movie capital. And now the National Broadcasting Company has its own building out there, corresponding to Radio City in the East.

Wanted—a sponsor for Lawrence of Arabia, as portrayed by no less than Herbert Marshall! NBC has the script all ready, and scouts are out scouring the woods for some one to foot the bill. Marshall's voice is declared by those who knew the famous British adventurer to be uncannily like his. The whole set-up ought to make an exciting radio series—if only ole debbil Sponsor would come out of hiding.

New York has its own Jack Benny back in the fold now, together with Mary Livingstone. Johnny Green and his orchestra, Don Wilson, and Kenny Baker, and the Jello broadcasts will originate in the East until some time in May. Only Sam "Schlepperman" Hearn was left behind. He was making "Florida Special" at Paramount with Sally Eilers, but joined the rest of the company to carol "Hello, stranger!" again



Radio's custom of frequent and lengthy rehearsals displeased Lionel Barrymore

Sylvia Sidney made her radio début in an adaptation of the famed old play, "The Third Degree." The picture shows her chatting with members of the cast at the stage door

after an absence of only two weeks.

It's only once in a while we get a peek backstage at the Lux Theater and its famous stars. Lionel Barrymore came East for his "Grumpy" broadcast, attended the first rehearsal, which is always held in the middle of the week preceding the Monday night airing, and discovered that he was expected to attend more rehearsals—a long one every day, in fact. The eldest Barrymore shrugged himself into his overcoat, snorted, and said firmly, "See you Monday." He was, by the way, mysteriously growing a heavy beard. His studio must have something in mind. Then there was Jack Oakie, who thoughtfully hefted the heavy script of "Applesauce," listened to the long list of rehearsal calls, and cracked, "What're you going to do—road-show it?"

Florida has been a mecca for radio's stars all winter, and now Eddie Cantor is joining the parade. The Pebeco broadcast of February 23 originated down south, and there will be two and perhaps three more from there. Eddie has a new idea he may try out when he gets

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

"I've found a simple
beauty care that really works"



LORETTA YOUNG

Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production
"Lightning Strikes Twice"

"LUX Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin..."

"USE ROUGE AND POWDER? Like most girls, I do," says lovely Loretta Young. "But I never risk Cosmetic Skin."

Avoid dangerous pore choking Loretta Young's way. Use the soap with ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. This simple care keeps skin lovely—as you want yours to be.



Ask The Answer Man

THE Victorian phrase, "a fine figure of a man" could not be more aptly applied than to Henry Wilcoxon, the Englishman whom Cecil DeMille brought over to play *Mari Antony* in "Cleopatra" and *Richard the Lion Hearted* in "The Crusades."

Standing six feet two, weighing 190 pounds with a chest measuring forty-two inches, he is built for heroic rôles, but there is nothing crudely massive about him; it is his enormous vitality and dominating personality that give the illusion of a greater size, big as he is.

Henry was born Sept. 8, 1905, in the West Indian island of Dominica, his father being an official of the Colonial Bank. He was sent to England to be educated and subsequently worked as a mill hand, as a travelling salesman, and in a Bond Street tailoring shop. Deciding to be an actor, he was given extra parts in English pictures the first time he applied to an agent. He succeeded rapidly and had the leading rôle in "Eight Bells" on the London stage when he was asked to come to Hollywood.

At six years of age, he was taught diving by the natives and later worked without helmet or life line diving for salvage on sunken ships in the Barbadoes. He is still a crack swimmer and recently purchased a cruiser to explore the islands on the Southern California coast. He exercises two hours a day in a gymnasium and plays tennis. Strangely enough, this athlete draws and paints beautifully, and several exhibitions of his work have been held in London. He is a bachelor.

SHIRLEY WECHSLER, NEW YORK CITY.—Madge Evans was born here in New York on August 1, 1909. She is five feet four inches tall with golden hair and blue eyes. Her current picture is "Exclusive Story." You may write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.

PHYLLIS TOZZI, TRENTON, N. J.—Henry Fonda's next picture will be "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." He was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, on May 16, 1905; is six feet two, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Before entering the movies in 1934, he was on the stage. Margaret Sullavan was married to him, but they are now divorced.

SHIRLEY ANN WATERMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—The above answers your question too, about Henry Fonda. Rochelle Hudson was born on March 6, 1914. She is five feet three and weighs 105 pounds.

V. DE VINE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The little German soubrette, Magda Schneider, co-starred with Jan Kiepura in "Be Mine Tonight."

KAY VOEGTHIN, DES MOINES, IOWA.—James Dunn is not married. Phillips Holmes is not connected with any studio at present. His next picture will be "The House of a Thousand Candles," which Republic Pictures will produce. Their address is 4024 Radford Avenue, Hollywood, California.

EVIE B., PARADISE, MONTANA.—I'm afraid you've lost your bet. Joan Crawford was



Known to his friends as "Biff" Wilcoxon because of his prowess at boxing, Henry admits he likes a feminine type of woman

married and divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but she has never had any children.

GRACE M. FORBES, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Yes, Michael Bartlett played in "She Married Her Boss" opposite Claudette Colbert, since Grace Moore's picture "One Night of Love." He played the piano and sang two songs to Claudette.

C. T. DUN, HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—The song, "The Easter Parade," is from the Broadway play "As Thousands Cheer." The play has not yet been produced as a movie, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have bought the screen rights.

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, The Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

G. T. L., DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—Helen Hayes, who is at present appearing on Broadway in "Victoria Regina," was born on Nov. 10, 1901 in Washington, D. C. Her name was Brown but when she went on the stage she used her mother's name. She had been in successful stage plays for ten years before going into the movies in 1931. Her last picture was "Vanessa—Her Love Story."

GLORIA SWANSON, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—I'm sure you are very proud of your name Gloria. Your favorite, Arthur Lake, played in "Girl of My Dreams," but he is not under contract to any studio at present. He was born in Corbin, Kentucky in 1905.

M. COULTHURST, VALLEJO, CALIF.—Frank Conroy played the part of *Mr. Blake*, Loretta Young's husband, in "The Call of the Wild." He is married and has played in many pictures before, the latest being "I Live My Life" and "The Last Days of Pompeii." Yes, Reginald Owen played the part of *Smith* in "The Call of the Wild."

BETTY JO MINES, TAMPA, FLORIDA.—Gary Cooper is married to Veronica Balfe (Sandra Shaw). He was born in Helena, Montana on May 7, 1901, is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. He plays opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Desire."

ALINE HAMMETT, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.—Robert Taylor's real name is S. Arlington Brugh. He was born August 5, 1911, is six feet one and a half inches with brown hair and blue eyes. "Handy Andy" was his first picture in 1934.

M. C., LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge) has been in a great many stage plays. Her last screen appearance was in "Les Misérables." Freddie made a name for himself on the stage too, but has not been in any plays since he entered pictures. He's now in "Anthony Adverse."

MARILYN MILLARD, PITTSBURG, KANSAS.—Yes, Kay Francis' birth-date is the same as yours, January 13th. Ginger Rogers was born July 12, and Lew Ayres on December 29, 1909. They are married, you know.

NICK T. FARMAKIS, ONEONTA, N. Y.—George Givot is an American, having been born in Omaha, Nebraska. In addition to being a Greek-dialect comedian, his hobby is collecting ancient Greek manuscripts and art objects, which are perhaps the reasons for your thinking he was a Greek. He is at present playing in a night club on Broadway.

S. D. J., LINWOOD, PA.—Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn. Her hobbies are tennis, swimming and golf. You may write to her at the RKO-Radio Studio, Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

BURR FINNELL, KENTON, OHIO.—Ned Sparks has been in England making pictures for the last few months. Robert Montgomery is still under contract to M-G-M and will soon play in "Petticoat Fever" with Myrna Loy.



**PIMPLES NEVER
HELPED ANY GIRL
TO GET A JOB!**

**But
Aunt
Laura
comes
to the
Rescue**

MY CERTIFICATE FROM THE SECRETARIAL SCHOOL! NOW IF THESE PIMPLES WOULD ONLY GO AWAY, I'D START JOB-HUNTING AT ONCE!



DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I---

I KNOW, HELEN. YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?



IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN



~ SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY ~ 3 CAKES A DAY ~ AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH



LATER

HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB ~ I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!

YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!



**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
give YOU a job problem**

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13 until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**



1



2



3

Make-up Miracle

(1) George E. Stone, given the part of Sancho, the cat-man in "Anthony Adverse," prepares for a session with Clay Campbell, make-up expert at Warner Bros. (2) He is surprised to see what putty can do to a nose. (3) He is beginning to think he looks too vicious. (4) No cat is happy without whiskers, so real hair is glued to his upper lip. (5) Mr. Campbell puts a wig on him and slants his eyes a bit. (6) George begins to look like the horrible coachman at last, but more is to come. (7) His own teeth are blacked out and enough fangs added to frighten any Red Riding Hood. (8) The queue on the wig is plaited in accordance with the style of the time. (9) The finished article, a deceitful villain. (10) George E. Stone, as Sancho the Cat



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10

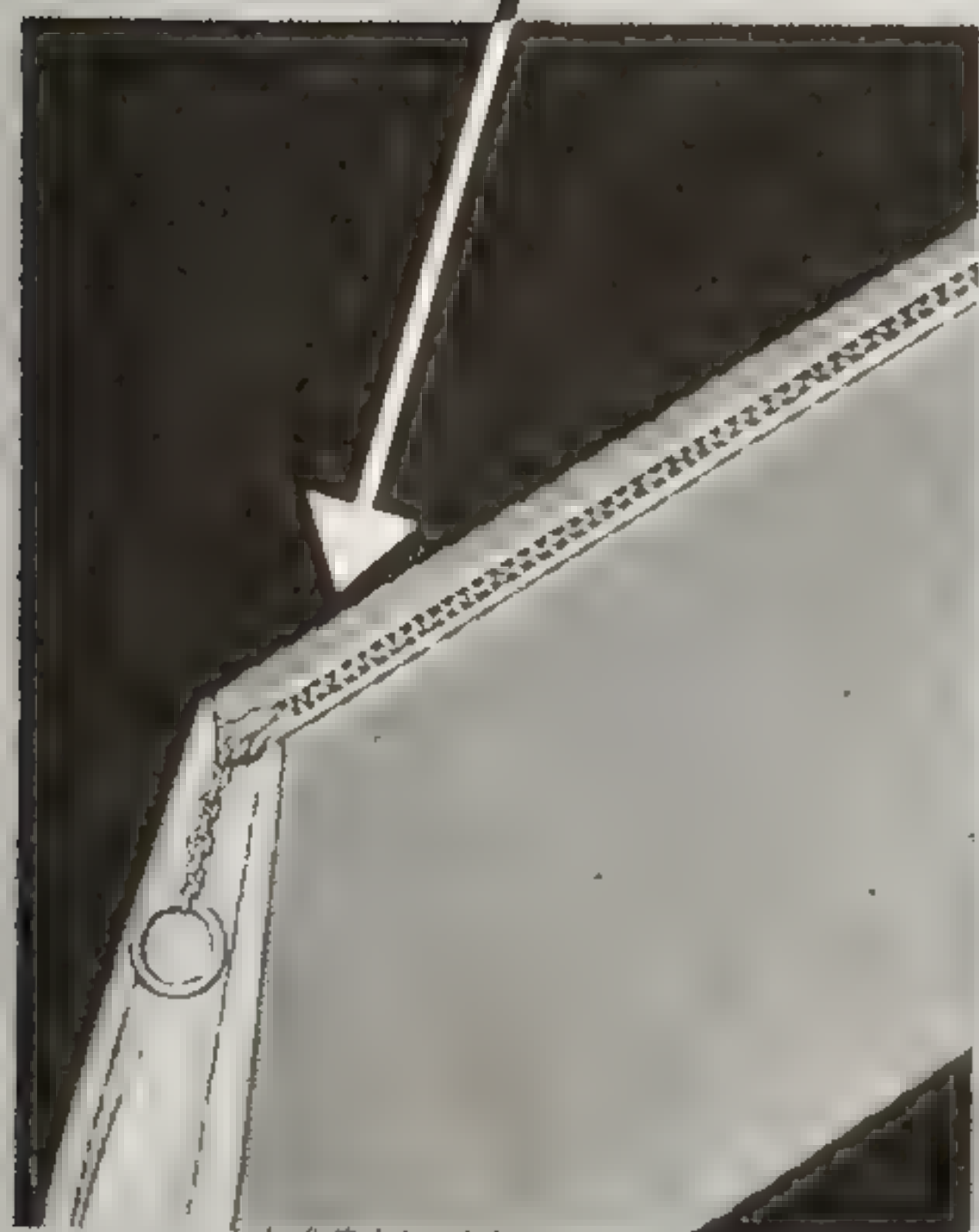
“IT PAYS TO BE CERTAIN
ABOUT HANDBAG SECURITY”

warns

Helen Vinson

*Glamorous Screen Star always
checks to be sure her hand-
bags feature the security and
constant dependability of the*

Talon fastener
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



*The Talon fastener
creates a continuous,
trim closure—keeps
handbag contents safe
and secure. When you
buy, be sure to see that
it is the dependable
Talon fastener that op-
erates perfectly always.*



There's *method* in the way Hollywood Stars choose their handbags. They refuse to gamble with careless, slipshod handbags that spill out contents, cause the loss of valuables. They look before they buy—check to be sure the handbags they choose are Talon-fastened.

Hollywood's way is your way to be sure that your handbag closes securely—stays fast until you open it. The Talon fastener featured on this year's models is easier than ever to identify. New decorative pull tabs are easy to recognize. And they lead you to models with the Talon fastener that closes a bag swiftly and easily, and guards contents securely.

Moreover, when you buy handbags completed with the Talon fastener, you are certain to get a model that is smart in design, fine in quality, too.

Boos & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

The bare handful of houses at Malibu?
 Friday night at the Coconut Grove, and the exhibit
 of White Peacocks at the Ambassador?
 Harry Carey's ranch at Saugus?
 Harold Lloyd's new million-dollar estate, and the
 Lankersheim dog show whence his four Great Danes
 were transported in four regal looking motors?
 Ruth Rowland and her real estate?
 Mrs. Charles Chaplin (Lita Grey) buying sixty pairs
 of shoes at a time at the Hollywood Bootery?
 Will Rogers' new polo field out Beverly way?
 Those good old days
 BERTHE H. GRAFTON, Greenwich, Conn.

\$1 PRIZE

After seeing that gorgeous picture, "Captain Blood," I feel a greater satisfaction than from any other picture I have ever seen. Warner Brothers have certainly succeeded in placing every possible factor of motion picture success into one glorious production. It consists of two and a half hours of breath-taking entertainment filled with sparkling romance, undaunted bravery, endless humor, ceaseless suffering, lawless cruelty, and loving brotherhood, based on the thrilling events of early English history. It is a picture every member of the family can't help but enjoy. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee and other stars blend into one of the greatest characterizations in the history of motion pictures.

We are greatly indebted to the author, Rafael Sabatini, and the producer for making this masterpiece a possibility.

GEORGE SMALL, JR.,
 Nashville, Illinois

\$1 PRIZE

Mr. Jack Winston, World's Grand Champion Shot in 1898, lives in my town. He was amazed at Barbara Stanwyck's remarkable screen portrayal of *Annie Oakley* and declares that she is the re-incarnation of the real *Annie* of his memory—the youthful *Annie* to whom he taught some fancy tricks of shooting.

I must say that Barbara Stanwyck is the only actress I have found that everybody likes. She is so sincerely beautiful; so unaffected and natural that she doesn't seem to be acting. I hope from now on she will be cast in pictures worthy of her convincing talent.

ETHEL S. HYATT,
 Washington, Indiana.

\$1 PRIZE

The majority of film actors are marked with the symbol of mediocrity, while a few belong



Olivia de Havilland in the 18th century ball gown she wears as Angela in "Anthony Adverse" with Fredric March



Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard discuss "Romeo and Juliet" with Norma's dressing room window as a balcony

to the exclusive class of first-rate actors who portray their diversified rôles with vigor, truth and a unique naturalness.

Prominent among the latter are Fredric March, Wallace Beery, George Arliss, Charles Laughton and Conrad Veidt.

But there is one who stands alone, towering above the rest. who "lives" into the re-created character he portrays on the screen, infusing a new soul into it, and acting with a realism which challenges reality itself. I allude to the moving force in "Scarface," [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

"Most Women are only HALF AS LOVELY AS THEY CAN BE,"

... says Sylvia Sidney

Fascinating Sylvia Sidney reveals how you can double your beauty with color harmony powder, rouge and lipstick...a new kind of make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.



Rouge Created for Stars

LIKE the Powder, Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades that accent the charm of every type . . . Your color harmony shade will create beauty by adding to your cheeks an exquisite color accent, one that is natural-looking, lasting. . . Max Factor's Rouge, 50c.



Hollywood's Powder Secret

"COLOR in make-up," says Max Factor, "can give you beauty, or it can make you look dull, old. At the Studios, young faces are made to look old for a character part, and matronly faces are made young for ingenue roles — all through the magic of color. Powder, rouge, and lipstick harmonized in color for your type can make you beautiful because they add to your face the colors needed to create beauty."

To give your skin loveliness, Max Factor has originated powder in the color harmony shade for your type. The color will enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and the texture will give you a lasting satin-smooth finish. Max Factor's Powder in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes, \$1.00.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

FOR personal make-up advice . . . and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick, mail this coupon.



© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.

Lipstick that is Super-Indelible



KNOWING that a screen star's lips must look alluring, Max Factor created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in shades that individualize every type. You may apply the lipstick to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips . . . giving them a uniform, lasting color. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, \$1.00.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade, also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . FREE.

14-3

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color) ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE ☐	

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The Amazing Temple Family

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

fortune, all of their labors and their income went into building and maintaining their little home. They were like thousands of other American family groups, watching the nickels and dimes and making them count because they had to count. Getting their enjoyment out of their little home and their small circle of friends.

As they still do.

The day I talked to Mrs. Temple she was planning a bridge party that night. For her friends—the same friends the Temples have had for years, before Shirley ever saw a movie camera.

She was worrying because she had forgot to buy the prizes.

"I suppose we'll have to have money for prizes," she said, "but real prizes are much more fun."

JACK, the eldest boy, was born a year after their marriage. George, Jr. "Sonny" to the Temples, arrived four years later. Shirley was born eight years ago this April.

There has never been any time or any means left for pleasure—as pleasure is popularly conceived in Hollywood—luxurious living, lavish comforts, clothes, entertainment.

The Temples had been married four years before they ever saw the inside of a night club. They couldn't afford them. They can now—but you could count on your fingers the number of times they have been out on what would barely qualify as an evening in Hollywood.

When young men and young women have had to forego frivolity and good times in their youth, they are usually inordinately susceptible to the urge for making up for lost time later on. Those who have never had money are prone to use it foolishly when it is suddenly showered upon them.

Not the Temples.

Shirley's income is being put away for her in sound investments by her father. The Temples live on what Mr. and Mrs. Temple earn.

Not long ago Jack, Shirley's oldest brother came to Mrs. Temple. He said what every young man says to his mother at one time or another.

"What would you say, Mother," he asked, "if I decided to get married?"

"I think I'd ask you if you could support a wife," replied Mrs. Temple without a moment's hesitation. "You know I couldn't support her, and you know your father couldn't, and certainly you wouldn't want your sister to."

That is the Temple attitude toward Shirley's fortune. It is hers. Only the expenses of maintaining her position, the incidental things to her career, come out of it.

If you could peek into the house on Nineteenth Street—as Heaven knows, practically everyone who comes to Hollywood would like to do, and as some manage to do because of the Temples' supreme good nature—you would probably be very disappointed.

It is not what you'd expect from what you've probably read about Hollywood movie homes. There are plenty in your own home town that would provide more of an eyeful. It is small, comfortably but not expensively furnished. It could probably be duplicated for from five to eight thousand dollars.

It was too small for the pony which director David Butler promised Shirley when she fell

in love with the one they used in "The Littlest Rebel." It is so close to the neighbors that the "banty" rooster she got for Christmas had to be transferred to her bungalow at the studio where he wouldn't wake everyone up at four o'clock in the morning.

One general all-around servant cooks the meals and attends to the house. Two secretaries, one full time, the other half-time, take care of the stacks of mail which arrive with every post. Shirley's guard, who is near her every minute of her life, is supplied by the studio. He usually drives Shirley and Mrs. Temple to work in their car, a La Salle. There is no chauffeur, butler, no maid—not even a nursemaid for Shirley. There never has been and there never will be.

Up until a few months ago, Mrs. Temple cooked all of Shirley's food. She still dresses Shirley, puts her to bed, curls her hair, and attends to the thousand and one details which fall to the lot of the mother of an eight-year-old girl.

She told me once she wouldn't think of letting anyone else take these troubles off her hands.

"I'd be jealous," she said.

In a way, that explains a great deal about Mrs. Temple, and a great deal about why her little girl is the kind of a little girl she is.

Mrs. Temple is a born mother who likes her job.

Her first concern is her child.

I know she was sincere when she said to me once, "I don't feel this sort of life is harming Shirley. If I thought it were, I would take her out of it."

It was Mrs. Temple, of course, who is responsible for Shirley's being in pictures. Mr. Temple didn't like the idea at first. Of course, now he's so proud he could burst, but when Shirley's first chance for a screen test came at three, Mrs. Temple had to do some tall talking before he consented.

It is Mrs. Temple too, of course, who has the constant job of guiding Shirley, training her, building and protecting her character and her health, even her spiritual side. Her responsibility has been weighted by Shirley's fame.

SHIRLEY used to play with the kids on the street. But she can't any more. She could go to Sunday School before she became a world figure; but she can't now. She would be mobbed.

Last Christmas Mrs. Temple took Shirley downtown to see the department store sights. In the children's department a magician was performing for the little tots. He caught Shirley's eye at once and she pulled her mother over to watch. Inside of ten minutes a wall of children and parents had trapped Shirley. The magician had to lift her over behind the protection of the counter to save her from being badly mugged.

For a long time the Temples have cherished a dream to take a world tour. But they have abandoned the idea. Last year, Shirley and her parents took a trip to Honolulu—their first spree since she became famous. On the small island of Hawaii, they were practically engulfed by admiring humanity, everywhere they went. At one reception given for Shirley at the Imperial Palace, forty thousand children milled

and mauled each other to press near their idol.

Because of this boomerang worship, and because a busy little star hasn't time to lead the normal life of a just ordinary child, the responsibility for her normal growth has devolved upon her mother. Mrs. Temple is always with Shirley, and her constant concern is for Shirley herself every bit as much as for Shirley's career.

Although Mrs. Temple believes that "Shirley is not the spoiling kind," and when you see her you're inclined to agree, just the same her little girl is only human. She must be taught the difference between right and wrong, she must grow up with a social viewpoint, she must have a faith and the ability to fend for herself in all the problems of life that she will have to meet some day.

MRS. TEMPLE is managing all of this with a skill and thoroughness so remarkable that it can only be explained by a devotion which comes above everything else. You have only to be around Shirley to see that she is managing it.

I have seen Shirley at play with her best friend, little Mary Lou Isleib, her stand-in. I've seen them sewing together and drawing together, playing this and that. Never has there been any show of superiority on Shirley's part, any aggression. In fact, motion pictures don't come in for an inning when Shirley steps off the set. Mrs. Temple teaches Shirley all her lines, but that is the only way her career intrudes into the Temple family life at home.

If you could be a fly on the wall of the Temple house almost any evening you would have to strain your ears for any mention of Shirley Temple, the greatest movie star of them all. You would simply see a little girl, the baby of the family, eating her vegetables and liking

them with her mother and father and big brothers. You would hear the same sort of conversation you might hear around any family table of an evening. Small talk, opinions, jokes and occasional word battles.

After dinner you would see Shirley climb up on her father's lap with a book—for the evening is Mr. Temple's time with his little girl. He might read until bed time, or else Shirley might decide to draw pictures with her brother, or play "crooked line" which is the game Irvin Cobb taught her. Somebody draws a crooked line and then you try to make a picture out of it. It's Shirley's currently favorite sport.

Eight-thirty is bed-time, when Shirley rolls up the sleeves of her pyjamas, bestows a good-night kiss on "Pinkie," her very favorite doll who sits on a chair next to the bed, and burrows into the mattress for sugar plum dreams.

I asked Mrs. Temple once if she had any plans for Shirley when she grew up. At first she laughed and said, "I hope she doesn't marry when she's seventeen as I did." But her serious reply voiced a confidence so striking that I should like to repeat it here.

She said, "I want her to grow up to be a well loved woman. Whatever she wants to do with her life will be all right with me. I know it will be right."

* The Temples know that Shirley's cute years are coming to a close sometime. Perhaps soon. But it does not alter their zeal to protect her babyhood and to insure her future. If ever anyone had a chance to be a movie mother, it is Mrs. Temple. Her authority as the mother of the screen's greatest possession, could have been used to conjure up constant headaches for everyone concerned in making pictures at Twentieth Century-Fox. The outrageous de-

mands she could have made would have had to be met. But there have been none. You will hunt far to find an ill word spoken about the Temples among the people who have worked with Shirley.

Frankly, I believe that Shirley Temple will always be an entertainer. She has really been entertaining since she was three years old, and despite the fact that there is absolutely no theatrical heritage on either side, she has revealed an uncanny and unmistakable professional instinct.

In her few personal appearances, she has always done just the right thing at the right time—with no previous coaching. Even the ethics of the professional world seem to come naturally to her.

The other day a dance instructor at the studio was having a little trouble getting her to "truck" as he wanted her to. It puzzled him, since he knew that Shirley had trucked to perfection with Bill Robinson. Finally he called up Bill and asked him to come over and help.

"Why, Honey," said Bill when he walked on the stage, "you know how to truck. 'Member what I taught you?"

"'Course," she said, "but I wasn't giving away any of your secrets."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE may act the rest of her life. She may dance, as her mother dreams, she may sing, or teach, or write, or draw or marry. The Temples aren't worried about that now—only that she will grow into a "well loved woman."

But there is one thing certain—when Shirley does grow up, she will have something more than the fortune that will be waiting her, something which will make her look back and thank her lucky stars for having had as parents. George and Gertrude Temple.

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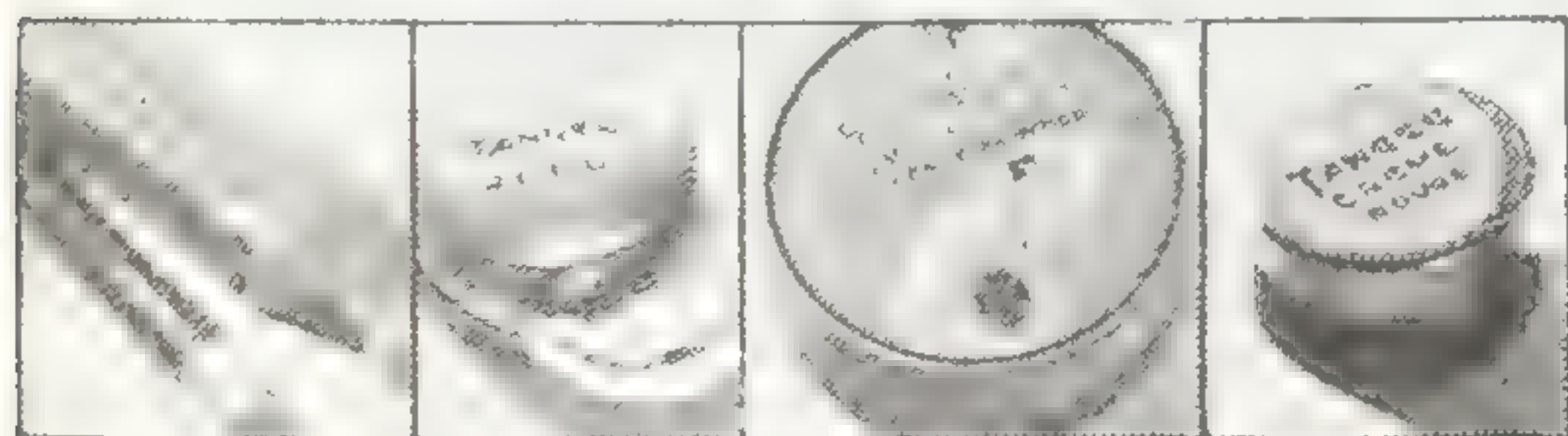
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This Is Really Irene Dunne

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

holiday bent in New York and all attending the same theater. It's after theater time and taxis are honking, crowds are milling and autograph fans swarming the theater entrance for autographs.

The first lady emerges in a swirl of ermine to be mobbed by annoying fans. Ignoring all their pleas, her escort helps shoulder away the clamoring fans until a taxi is reached.

The second emerges to be even more strenuously set upon.

"Damn you," she cries, "keep away from me."

The third lady loiters in the lobby. Hoping they'll tire and go home. A half hour, three quarters, an hour goes by. And still they wait. Her husband refuses to let her face the two hour ordeal of signing autographs in a zero night. And yet, Irene Dunne can't bring herself to ignore, to hurt, to appear ungrateful.

AT last her car is brought around to the stage door, but they follow. Crowding about the wheels "I'm so frightened for you Please keep away from the car," she begs. And finally, as they continue to shove and crowd, she gets out of the car and stands on the sidewalk among them in the biting cold. "I guess we'll all have to take cold together," she laughs. "I can't take a chance of hurting you." Gently she reasons with them. "Won't you please go home before you all take dreadful colds? I'm so worried about you."

It won. The sincerity in the voice, the sympathetic understanding was felt in every heart that cold winter night on a New York sidewalk. They went home and Irene Dunne drove away.

Men like Irene Dunne not only because they see in her the ideal wife, the symbol of gracious American womanhood, the woman ideal, but because she can go to the very devil like a lady. It was men, believe it or not, who were most affected by the faithful shadow in "Back Streets."

"No man likes a woman who is emotionally sloppy," one prominent man of Hollywood explained, "and Irene Dunne never is."

She dreads misrepresentation on paper "Fans hate a hypocrite," she said. "I believe they detect the real you behind every rôle and if they are led to believe you are something you pretend you aren't, they resent it."

John Cromwell, the director, says Irene always looks to him like the cat that swallowed the canary. It's the pleased satisfaction with what life has given her shining through that wall of reserve that lends that paradoxical expression to her lovely features. He's quite right about it, at that.

She's terribly hard to know. People for miles around will tell you that tidbit about her. In fact, people have given her up in droves.

There's a wall—a blanket, someone aptly put it—that shields the real Irene Dunne from the world. It's a wall or blanket of shyness, reserve and true humility. It's only when one knows why it is there, that one begins to get a glimpse of the real woman. It's only when one realizes it was built there by Irene's own hand while still so very young to keep a world from knowing about the

wildly beating heart, the hopes and fears of the little wage earner who lived on the other side of that wall, that one begins to understand the woman, Irene Dunne.

But few people are ever privileged to scale that wall. You could count them, I believe, on the fingers of your right hand.

It troubles her to be questioned about the relative merits of living three thousand miles away from one's husband as Irene has had to do during the greater part of her married life. Dr. Griffin's work has necessitated his remaining in New York while Irene's work kept her in Hollywood.

"But why imagine it's an approved or planned out arrangement?" she wonders. "Certainly I don't even advise it or think it practical for others. It was only circumstances that caused it and now that we're building our new home in California, we'll be together more."

It was almost five years ago Dr. Griffin met Irene Dunne at a dinner party in New York. The next day he dropped into a jeweler friend's shop and asked to see some diamonds "I want it," he said, "for the lady I'm going to marry. I met her only last night, but I know it will be she or no one."

He carried the ring in his pocket five years before winning Irene. And when she finally accepted the ring, she refused to have the old fashioned setting done over. "This is the way you bought it for me, this is the way I wear it," she said.

That marriage is such a complete success: someone confided, because Irene Dunne is such a tremendous friend to her husband.

Think of that. A friend to one's husband. And how many of us really are a friend to one's wife or husband. Love or fondness or companionship we give each other, yes. But do we actually give true abiding friendship that outrides all other human emotions?

Irene Dunne does.

They catch the spirit of gay bravado together. Convinced they were eating too many weight building foods, they went on sort of a take-away-the-potatoes spree together. And having clung to it throughout the meal, would arise from the dinner table, solemnly shake hands, and with a comically formal little bow to each other, depart from the dining room.

AS she accepted the man who was to be her husband, so does she accept her friends. Slowly. No one ever hurries Irene into an alliance that might afterward be regretted.

One particular friend told me she had been four years storming her way into Irene's heart and friendship. "I felt all the time as if I were on probation," she told me. "As if Irene were making sure it was true friendship I offered and wanted in return. And then, after four years in which I had expressed my admiration of her to mutual friends, I walked into a room and she was there. We had never met, but Irene instinctively held out her hand to me in a gesture of good fellowship and I knew I had been tried and accepted."

She has that rare quality of self-conservation. She conserves herself for the few she loves rather than scattering herself about among crowds and groups of people.

Irene Dunne is the kind of woman who can be and is an understanding pal to men. Just as she's a friend to few women. She imme-

diately inspires confidences from everyone. People tell Irene Dunne the innermost secrets of their hearts.

"To the grave" is a well known expression of Irene's. And to the grave it is. "You know how it is after you've confided something to someone," a friend of hers told me, "and then wished to heaven you hadn't. And how every time they refer to it, which is often, you lament your foolhardiness over again?"

"You never need any such compunction with Irene Dunne. No confidence is ever dragged to the light or passes those lips. To the grave she has said and to the grave and beyond it, it goes."

Her recent celebration of two holidays, or rather one holiday and one anniversary, typifies Irene Dunne more than anything else I know of.

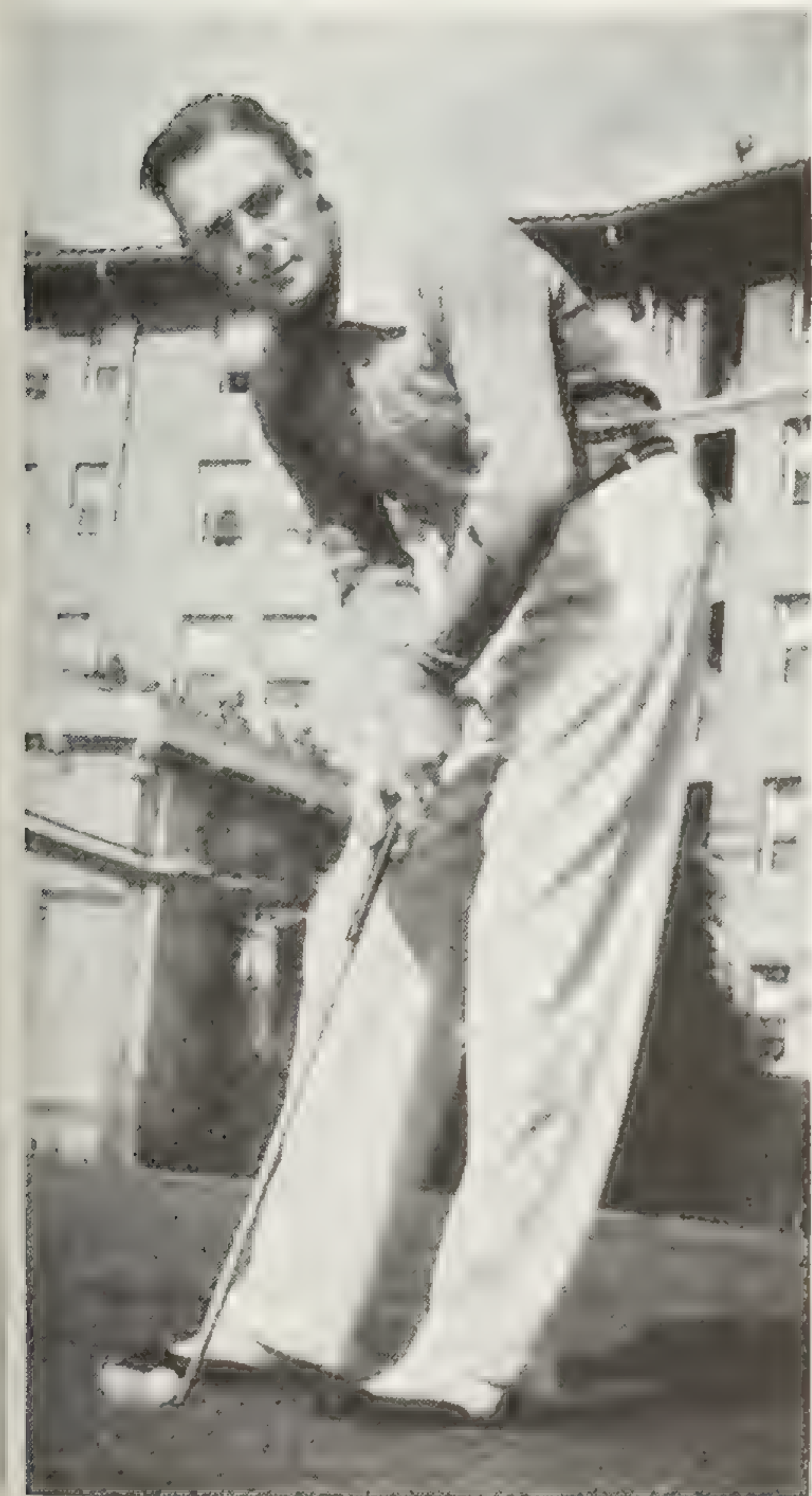
One was her birthday. Surely, this event, if one runs true to form in Hollywood, would have called for a gay party at home or one of the gayer night spots. But Irene had discovered the eight-year-old son of a friend had the same birthday, so the two of them sat quietly down to dinner to celebrate.

"YOU know," he told his mother afterward, "we made a pact, Miss Dunne and I. We're to see each other or get in touch each birthday. Even when I'm grown up and maybe way off in Shanghai or some place. We're still to keep in touch." He was thoughtful for a moment.

"Mother?"

"Yes, son?"

"I'll have to be careful the kind of man I grow into if I'm to keep her all my life, won't I? She wouldn't be proud to talk to me if I wasn't. But she would, even if I wasn't for you see, we made a pact together and she'll never break it."



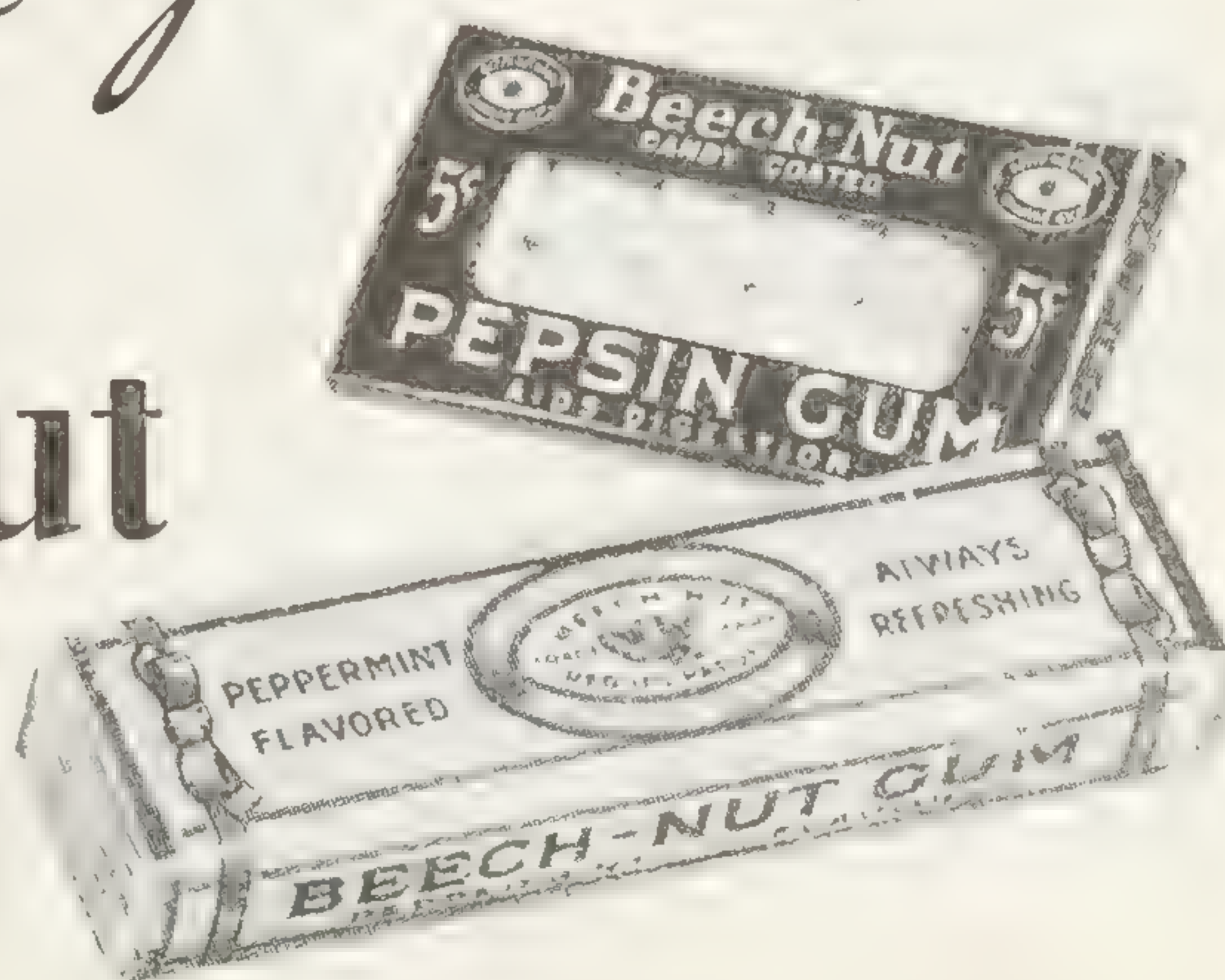
Completing his part in "Follow the Fleet," Randy Scott, an expert golfer takes to the turf at the Ambassador



There's one sure help for the rising rage,
That goes with baldness and gout and age...
When the clock strikes two, and the two downstairs
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And now lets go on to New Year's Eve. Hollywood night clubs are ablaze with lights and parties and big times. But Irene Dunne is entertaining at home. A married couple close friends, and their two children. Another friend and her aged father and mother, an old lady of seventy-nine, and Irene's husband, brother and mother.

Midnight strikes and the bells ring in the new year. On the withered cheek of the dear old lady, Irene Dunne plants her first kiss of the New Year. And then graciously passes to everyone, children included, with a kiss of friendship.

"It's probably my last year," the dear old lady said afterward. "God bless her for that lovely memory."

"It was no mere gesture of consciously being nice to others," a member of that party said later, "for Irene had a better time than anyone. It was the gentleness of her heart that calls to old and young alike. And behind it all, of course, the devotion to her mother and the constant thinking of what would please her."

"Come to dinner, Irene," people often phone, explaining that Jerome Kern or some other favorite of Irene's would be there.

"Oh, I'd love to come," her voice calls through the phone, "but I'm having dinner with mother tonight."

THAT mother could be seen again, never occurs to her. Or that mother could be put off to another time. A dinner with mother is kept, enjoyed, cherished.

I give you my word I trod the alleys and the highways of Hollywood to find someone who would say just once, "Yes, I've seen Irene Dunne loose her temper, or sulk, or grow temperamental." I tell you, no bloodhound worked harder at it than I. To no avail.

The nearest I could come to it was this. If the hair dresser, a novice perhaps, fails to dress her hair properly with Irene due on the set, she'll arise from her chair and walk back and forth across the room several times and then, sitting down again, say kindly, "Now, I'm ready."

A make-up man once splashed her cheek with mascara after her entire make-up was on. Very quietly she walked the room and then took her seat.

"Now, I'm ready."

Irene Dunne now takes her place as one of the important stars to be reckoned with in Hollywood. She has agreed to do six pictures in the next three years, for three separate companies with the privilege of doing others in between. Competent directors, and she has an almost childlike faith in directors, and suitable stories, will be carefully chosen.

Her star has really only begun; it's rising in Hollywood.

She has finally been won over to Hollywood in the same slow, usual manner. "It took twelve trips to New York to do it," she laughs, "but at last I know I really love it here and this is where we are building our first home together."

I offer you these bits about her in order that you may fill in the vacant corners of your mental picture of the lady, Irene Dunne.

She never wears slacks on the street. Or in the house.

Plays a crack game of golf. And tennis. And wears the plainest of linen dresses for the game.

Has little or no vanity, is not clothes conscious, but is always perfectly dressed.

The biggest kick of her life is roaming the

hills of Pomona in search of oaks to replant in her front yard.

Never misses a Sunday morning at church. Thinks women make poor auto drivers. She drives herself and is convinced she's good at it. "I don't hesitate and make wrong turns, anyhow," she says.

She thinks it's necessary to work at having a good time. To plan things far in advance for guests. Plenty of work and planning makes the ideal hostess, she contends.

She's sorry for all singers and thinks theirs is the hardest of lives. She forces herself to practice her singing every day. Sometimes it's midnight before she gets at it but she sticks to it.

Oddly enough she has taken to tap dancing and practices for dear life at all hours.

She's inarticulate when deeply touched. A beautifully planned gift from a friend leaves her speechless in the midst of other's excited clamor.

Was never late but once on the set. After frantic telephoning the studio finally located her at a dog hospital.

Before the studio gates she had found a little white dog, bruised and forsaken by a hit and run driver.

Work was forgotten, movies forgotten, while Irene stood by him in his hour of needing a friend.

Rain in California with water gathered in pools, leaves her depressed.

But she loves a matinee in New York on a rainy day.

The gentle humility of her instantly inspires people to do things for her. Edna Ferber, the author, once said that after meeting Irene her one desire was to write a beautiful and perfect story for her.

As a gift offered from the very heart of her. To Irene.

And now, finally, I give you as sort of silken cord by which you may hang up your portrait, the following quotations from friends, strangers, acquaintances and studio workers.

All collected at random.

Mervyn LeRoy, the director says:

"Irene Dunne has one of the greatest flairs for comedy of any star in Hollywood. Her rich warm feeling for human nature and its reactions will some day startle us all from a movie screen."

A rich playboy constantly in the headlines says:

"If I could have had the influence of a woman like Irene Dunne in my life, if I could have aspired or had the backbone to aspire to such a woman, there would have been no cheap headlines in my life story to-day."

A VERY old lady in California:

"We all plant seeds in our spiritual gardens. But few of us have the courage to pull up the weeds."

"Irene Dunne tends her garden."

A dear woman friend:

"One can well warm one's hands at the fires of her friendship. Irene Dunne could leave the screen tomorrow and lead a rich, full, satisfying life."

In fact, I always picture her as that kindly neighbor who lives next door in a small town and is constantly sending jelly to the sick and comfort to the troubled.

"You ask if there is an open road to the heart of this woman? Yes, an open road and the gate swings wide if one but knows the word. And that password? I thought you knew."

"The password is sincerity."

We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

cockeyed story about a young millionaire who behaves so peculiarly that everyone (except Jean Arthur) thinks he's nuts. We watched the big scene, the one in which Mr. Cooper is on trial for his sanity. There were hundreds of extras in this courtroom interior, but everything went along so smoothly, so casually that it's hard to tell when the company is actually shooting. Capra's easy-going methods are infectious. Everyone is laughing all the time and when it comes Douglas Dumbrille's turn to speak, he just says, "Blah, blah, blah." His speech has been recorded the day before and he is just in the take for 'timing.'

HERE making pictures doesn't seem at all like a difficult task. If you want to be impressed with Art and Genius, you have to go next door and watch Von Sternberg and Grace Moore. You tip-toe onto the set and an assistant director tip-toes up to you, then tip-toes over to another assistant director who tip-toes back to you and whispers, "You may stand behind that barrel in the corner."

Standing there, you see that this is a garden around the royal palace. The first take is just of a sign reading DON'T PICK THESE FLOWERS. It is the simple sort of thing that in any other picture would be shot by the assistant director. But not in "The King Steps Out." Von Sternberg does everything. And if genius, as we have heard rumored, is an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Von Sternberg is certainly a genius.

He looks like one. His greying hair is long and shaggy. He wears a coat like none we ever saw, an elastic cuffed affair with a wrap around belt and no lapels. And he walks about in high field boots. When he is through photographing the sign, he calls Miss Moore, who has been sitting by herself in a corner of the stage talking to no one.

"Darhlingh," he intones, "we are ready."

Lovely in her quaint costume, Miss Moore walks across the stage to the ladder which she is to climb. There is supposed to be a party (actually it's just a few stage-hands and Herr Von Sternberg) and she is to look through the window at the crowd.

They do this scene four times, and after every take, Von Sternberg asks Miss Moore, "Did you like that all right, dahrlingh?" She nods a friendly approval. The terms of endearment that pass between these two mean nothing more than mutual respect and friendship. For Miss Moore is in love with her husband, Valentin Parera. And Von Sternberg has his camera.

"The King Steps Out," Von Sternberg's first musical, is a Viennese operetta with music by Fritz Kreisler. Franchot Tone is the leading man. This is a gay and light picture done with what they hope will turn out to be charm.

Leaving this picturesque background, with its aura of Wienerschnitzel and waltzes, we went to the brothers Warner studio where everybody's Truckin'.

Here the cullud folks are showing just what heaven is like. For "Green Pastures," based on the play by Marc Connelly, which was in turn based on the Roark Bradford stories, takes place in heaven. There is a

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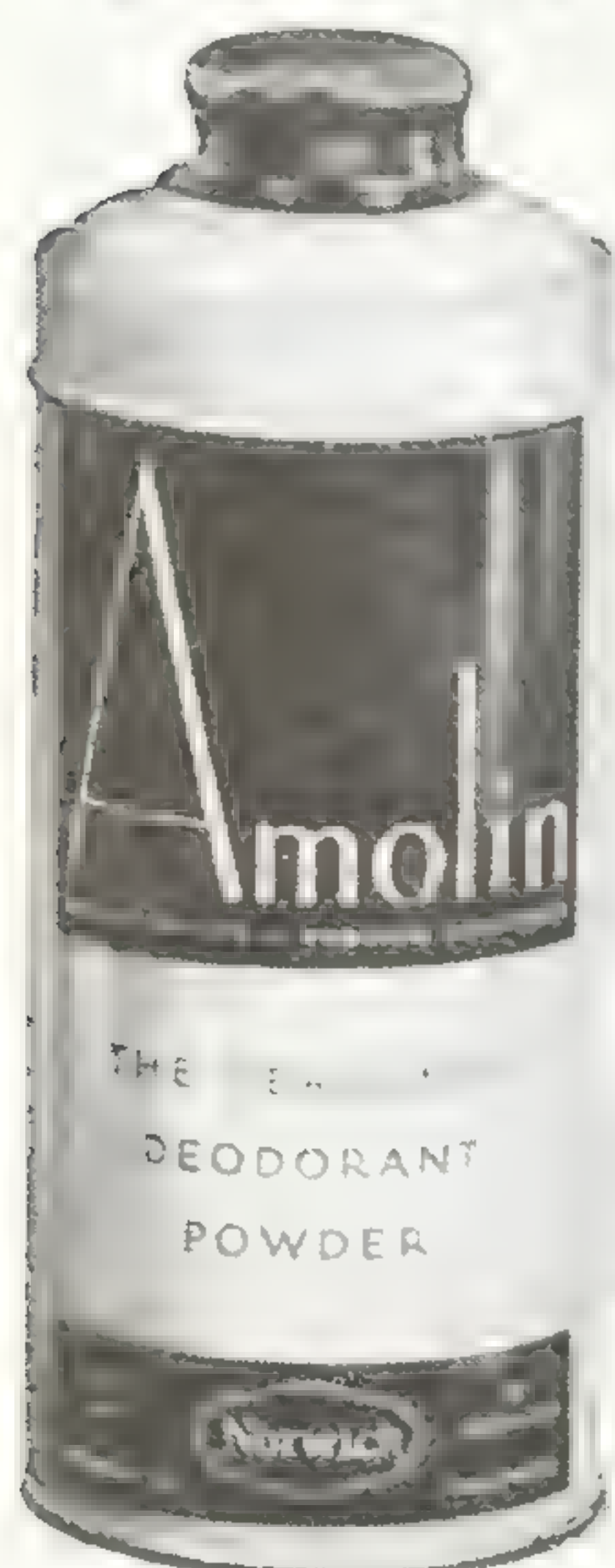
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DEODORANT POWDER

By the makers of Unguentine



tender and naïf humor running through the film, but it is not sacrilegious. This all-negro picture depicts a simple-folk's idea of the hereafter.

This is what their heaven is like: It's very green, soft and lovely, a restful glade with weeping willows. Bales of cotton, suspended from the roof by cords, are the clouds. The ingenious technicians have built a real running stream right through the set. The little pickaninnies, wings pinned on their backs, play in it when they're not working.

Because these children, angels or not, are inclined to become boisterous, Marc Connelly gives a prize each night to the best behaved. The older angels have to be satisfied with just pay. There were about one hundred and fifty angels, all ages, gathered for the heavenly fish fry. They were having a wonderful time, smoking cigars and eating cat-fish.

Between shots, the young people dance and flirt, though somewhat restricted by their heavy wings. *De Lawd*, played by a pious looking Negro named Rex Ingram (not to be confused with the famed actor and director), watches them. He is young for the rôle, being only forty years old. He is a graduate of Northwestern University where he was a star athlete and received a degree of Doctor of Medicine. Ingram made Phi Beta Kappa while in school, but found in the outside world too much racial prejudice to continue his bacteriological research. Yet he does not seem a bitter man.

On the wall behind Ingram is a large curved horn and a sign warning not to blow it. This is Gabriel's horn and there's a deep superstition about it. Since this Pulitzer Prize winning play's introduction, two Gabriels have died. Oskar Polk, who plays *Gabriel* in the film, isn't fooling around with the horn. He has to blow it in a couple of scenes. He's willing to take a chance then because he has to. But until that time, he's leaving it strictly alone.

You'd think that anyone in heaven would be glad to stay right there. This isn't true at Warners, though. All the angels want to sneak over to the next stage where Cab Calloway and his band are hi-de-hoing. The boys were swinging through a red-hot jam session when we arrived.

They are supplying some Harlem warmth to Al Jolson's picture, "The Singing Kid." They are supposed to be on the porch of a penthouse and this is their musical good morning to Al Jolson, who has the penthouse across the street. Though with most of the film finished, Al is actually out golfing with Ruby Keeler. This doesn't faze Cab. He breaks right into the rhythm and smiles over to where Jolson ought to be. As if the music weren't enough, one of the boys in the band gets up on the parapet and dances Good Morning to Mr. Jolson. He's getting quite a greeting for a man eighteen miles away.

Cab Calloway may be Warners' best record maker, but Gene Lockhart is the studio's outstanding record breaker. In "The Gentleman From Big Bend," which stars the suave Warren William, Gene and Richard Purcell have a scene that runs, without cuts, for eight pages of dialogue. Everyone grouped around the camera to see if they could make it. The take lasted for more than five minutes and the actors not only came through without a falter but were still able to go on when director Bill McGann cut in on them. When you see this in the picture, it will be all cut up with inserts. It is, they think, the longest stretch

of dialogue ever taken at one shooting. All about big business.

No trip to Warners would be complete without one back-stage scene. The one this month occurs in Joe E. Brown's picture, "Sons O' Guns." We peeked in and saw Joe and that silly Eric Blore engage in a bit of whimsy.

Joe plays a famous vaudevillian who's leaving for war and Blore is the valet who grieves for him.

One of the most interesting sets we ever visited is at United Artists where Jock Whitney is producing the Technicolor film "The Dancing Pirate." The first surprise you get is when you walk on the set. Instead of being brightened for color, it is as subdued as possible. This is the *plaza* of a California village in the days when Mexico owned the land. Robert Edmund Jones, the art director of this and of "Becky Sharp," told us that the camera picks up color so vividly that by deadening the natural colors they could give the illusion of reality much more than by photographing things as they really are. For instance, a little dog photographed so brightly it had to be dyed to a darker brown.

All of "The Dancing Pirate" will be shot indoors so that the lighting can be controlled. Technicolor requires about eighty per cent more lighting than the black and white pictures, but it is not true, as you hear, that the stages are especially hot. The only heat on the stage came from three musicians who are great heroes to the Mexicans. These musicians play an almost forgotten Aztec type of song called *Huapanga*. They are radio stars in Mexico City and have a large following.

The musicians cannot understand English, so when jovial director Lloyd Corrigan wants quiet he waves to them. They think he wants more music and go on playing. Finally, after a bit of involved sign language, they catch on. Steffi Duna, who appeared in the Technicolor short, "La Cucaracha," has the lead in this and Frank Morgan, Luis Alberni and Charles Collins, a newcomer, have the other important rôles.

WHEN the picture is finished, Luis Alberni told us that he is going East to make "Personal Disappearances." He always plays the piano in pictures. He was Grace Moore's voice coach in "One Night Of Love" and he's been at the piano, cinematically, ever since. The funny thing is that he can't play—never even wanted to. Just looks like a casting director's idea of a pianist, that's all.

However, Charles Collins, who plays *The Dancing Pirate*, can really dance. He proved that. He not only has ability, he has courage. We watched him rehearse his Sabre Dance on Doug Fairbanks' old Badminton court which is now used for a locker room. In this dance, Collins is chased all over by a man with a sword. Whenever the sword comes near him, Collins either jumps or ducks, then tapdances out of the way. At least that's the way it's supposed to work. If he ever ducks or jumps at the wrong time, he'll lose a foot or a head for the whole thing is based on perfect timing.

In the rehearsals, Collins dances with an expert fencer. But in the picture, he will be stabbed at by a heavy who is not yet cast. Probably it will be Ricardo Cortez.

For off-stage drama it would be hard to top the scene we watched in 20th Century Fox's "Under Two Flags." This is a film about the French Foreign Legion outpost in Algiers and it stars Ronald Colman, Victor

McLaglen and Claudette Colbert, who plays the famous Cigarette rôle. But at the time we visited the studio, Simone Simon, the new French importation, had the part.

She was doing a scene with Ronald Colman. It was in a rough and smoky cafe, a celebration place for the tired Legionnaires. Simone is supposed to tease Colman and then he picks her up and carries her across the room. We noticed a strained expression on her face, but never having seen this new star before, we assumed that it was her natural expression. When Colman put her down, she walked quietly to the sidelines and collapsed. Not till the next day did the studio learn that she was too ill to continue with the rôle.

From the way we write, you might think that every picture in production this month is an epic. We're happy to report that one plain, unpretentious movie is shooting. It's at RKO-Radio. Here they're filming Phil Stong's story, "The Farmer In The Dell." Fred Stone is the farmer and stage twelve is the dell.

THIS is a story about an Iowan who comes to Hollywood and gets into the movies by accident. Jean Parker, whom everyone tells me is faunlike, plays the farmer's daughter and Frank Albertson is the other part of the joke. Since this is a picture about Hollywood there has to be a Hollywood party and that's what we saw.

And it was somehow very sad.

The extras who appear in party scenes are Hollywood's select background. They invest practically all their money in clothes. They are serious about their careers and hard working.

The "zero hour" comes just before the last take of the day. It is the time when the assistant director goes about picking out the extras who will be called back for another day's work. As he walked among them, pointing here and there to lucky ones, the extras talked to each other, pretending not to notice the assistant. To these elegantly groomed people, this man suddenly had the power of a god.

Occasionally one of the extras would give himself away in a taut expression or a pleading glance.

It was not pleasant. It made you wish that they could all work every day. And we sincerely hope they do.

WATCH FOR IT!

The first day he was in Hollywood Hugh Walpole, England's most distinguished novelist, the world's greatest Dickens authority, and the man who brought "David Copperfield" to the screen, saw within the space of an hour a car chased by police, guns firing, men shouting, women screaming; saw a gentleman slap another's face in a public restaurant; saw a famous film star burst into tears outside a soda fountain!

These were only the beginnings of his adventures in Hollywood which this famous writer has told exclusively for PHOTOPLAY in the May issue, out APRIL 10!

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Age Occupation

John Barrymore's Kick-Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

Behind him there is no hue and cry to cause him to reach for his hammer and knock down the foremost pursuer to the highest bidder. In similar circumstances the actor is like nothing so much as a stray dog with a tin can tied to its tail. Sometimes, indeed, I feel he should be chained up and let loose only when he acts. Cruel as this may seem, it would greatly simplify his private life. Someone could bring him his daily bread and the daily paper. To be sure, what he read might make him bite himself in the leg. Casting his jaundiced eye over the contrasting prints, he could easily find himself bemused at seeing very little about what he did in a Hollywood picture and very much about what he did out of it. Now if he were a plumber—and I have a vast respect and admiration for plumbers—his life would be a pipe. But, being an actor, he doesn't quite know what to make of it."

THIS was said with that indulgent patience which not infrequently marks Mr. Barrymore's highly contradictory nature.

"I believe," he declared, "that all actors feel a deep obligation to the public in their work. But it is possible they feel, too, that there the obligation ends. My work always has, and always will, come first with me."

His earnestness was emphasized by the way he crushed his cigarette.

"I'm glad to be back at work. It's very interesting and great fun. On the stage I'd always wanted to play *Mercutio*."

No wonder, since able judges regard it as the best part in "*Romeo and Juliet*."

"Another thing about Shakespeare," pointed out Mr. Barrymore, "is that he makes you work. An actor may get soft in other parts, but not in his. Fencing, alone, keeps him hard. It's fine to be back at it. But perhaps the finest thing about *Mercutio* is that he dies for love, even though it's *Romeo's*, rather than his own. In a sense, he's just the innocent bystander. And it's immensely gratifying to feel innocent."

Sunlight streaming through the window behind him seemed to be doing something in the halo line.

"I like fencing," he resumed, "but I'm not so hot at it. For one thing, it's good exercise I did it for the first time on the screen in '*Don Juan*'—there were several duels in that picture. Then I had another go at it in '*Manon Lescaut*.' On the stage, of course, there was '*Hamlet*.'"

Yet all that the greatest *Hamlet* of his generation had to say for himself was, "I'm not so hot!"

"And speaking of work," he added, "there's more of it for the actor today than ever before. One must make a living, and at first I did it by trying to be a newspaper artist. I liked that. Now I like the theater, and the movies particularly. But I find myself doing still more work. The radio is tremendously interesting. It's a powerful stimulant to the imagination. This strikes you when you realize that your audience doesn't see you. Whenever I listen to the radio I feel like a blind person. But I listen gratefully, very glad to be an actor, for today the actor can work in three mediums."

His ecstasy of industry took me unawares, for never had I suspected John Barrymore of

being hopelessly addicted to work. It was only possible to wonder what first had led him to play Shakespeare, which is far from easy work.

"A tarantula," was his bland reply.

"A tar——!"

"A red one," he calmly specified.

"In a banana?"

"In the zoo. If you're fond of horror stories, I am only too happy to oblige. One day—that's the way to begin a story of suspense, isn't it?—I went to the Zoo in New York with Ned Sheldon—you know him, Edward Sheldon, the playwright. We were going along very nicely, making enemies of the various animals and a cockatoo who was high-hat, till we got to that tarantula. It stopped us. We stood fascinated. It was the most evil looking spider I'd ever seen, red as anger and with a bald spot on its back. For once I was speechless. But Ned said, 'It looks like *Richard the Third*.' Then he added, 'Why don't you play him?' 'What,' I bridled, 'the tarantula?' 'No, you damn' fool,' he pleasantly replied, 'Richard'."

"So that's all there was to it?"

"By no means. I told Sheldon I'd at once become a Shakespearean student. 'Student, hell!' he said. 'Go to Margaret Carrington, she'll teach you all you need to know.' I really needed everything to know about Shakespeare. Mrs. Carrington, now the wife of Robert Edmond Jones, the distinguished artist, not only knows a tremendous lot about the voice but has the definite quality of constructive genius. After she'd sandpapered my voice I included *Henry the Sixth's* soliloquy in '*Richard the Third*.' Then, as I ' essayed ' the part, limping into the room with a cane or an umbrella and supposedly carrying a gory head I loudly cried, '*See what I've done!*'"

"Mrs. Carrington seemed to be taken suddenly ill. When speech returned to her, she demanded, 'Are you going to do it like that?'"

"'Why,' I wondered, 'what does it look like?'"

"**P**RIMARILY," she gently informed me, "it looks as though you're just a plain ass."

"'How do you want me to do it?' I humbly asked."

"She turned to a bowl of fruit on the table and said, 'Take an orange.' Obedient, I stood like a small boy at a Sunday school picnic. 'Now,' she directed with grim determination, 'come into the room and say, "Margaret, here's an orange." In other words, she told me to play Shakespeare in a simple, human, colloquial way. When I did that on the stage it was felt, and went over the house like a wave of understanding. We now are playing '*Romeo and Juliet*' in much the same manner, one particularly suited to the screen. Incidentally, my own training has convinced me that there is no place like Hollywood for the natural development of Shakespearean actors."

"Because of its facilities?"

"Because," and the light of discovery gleamed in his eye, "in all its rich abundance California is abundant in nothing so much as oranges."

But Mr. Barrymore was all seriousness when asked concerning his own future plans.

"I am," he disclosed, "very much interested in '*Macbeth*,' both as a part and a production."

It is a very great play and a very fine part. For these reasons I want, and expect, to do it on the screen."

He paused, then with an ingratiating diffidence:

"If you think it the right thing to do I'd like to say something nice about Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard."

Reminded that he never had been known to say other than nice things about his fellow-players, he went on:

"I'VE seen a great many *Juliets*. Now, seeing Miss Shearer in the part, I know she will be delightful. Unlike some *Juliets*, she conveys a quality of extreme youth, and with it, ardor. She is realizing a great and general ambition, for all great actresses have played it. The rôle is so sympathetic that I don't blame any actress for wanting to do it. As for Mr. Howard, he is going to be a magnificent *Romeo*, because he is completely believable, intelligent and charming.

"He thoroughly deserves the part so many actors have wanted to play."

"You, for one?"

"Romeo never appealed to me particularly. I never thought I'd be very much good in it. I could see others in the part, but not myself."

"You feel you're not a romantic actor?"

"In the first place, I don't quite know the meaning of the term romantic actor. But," this with an impish smile and a sly dig at himself, "I should say that any actor in love automatically becomes a character actor."

What? Yes, John Barrymore can take it



Constituting a mental hazard to any Samson, Grace Bradley hopes to have the siren's rôle in "Samson and Delilah." De Mille's new picture



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The Confidential History of Bill Powell

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

afternoon. Then we had dinner there. In fact, we never left it until we got to Havana Harbor. And by the time we sailed under old Morro Castle, we had decided that if ever there were two fine fellows in this world, they were Richard Barthelmess and William Powell.

"The best part of that story," added Bill, "is that we have thought so ever since."

"The Bright Shawl" was a great success. So was Bill Powell in the heavy part opposite Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish. He was well launched now, not only on his career, but on his travels. Following an appearance in "The Red Robe," he sailed for Italy to make "Romola" with the two Gishes and Ronald Colman.

The latter, although neither he nor Bill could have guessed it then, was to become, as the result of the friendship formed on this trip, the third member of the now famous "Three Musketeers of the Movies" Barthelmess, Powell and Colman.

THE beginning of my friendship with Ronnie," laughed Bill, "like the beginning of my first important part in the movies, will always be associated in my mind with tights. Colman had been to Rome the year before to make 'The White Sister,' and was supposed to speak a little Italian. I had spent some time on shipboard studying 'Italian in 12 Easy Lessons.' I knew a few words, but didn't know what to do with them. We were the Italian scholars of the troupe, and were, therefore, assigned to the tights-purchasing department.

"Our first difficulty was making the concierge or porter at the hotel understand what we wanted. Breeches he had heard of, so he promptly sent us off to a military tailor, who would have none of us. A second attempt on the concierge. Off we went again, and found ourselves in a bunch of giggling girls.

"We made gestures up and down our shins, and they nodded their heads in glee. One of them produced a couple of tape measures, and indicated that we were to measure ourselves. Ronnie and I looked at each other in despair, but went ahead in what seemed to us to be the proper tailor's manner. The Italian girls were much amused. We had forgotten the waist line! Finally, the prettiest of them got up her courage, and remedied this mistake herself.

"There immediately ensued a thunder-burst of Italian argument, blushes and protests from the girl with the tape measure, and giggling and pointing from her mates. From the latter we gathered that the question of maidenly modesty, which had caused all this uproar, was the result of our fair tailoress's refusal to measure us around what the Latin races so tactfully describe as the 'back'!

"After this experience we went on to our location at Livorno, and waited for our tights to appear. We didn't mind waiting. Livorno is a beautiful spot on the Mediterranean, and we had already found out how easy it was to enjoy life in Italy. Finally our bundle arrived, and, in the presence of most of the company, Ronnie and I took out our 'tights' and held them up to the Italian sun. They would have fitted a rhinoceros.

"It seems that our girls didn't run a theatrical tailoring establishment, but one of those shops where they sell yarns and make—shall I

say?—the heavier and longer varieties of underwear. What they had made for Ronnie and me, after all their measuring and pointing and giggling, were not tights, but a couple of pairs of long, woolen drawers."

"The situation, as you can imagine, was no joke to the company manager. The whole troupe was sitting around doing nothing. Expenses were piling up. All because Ronnie Colman and I couldn't find any tights to cover our nakedness. Finally, someone heard that there was a real theatrical tailor at Milan. He worked for the opera people at La Scala.

"So, tucking my 'Italian in 12 Easy Lessons' into my grip, I started off with Colman for Milan. I won't bother you with the details of the tights-making. It took us a couple of weeks to get them fitted properly. By that time we had run out of money, and had to wire to Livorno for more.

"No answer. We wired the company's representative in Naples, where we had landed. Still no answer. We wired the main European office in London. Still no answer. We cabled the home office in New York. Still no answer. We didn't have any money for more telegrams, and we didn't dare ask for credit at the hotel. Already we felt everybody in the place knew our plight. Conversation would cease the moment we entered the lobby, and begin again the moment we reached the door. This sort of thing went on for ten days.

"We didn't have enough clean linen to change, and we didn't dare to send our soiled linen to the laundry for fear it wouldn't come back. I remember one day Ronnie insisted he'd have to buy a clean collar. When we needed the necessities of life, like food, he wanted to get a collar! I was pretty sore.

"I thought things were bad enough that time in New York when Ralph Barton and I had to live on dried apricots and shoot cockroaches with a bee-bee gun for amusement. But things looked even worse now. We were in a strange land, a land of fruit, but it didn't look as if we could get even an apricot. I recall going out in the park and watching the animals, and thinking how lucky they were to get fed and not to have to pay any bills.

WHEN the money did start coming in, it came from everywhere. We knew it had come the moment we reached the hotel—we were received with such gusto! It seems that the specially constructed ship on which we were to do our stuff at Livorno had gone out on its maiden voyage, and capsized; so the company had gone back to Rome, without any word to us, to wait for it to be made over again. That's why our first call for help hadn't been answered."

"Making the best scenes at Livorno, when they finally persuaded the craft to stay afloat, was delightful. Every morning the company would be towed out about five miles, and anchored. The shooting would last until noon. Then, off with the costumes and into the Mediterranean for a swim. Then luncheon, and a siesta. Then, more shooting in the cool of the day. There were about two hundred natives on the ship, who sang and entertained, on the ride back in the twilight. The sunsets were wonderful.

"It was early December when we got to Florence," said Bill. "We worked hard there,

seven days a week. But the evenings were beautiful. We had our own tables in several of the cafes. We got to know the town, and the town got to know us. We practiced our Italian on everybody. It was a great life. I read more books than I ever read before — there were so many things to learn about all at one time—and the reading habit has stuck with me ever since."

Powell should write a book about his travels. It would be much more interesting than any Baedeker you ever read. He says that a friend of Charles Lane, a pal of Bill's in the "Romola" troupe, showed him historical Rome, modern Rome and night club Rome all in one night! Seriously, though, he did a good deal of traveling and sight-seeing during lulls in the production; and after it was over, he visited Venice, Vienna, Budapest; did Switzerland thoroughly; and spent a month in Paris.

MAKING "Romola" had consumed thirty-nine weeks. The first picture he made in Hollywood, after his return, took just one week and five days. It was for B. P. Schulberg. But before going to the Coast he had played in "Dangerous Money" with Bebe Daniels, and "Too Many Kisses" with Richard Dix. Then, he went back to Cuba to do "The White Mice" with Jackie Logan—the first time he had played the lead. After "Beautiful City" with his old mates, Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish, and "Aloma of the South Seas" with Gilda Gray and Warner Baxter, he signed a long-term contract with Paramount.

This was December 9, 1925.

At Paramount, he played in many successful productions, notably "Beau Geste" with his friend, Ronald Colman; but his best remembered achievement of this period was the creation—in "The Canary Murder Case" and "The Benson Murder Case" and the "Green Murder Case"—of that super-detective and suave man-about-town, Philo Vance.

Many a skillful actor has essayed this part since; but none, critics agree, has equalled the original Powell creation. In Bill the part had met the man. It was one of those rare happenings in the theater, like William Gillette's visualization of Sherlock Holmes, when a fiction character lives on in the semblance of a living man.

To millions of readers and theater-goers, William Powell and Philo Vance are one and the same person.

From Paramount he went to Warner's, where he continued his impersonation of the great detective, filled in with comedies and melodramas, and co-starred with Kay Francis in that delightful, prize-winning story, "One Way Passage." When his Warner contract expired, he decided he would do better as a freelance. His first picture on his own was "Manhattan Melodrama" for M-G-M, with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. Then came "The Thin Man," and—well, you know the rest!

But I knew that the question most Bill Powell fans were interested in was how he first met Carole Lombard, and under what circumstances he proposed to her, and why didn't he stay married to her, and whether he was ever going to marry again, and if so whether he was going to marry Jean Harlow—so I strove with elephantine subtlety to turn the conversation toward love.

"How long did your first marriage last?" I said.

Bill looked at me as if I had suddenly trespassed on forbidden ground. But he

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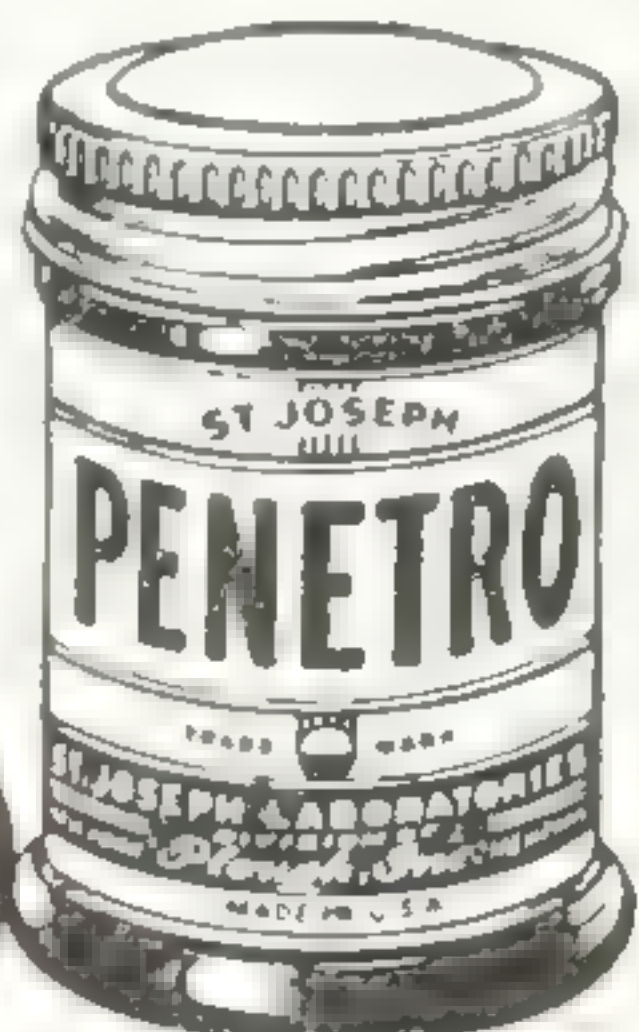
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was too polite to say so. He has been in the game long enough to know that a man or a woman who gets his or her living from the public can have no secrets from that public. He is no Katie Hepburn or Freddie Astaire. But on the subject of his wives and his loves, he has understandable grounds for a decent reserve. They can be summed up in a sentence; his ten-year-old boy reads PHOTOPLAY.

"I WAS divorced from my first wife," he said quietly, "in 1930. The marriage had lasted ten years before this final separation. There was no trouble between us except temperament. We rubbed each other the wrong way. That was all."

"And Carole?"

"Well, that's a long story. In 1930, I went back to Europe for a vacation. I was going to be one of these Riviera playboys. And I was for about four months. I was dripping with irresponsibility. But after a while I began to get bored with loafing. Finally, I went on a tour of the French chateau country.

"I remember going up into a tower room in one of those fine old castles, late one night, where I could look across a lake. It was beautiful up there. So beautiful that my throat got all lumpy. I sat there until daybreak. For the first time in many years, I was really lonely. As a play-boy, I was a flop. From that moment I think I began to mature. The age of maturity differs with the individual. Shirley Temple is matured at six. I got mine up there on that turret by the lake. I decided to go home and go to work.

"The day I arrived in Hollywood, I met Carole. The first thing I did was to propose to her. 'Here,' said Sydney Broad, 'is the girl who is going to play opposite you.' I thought she was about as swell a gal as I had ever run into. I still think so. She sat down

and we talked five hours. I made a date with her for that night, and we talked for hours more. She said 'No' to my proposal of marriage, and kept on saying 'No' for about six months, and then one day she said 'Yes'—and we were married."

This, I knew, was a long speech for Bill Powell to make about his private affairs, so I didn't press him for more details. As a matter of fact, I remembered well that day in August, 1931, at Mrs. Peters' home in Beverly Hills—Carole's real name was Jane Peters—when Bill, aged thirty-eight, and Carole, aged twenty-two, were wed among the usual shower of orange blossoms and champagne—and off they went, the happy pair, to honeymoon in Honolulu.

It wasn't an unhappy marriage while it lasted; and the friendship, which has followed its termination in August, 1933, is a very fine thing indeed. One has only to observe the new Carole Lombard on the screen to realize what the experience has meant to her. But Bill refuses to take any of the credit.

"She was due to spread her wings," he said. "Marriage simply gave her a chance to do it."

WE talked a while of inconsequential things—then of more consequential things. Finally, of Jean Harlow. Bill talked freely of her. She was a great artist, a great girl. I didn't ask the question that was on the end of my tongue, but he knew it was there. Who wouldn't, with all Hollywood dying to ask it?

"I haven't the faintest idea," he said at last, "whether or not I'll marry again."

Bill Powell is an honest man. Knowing that, I must take him at his word. But I swear—the way that gleam comes into his eyes when he mentions Jean Harlow's name—well, if it were anybody else but Bill I'd be sure he was lying!



Off for a two weeks' hunting and fishing trip near Guaymas, Mexico are Leo Carrillo, J. L. Maddox, well-known Los Angeles sportsman, and Clark Gable

A Day With Miriam Hopkins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

or her figure, or the bright animation of her expressive face. But that's Miriam Hopkins. And they laugh at the helplessness of people who try to match her in conversation that ripples with gayety and wisdom. Match her? They do well if they keep up with that spirited mind that has naturally sought and found for friends those who have accomplished brilliant careers.

Nine-thirty! And she arrives at the studio.

There's a big, cheery hullo for Joel McCrea who has to tell all about wife Frances Dee and the new baby, and the old baby who is quite a little man by now, which tempts Miriam to trill, husky-voiced . . . that famous breathless, husky voice . . . about blonde Michael's latest deed.

Merle Oberon is listening breathlessly

And, director Willie Wyler grins amiably. Thus, Miriam and Joel and Merle, who are "These Three" walk into the set, the lights go on, the cameras grind, and another scene is started in the interests of world entertainment and box-office receipts.

Did they talk about babies? Now they talk of young ladies that attend the school about which the plot is concerned. Lines are gone over with the director, timing is adjusted, arrangement is changed. The scene begins to gain form and momentum. Three or four more rehearsals, the minutes creep on and on, for perfection takes time, and it's "in the bag," finally.

WITH a glad yell Joel McCrea learns that this is the only scene he has to work in today. Home for Joel to mamma and the kiddies. Home, too, for Merle. An extraordinary piece of luck, only three hours work, but that is the way the schedule is laid out. The rest of the day will be devoted to shooting with Miriam, a dramatic and vital scene with her screen aunt.

But here it is one o'clock, and no sense starting something important that can't possibly be finished for a long time. So, lunch is called. Miriam, with Billy and Yvonne, trots from the set to her dressing room where the chauffeur-butler has prepared a wondrous lunch, and where I am sitting, in a transport of delight, sniffing it.

"Hi!" says Miriam. And "Hi!" says me. And "Ho!" says a strange voice, and it is the actress' masseuse, who has come to rub out some of the weary little kinks that got there from going to bed late the night before, working hard all morning, and needing to be lulled to nothingness in preparation for a tough afternoon, and what's more, a big dinner party in the Hopkins' hacienda that night.

Then we had lunch, and with lunch we had laughs, and somehow it was all over very soon, much too soon, and back we went to the set. It was a stranger that went to work, not the cheery, bright young lady that I had lunched with. A stranger whose mood was now business-like and serious. She sat with her director and *aunt* in the inclosure of the lights and cameras, and they rehearsed quietly among themselves.

The scene, which called for a rising pitch of drama, slowly, but surely, took on color.

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It was finally rehearsed with movement; this was repeated several times; the *aunt* didn't close the door behind her properly; Miriam started a line a shade too late. But finally the rehearsal was perfect and it was shot.

The cameras then moved in for a close-up on Miriam, and while they lined up, Billy, the secretary, ran over from the fringes of the set with the make-up basket. Miriam perched on a handy stool and redid her mouth. She did it with a thin brush that she dipped into a can of lip-rouge. One moment's hesitation and the maid was at her hair with comb and brush, a pitty-pat with the powder-puff, and the Hopkins was correctly beautiful again.

"Coffee!" sang out the lady, "Let's have some from the 'Snacker.'" "No sooner said, than . . ." and the nice young prop-boy who collects half-a-buck a week or so from the principals to keep the "snacker" going, had hot cups of it which he handed out to whoever stuck their paddies forth. "The Snacker," I might explain, is a Sam Goldwyn special. Not a movie, but a stand with a hot part where the fresh coffee always perks, and a cold part where the cookies and doughnuts sit, and a medium part where you fish out spoons and cups.

WE all sat about and yum-yummed with ecstasy as we munched the wonderful cake Merle Oberon had brought in that day.

Four o'clock was coffee time, and six o'clock was quitting time. I didn't quite see how our cinema-light was going to be in gay and chipper mood for the evening's party, being worn to a slender frazzle from the dramatics of the afternoon, but thirty minutes rest, and a cold shower, and a kiss on Michael's serenely sleeping face, and she could lick the world.

There were the Jesse Laskys, and Irvin Cobb's daughter, and Rachel Crothers, famous playwright, and Merle Oberon and David Niven and Mady Christians, and Max Reinhardt's son, and Countess Liv de Maigret, and Anita Loos and several others. About twenty. And, of course, there was Miriam, gay and lovely in slick black satin with fringe doo-dahs that were, somehow, very seductive. There were, too, tables laden with chicken, cold meats, hot lobster, chili, and several kinds of salads, vegetable, fruit, encased in gelatin. And while you munch, music makes you happy. Two Spanish boys are playing for you . . . anything and everything.

What did we talk about? Oh, cabbages and kings and every sort of thing. Take twenty smart, sophisticated people, feed them well, scatter music in their consciousness, give them a world-famous actress for a hostess, put them in a charming living room filled with the fragrance of yellow and white roses, put a pounding, moonlit sea beyond the windows . . . and what have you got? Sure, Magnolia! Lots of magnolia.

The last thing I remember, before I went home and to sleep, was Miriam learning to play a Spanish guitar while the grinning troubador placed her quick, eager fingers on the right strings.

I woke up and it was Sunday and someone was shaking me and saying, "Aren't you going to Miriam Hopkins' for breakfast?"

In my very best pajamas, scarlet tunic over long, white accordion-pleated sweeping panties, I made my entrance.

"Good heavens!" squealed Miriam from the bed, with tousled hair, make-up-less face, and a love of a blue flowered chiffon nightie with puffed sleeves, "Look at the girl . . . ain't she elegant!"

I strutted a bit. "Eet ees beautiful!" admired the Countess de Maigret, who was striding up and down the room breathing deeply of the sun and the sea that came through the open French doors of Miriam's charming, early American, eminently comfortable bed-room. "But, look at me!"

I looked and laughed, for the Countess, whose tall, slender figure and marvellous face are exciting duplicates of Garbo's, was wearing a nightie and robe that belonged to teeny Miriam and which reached half-way between her knees and ankles.

Breakfast, on trays, was tomato juice and scrambled eggs and toast and coffee. Breakfast, too, was discussions of the night before, with delicious yawnings and stretchings from Miriam at the delightful prospect of nothing to do for the rest of the day but relax in the sunshine, on the sand.

When the trays were removed Miriam still clutched in her fist a little piece of toast. "That's for Michael," she explained. "It's the greatest treat in the world for him."

"Mummy!" suddenly there was a happy squeal. The quick patter of small feet.

"Darling!" squealed Miriam, and the next instant there was a leap into bed, and a big bear hug, and several kisses, and then I got a look at Michael. He was blonde and stubborn, and pink-cheeked, and sturdy, and dressed in tiny blue pants with a creamy yellow sweater. Under it, young mister Hopkins wears nothing-at-all.

"What did you do all morning?" inquired mummy after they were settled.

"I played wif Irving, and we dug a tunnel." (Irving is Norma Shearer Thalberg's little son.)

"And what else?"

"We went up to see Katrina, but she's a cry baby."

"Oh, she's so very little," Mummy explained, "and she really is a good girl, most of the time."

Then he spied the toast.

"Toast for Michael!" he cried, and he solemnly, like a ritual, popped it into his mouth.

"Well, young lady!" cried a strange voice suddenly. "You're supposed to be ready to go into Hollywood for lunch . . . and look at you!"

"Lunch!" cried Miriam with horror, looking very much like a bad little girl. "Rachel Crothers, did I make a luncheon appointment with someone?"

"YOU did!" said the playwright with a twinkle in her eye but a stern tone in her voice, "for one o'clock, with so-and-so and so-and-so, and then we're all going to a Japanese moving picture theater."

"What about the new play, how's it going?" said Miriam, who wasn't going to get up, luncheon appointment or not.

Miss Crothers was trapped, mention her play and she, too, forgot luncheon. "I've got a problem I'd like to discuss with all of you. You're three bright young things, you ought to give me some good opinions," and she began to outline a very sophisticated, tough problem and we all fell to.

"Listen, Rachel," broke in Miriam excitedly, "let me talk this over one night this week at dinner . . . I love it . . . I want to help, if I can. It'll be like a game."

"Fine!" exclaimed the playwright. "And now, no more stalling! You get right up this instant or I'll . . .!"

Boom! went the mighty Pacific. And thus began another day for Miriam Hopkins.

The Astounding Story of Errol Flynn

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

profession as "bottle smeller" for a cordial company, sorting bottles out, according to smell, for refilling!

To look at Errol Flynn you'd never tag him a pugilist. His frame is tall and slim, streamlined. Shoulders broad, hips thin, features trim. Yet he was a member of the British Olympic boxing team at Amsterdam in 1928. And in New Guinea he thought he might make a better living by his fists than with his nose.

He toured the small towns as a "champion." The barker shouted to the crowds, "'Oo's the local lad as'll tyke a glove with the champion? Five pounds if you knock 'im hout. Ten shillin's if ye stye the distance!"

They always stayed the distance, it seemed to Errol. Twice a day some burly local bully traded socks with him. He crawled in bed bruised and aching.

"Three shillings a week to get Hell knocked out of me," Battling Flynn shudders

IT wasn't a racket you could recommend to young men anxious to get ahead in the world. Errol decided the territorial constabulary couldn't be any worse. He joined up, pinned on his badge and patrolled his districts, impressing the natives with Britain's might. He stuck it five months, then Big Business called. Errol put his small savings down on a small schooner and started freighting copra, the typical South Sea cargo, up and down the coast until he struck a reef one day.

There were a few pounds left from the wreck. He hadn't forgot the gold in the interior. The old prospectors from the Yukon and California gold sniffers from all over the world were passing through bound for the fields. Not all of them made it. It was a good two weeks' plunge through the jungle. A fight every inch of the way. Steaming, suffocating heat, giant jungle leeches that covered your body and sucked your blood. Hostile natives with poisoned darts—and "puk-puk."

He was crossing a river one day. A muddy, swift flowing New Guinea river, widening toward its mouth. Crossing on rafts, cut from the trees on the bank, bound with vines and wild rattan. The rest of the party was safely across. Errol and his black bearer poled into the current, choppy and turbulent, fraying the flimsy bindings.

Midstream they snapped; the logs spread. Errol and his boy plunged into the rushing brown flood. They struck out for shore.

"I felt something rough scrape across my stomach," Errol relates, "it scared me, but not much. Then I heard my boy downstream scream—a ghastly scream. It had scraped him, too, with its snout and fortunately missed. He shouted 'Puk-Puk.' That meant 'crocodile.'"

"I don't know how I got to the bank, but when I did I just sat there all day with a cigarette and a bottle. I had never known what it was to be scared before. I've never been scared like that since."

He made the goldfields. There is still a creek there named "Flynn's Creek" where "fool's luck" favored him. He struck it rich. So rich that a syndicate bought him out for \$50,000. They gave him \$2,000 cash and the rest in stock.

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Errol trekked back through the jungle to the sea and sailed for Sydney to celebrate. No soap, no toothpaste, no razor for months. He looked like Man Mountain Dean. But he had money in his belt.

And he hadn't seen a white woman for over a year.

He lived like a prince in Sydney for two months. There were some other young adventurers eager to help him paint the town red. They took a house overlooking the bay. At night the lights of the ships below twinkled. One night they twinkled too brightly when Errol was feeling exceptionally good. He ran down the hill and laid out his last pound for a skimpy schooner.

He named it "Maski," which means something like, "Who cares?" or "What of it," loaded his pals aboard and set out for New Guinea and adventure.

Ordinarily the trip takes six weeks. They made it in seven months, during which everything happened. Some day you will probably read all about it in a book by one Errol Thomson Flynn. The chief retarding element seems to have been women. They put in at every port, and at every port one or several of the rollicking crew fell in love. And, because they were young, they couldn't leave until love had wearied.

THE "Maski" grounded on a reef off the coast of New Guinea, when they finally got there. The waves smashed her to bits like a heel on a matchbox. Their dinghy had its nose caved in, and the oars swept over the side. How they ever reached shore Errol will never know—but they reached there stony broke—he knew that much.

There was \$48,000 coming to him in New Guinea, he thought. The gold syndicate stock. But the ways of high finance were foreign to Errol Flynn.

The syndicate had "reorganized" and "reconstructed" in his absence. There wasn't much left of the pot for him—not even enough for another boat.

Lightning doesn't strike twice in the same spot, and luck performed like lightning for Errol when he took a second crack at the New Guinea goldfields.

He was dead broke when he came back—except for a small gold chain which today circles his neck. It is fashioned from the first gold ever mined in New Guinea. A dying missionary whom he found in the jungle on this trip gave it to him. It is one of Errol's two most prized possessions.

The other is the good sword of Lord Terrence Flynn, who acquired it as a gift from a member of the Duke of Monmouth's guard in 1686. In "Captain Blood," which starts, strangely enough, with the Monmouth rebellion, Errol uses it exactly as it was used two hundred and fifty years ago—against King James.

Broke, then, in New Guinea Errol made his living by one of the oddest and most dangerous stunts in the world. He recruited savage New Guinea natives for work on the copra plantations.

It meant going far into the bush country, where white men don't venture often.

He carried trinkets, beads, clocks, silver pieces to lure the natives into punching plantation type time clocks. He got so much a "recruit."

Business wasn't so good. The tribes were suspicious of white men (and probably with good reason).

Once Errol penetrated the lands of a par-

ticularly wary and hostile tribe. He squatted in a jungle clearing, laid out his glittering lures and waited.

Soon he sensed eyes burning on him through the heavy thickets.

For four days he sat and waited. Then the bolder bucks crept warily towards him. As a final bait he thought he'd roll a cigarette. This would intrigue them into where he could talk business.

Errol reached for a match, scratched it on his boot. The flame flared—and the black boys dove for cover.

He had to sit there another full week before he could coax them back!

It was a relief when he corralled the job of skipper on a forty-ton schooner. When the Australian movie company came along and chartered his boat and his services to guide them to the Head Hunters, he accepted it as just another adventure, and if you had told him that he was to be ambushed, photographed and that all of this was to eventually take him to Hollywood, a screen star's career, fame and fortune, no doubt Errol Flynn would have whipped out his quinine bottle and offered you a stiff dose.

But of course that's what happened. For the Head Hunter film showed up a very virile and handsome young stalwart when it was developed in Australia. And soon Errol Flynn found himself puzzling over a cable offering him the part of *Fletcher Christian* in that company's original "Bounty" picture, to be made in Tahiti.

On his mother's side Fletcher Christian had been an ancestral relative. The idea appealed to Errol.

He sailed for Tahiti and made a picture called "The Wake Of The Bounty" in which he was a very bad actor indeed.

But that didn't matter. Grease paint had done its dirty work, and the tropics no longer held him in their spell. He wanted to be an actor. He had been "down under" for five years.

It was time to get away now or never. Errol fished for pearls in Tahitian waters for a small stake and set out for home and Ireland.

But you can't toss off a trip home as casually as that with a guy like Errol Flynn.

He would have adventures on a Sunday School picnic.

IT took him over a year to get home. And before he got there he had marched with the Hong Kong Volunteers in the Shanghai uprisings, and quit because they made him shovel snow. He had made his way to French Somaliland and jumped ship at Djibouti penetrating darkest Abyssinia to Addis Ababa, where, posing as a wealthy British mine owner and big game hunter, he was received by Emperor Haile Selassie and lodged in a state mansion!

Mere professional struggles somehow seem to pale sadly before the exploits of a swash-buckling gentleman of fortune like this Flynn fellow.

However, finding an acting job in London seemed as rare a strike as gold in New Guinea.

The general attitude, when he mentioned his part with the Australian company was, "Where is Australia?"

He landed his first job with an English repertory company not more than two years ago. He got it not because his technique impressed but because the publisher of a stage journal, "The Spotlight," was a boxing fan—and Errol had been on the British Olympic

team. He used the influence of his record.

George Bernard Shaw, another Irishman, saw him a bit later on, spoke to John Drinkwater about him, and got him a crack at London in a very appropriately titled opus called "A Man's Man."

The Warner Brothers scouts caught that one and signed him up for their stock group—which would seem to be the end of a romantic trail.

But not for a guy named Flynn.

On the boat coming over—his first trip to the States—he met a beautiful woman who had been courted by some of the greatest gallants in the world.

A few months later, Errol Flynn flew her from Hollywood to Yuma and married her. Lili Damita became Mrs. Flynn of the North Ireland Flynnns.

He arrived in Hollywood as a lowly stock actor at one hundred and fifty dollars a week and through pure personality persuaded a cash conscious studio to gamble a million dollars on him in a part slated for Robert Donat.

Only the gods know what lies ahead of a fellow like that.

A fellow who makes good and becomes the greatest shot in the arm the town has had for years

A fellow who downs a raw egg with Worcestershire sauce and tomato catsup before every meal.

I wondered if Hollywood wouldn't be pretty tame stuff after crocodiles and Head Hunters and goldstrikes and such. I wondered if he wouldn't be getting itching feet before long and a craving for new thrills.

"New thrills?" echoed Mr. Errol Thomson Flynn, as if his ears had deceived him. "Can you imagine a new or bigger thrill than signing one of these every Saturday?"

He extended a draft for a large chunk of the best of the realm. I regarded it with awe and seemly respect. He has had several raises.

"No," I replied at length, "I can't. I really can't."

And I can't—but of course, my name isn't Flynn.

Beautiful Imperfect Faces

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

cheek (if you don't know which is the prominent part, watch where your cheeks puff out when you laugh). Blend very carefully *around this area only*.

The lips of a girl with a square face should be emphasized more heavily than in other types. Thin lips are not becoming to this type so fill them out to their full proportions. Then build both lower and upper lip a bit beyond the natural lines.

Eyebrows for this type of face must not be too thin. Leave the natural growth, plucking only to trim the line. If the brows are thin or uneven, fill out the line with a brow pencil, following the curve of the bone structure and carrying the line well toward the hairline.

How to make a receding chin more prominent, a large nose less conspicuous, and other make-up problems which will help you to balance your beauty ledger are answered in our leaflet, "Spring Faces," yours for a self-addressed envelope to: Carolyn VanWyck, Photo-play Magazine, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City

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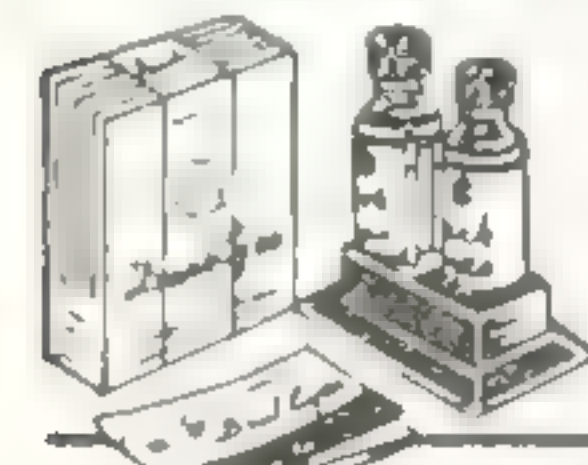
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BLONDES

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The Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

in the battle of the sexes? Why not use it? Why not, indeed.

How simple to mention the classic line of a lady's head, her swan-like neck and the waste and tragedy of submerging it beneath a heavy coiffure. How casual to laugh about the ridiculous gossip running rife in New York and Paris concerning the bad legs of all picture stars, and the need for covering them in dowdy long skirts. How easy to insinuate that it was the duty of the foremost star of the industry to introduce a new trend, to be *the first one*.

Did it work? Like magic, dear readers, like magic! And if your motion picture memory is equal to an eleven-year somersault, you'll recall the pother of excitement caused by Miss Joy's wardrobe in "The Dressmaker from Paris," especially her sleek shingled hair, and the daringly scanty skirts of the daytime clothes.

THE same system worked, in time, on the stolid and sulphuric Negri, who presented a really ticklish problem for many weeks. She did not flatter easily, and Banton couldn't budge her out of her beloved trains because she was highly sensitive about the slight bow of one leg.

And then Negri was at all times the complete star, aloof and regal. She would arrive for her fittings with a retinue of maids, hairdressers, secretaries, chauffeurs and wardrobe girls that demanded respect. These flunkies stood silently and nervously about in an outer room while the great one discussed and fitted clothes for hours on end in an inner sanctum.

Only a maid, the one who always carried the mysterious box, was admitted on these occasions. Now that box caused high curiosity and conjecture about the studio, but no one ever discovered what it really concealed. Banton knew, but he never told. Well, not until now, anyway.

The box held small vials of liquor, Scotch, gin, champagne and brandy. If the fittings were long and fatiguing, Negri called for the brandy vial to revive her. If she was in one of her rare gay, light-hearted moods, she ordered the champagne vial and asked Banton to join her. However, he never learned just what moods demanded the Scotch or the gin, and he vehemently insists that the vials contained mere ladylike sips.

Strangely enough, the imperial Negri's conversion was finally accomplished with all the attendant hilarity of a bed-room farce.

One day Banton received a summons to the star's Japanese dressing-rooms for luncheon and a costume conference. A variety of foreign food was served, but Banton found the heavy red wine more to his taste (those were Prohibition days, you know) and he proceeded to drink his lunch.

His favorite topic, "short skirts," soon flared up, and in a sudden mad moment of false courage induced by the heady wine, Banton found himself hoisting the stately Pola onto the table and shouting orders to her to raise her skirts above her knees. Amazingly enough the majestic Pola obeyed, and stood precariously amid food and wine while Banton studied the royal limbs from all angles.

He shouted more things at her concerning his ability to conceal the slight defect with clever designing and Negri was so impressed or stunned she permitted him to bully her into making a camera test wearing one of the hated short skirts.

Shortly after this successful coup Banton collided painfully with the juggernaut of studio politics. He was to collide with it again in later years, but the first impact left the most painful marks.

He was in the very midst of another Leatrice Joy wardrobe, this time for "Grounds for Divorce," when a studio official telephoned with the startling news that a new player named Florence Vidor was going to replace the star. And the same official suggested that Banton break the cheerful news to Miss Joy herself when she arrived for her fitting, because, he explained, the studio executives didn't quite have the nerve to do it themselves.

There was nothing else for Banton to do. When Leatrice arrived unexpectedly early, he was refitting her gowns on Florence Vidor. He remembers that she took it on the chin without a whimper.

"I have had to repeat this unpleasant task several times," he once told me, "and the manner in which a big star greets such humiliating news is an interesting index to her character. Leatrice Joy did not break into weak tears or blind fury. She was philosophical about it, and unselfishly seemed to realize my desperate position in the mix-up and tried to make it easy for me."

It was under this cloud of turmoil and intrigue that Banton met Florence Vidor, the star who was destined to leave an indelible and emotional imprint on the pages of his personal life.

At first he found it unusually difficult to work with her. She held herself behind an impenetrable barrier of remoteness that defied even Banton's easy friendliness.

And then added to the list of obstacles she was the worst of the super-meticulous stars.

NOTHING was too small or insignificant to escape the Vidor eye. She inspected the placing of every hook, eye and snap on every frock Banton designed for her. On one occasion, he recalls, she stood (and kept him standing) four hours while she supervised the distribution of some three hundred feather tufts over the vast area of an extremely bouffant skirt. And each tuft, Banton assured me, was placed and replaced a dozen times before the entire effect suited the Vidor sense of impeccability.

He would close the fitting-room door after her with a strange mixture of deadly weariness and unreasonable adulation. Perversely enough, he was in love with his most difficult star.

Several years later, when he had finally reached through Florence's aloofness to a warm friendship, he discovered the reason for her withdrawal from most people. She hated her job. She did not want to be an actress or a famous woman. Hollywood was a noisy, picture grinding village that isolated and confined her. She longed to escape, but during the latter part of her career, she had a child to support.

During his Hollywood years Banton has met but one other star with this same strange complex, but she must obviously go unnamed because she is still working on the screen and must earn a living.

At no time during the long years of their friendship did Banton reveal his true feelings to Florence Vidor. This confession will, no doubt, come as a great surprise to her. When he first met her, Florence was King Vidor's wife, then, following a divorce, she was engaged to director George Fitzmaurice. After this attachment was severed, Florence left for a long eastern trip where she renewed an old friendship with the great violinist, Jascha Heifetz, and when she returned she was glowing with a new-found happiness. Banton can still vividly remember her very words the day she returned.

She said:

"Yes, Travis, I'm going to marry my violinist, and I'm going to raise an orchestra of my own and jolly well be the conductor of it, too."

The orchestra at the moment comprises a three-year-old daughter, and a one-year-old son.

He loved but one, and he disliked but two. They were Greta Nissen and Nancy Carroll. There was a third star with whom he frankly could not get along, but he cannot classify her under his personal aversions. The third young lady was Sylvia Sidney.

GRETA was his first great disappointment. She arrived with vine leaves in her hair from a dizzy success in the New York production of "Beggar on Horseback." And because all this came to pass in the pre-historic, pre-sound age, her Norwegian accent did not interfere with a picture career.

Banton added her Continental and New York background with her superb beauty and decided he had something remarkable to work with, a lovely woman with well educated taste. He worked feverishly on her gowns for the first picture, but Greta would have none of them. She made it clear from the first that she liked one-sleeved evening gowns, aigrette laden picture hats, Queen Elizabeth collars on backless gowns, and a plethora of ermine tails as the ideal trimming for any costume.

Banton was adamant about such costumes going out on the screen over his name. He had a reputation to protect. Greta refused to wear anything else, and there they were.

Every fitting ended with Greta in a state of excitement, abetted and comforted by the sultry Norwegian mutterings of a hovering mother and brother. This sturdy trio battled him for one whole year, but he held the fort valiantly.

Greta didn't wear a single Elizabethan collar in one of his pictures.

In 1927 he received an official studio memorandum announcing the advent of a new and unknown player, named, prettily enough, Nancy Carroll.

Banton recalls that he was struck with the euphony of the name, because it rolled so easily off the tongue.

He whistled as he drew sketches for their first fitting-room conference, blithely unaware that he was on the brink of a four-year war.

Next month read Travis Banton's fitting-room secrets concerning Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman, Evelyn Brent and many other stars.



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I Meet the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

got plenty of stuff as you know it plants better when they take it themselves.

Well, Otto was trying to get the boys to come back and take some pictures of our star and his bride. I went and helped him plead and beg. After what seemed like hours we finally succeeded in getting them back to the spot where I had parked Boyer and his missus, but by then they had become tired of waiting and had beat it.

You see, the racehorse, Twenty Grand, was in the baggage car and some sports writer arrived and cracked off and all the boys were too busy taking pictures of the nag to worry about our screen star!

The only consolation is that Paul Palmer didn't get anything either—he was pleading with the boys too.

Anyway it wasn't a total loss. I got a great interview with Boyer while we were walking down the car aisle. I'll write it and plant it with a portrait and we won't even say that he is married.

I think a lot of art with him and his wife is bad—it spoils the old glamour.

Honestly, Chief, I'm sorry about all the trouble. I've been having a run of hard luck ever since I sat on my girl's purse and broke her mirror.

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS FROM WALTER STEVENS

We have arranged for Joan Bennett to appear in person at the Warfield Theater, San Francisco, Friday. You had better grab tonight's train and spend all day tomorrow arranging plenty of publicity up there. Bennett will come by train tomorrow night, arriving early Friday morning. I want you to get a great spread in all the papers. Arrange for interviews and everything else you can think of. I will personally promise you there will be no horses in the baggage car so you ought to get plenty on her arrival as screen stars don't arrive in San Francisco every day as they do here.

Also, I suggest you start looking for four leaf clovers in your spare time. I assure you that because you break a mirror doesn't mean I'm going to have seven years of your bad luck.

TELEGRAM

WALTER STEVENS

SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.

HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

HIT EVERY PAPER IN TOWN TODAY WITH STORIES ON BENNETT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCES TOMORROW STOP HAVE ARRANGED FOR MAYOR TO MEET AND GREET JOAN PERSONALLY AT THE DEPOT STOP THEATER IS SENDING THEIR BAND AND ALL THE PAPERS SENDING PHOTOGS STOP HAVE INTERVIEWS LINED UP FOR BALANCE OF THE MORNING STOP DOES BENNETT KNOW SHE IS TO MAKE FIVE APPEARANCES DURING THE DAY AND NIGHT AT THEATER QUESTION MARK THEATER STATES THAT IS UNDERSTANDING AND THEY ARE ADVERTISING HER AT ALL PERFORMANCES REGARDS

JOE COLLINS

TELEGRAM

JOE COLLINS

PALACE HOTEL

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

SORRY BENNETT HAS COLD AND HER PHYSICIAN THINKS ADVISABLE SHE FLY UP TOMORROW MORNING STOP SHE WILL ARRIVE ON THE TENTH THIRTY PLANE STOP SHE WILL EXPECT YOU TO HAVE HER SPEECH WRITTEN FOR HER AND EVERYTHING ARRANGED FOR HER APPEARANCE STOP WHY DON'T YOU LINE UP SOME RADIO INTERVIEWS THAT WILL BE HEARD ALL OVER THE COUNTRY REGARDS

WALTER STEVENS

TELEGRAM

JOE COLLINS

AWAITING JOAN BENNETT

MUNICIPAL AIRPORT

SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA

WENT TO WRONG AIRPORT AND MISSED PLANE AS THE IDIOTS WOULDN'T WAIT FOR ME ON ACCOUNT OF THE MAIL STOP AM CHARTERING PLANE AND WILL BE THERE SOON STOP WAIT FOR ME REGARDS

JOAN BENNETT

Palace Hotel

Market Street

San Francisco, California

Mr. Walter Stevens

Supreme Productions, Inc.

Hollywood, California

Dear Mr. Stevens:

Just returned from putting Joan Bennett on the train for Hollywood. This is the first chance I have had to report on her arrival, appearance, etc.

When I got up here Thursday morning I started right off to "go to town" on publicity for Bennett. As I wired you, I hit every paper on advance stories, etc. I also worked like the devil and, through certain personal connections, had it all set for the Mayor to meet the train. Everything was set for a big time arrival with a band, all the photogs, etc.

Well, I got back to the hotel tired as the dickens and what do I find but a wire from you saying that Bennett is FLYING! I then had to retrace all my steps and change all the arrangements.

This I managed to do, but it cost me several hours' sleep and somebody a bill for refreshments.

Yesterday morning I had everyone assembled at the airport. I had an armful of roses I promoted from a local florist and a big limousine waiting that I promoted from a local automobile dealer. The band was tuning up, the Mayor was on hand and rehearsed, and all the photogs were lined up with their boxes. I'm gazing at the sky when I hear my name being paged and a boy shows up with a wire from Joan Bennett that she's missed the plane and is chartering a private one. It seemed she went to the wrong airport and when it became a question of mail or female Uncle Sam voted in favor of the mail.

I tried to appear calm and collected and began assuring everyone that there was nothing

to worry about and that Joan would be there shortly.

After about twenty minutes or so, the Mayor bows out in spite of all my pleas. Then the band has to leave to get back to the theater to rehearse and play the first show. Pretty soon the boys on the afternoon sheets say it is passing their deadlines and begin to beat a retreat. I sell one on taking a picture of the telegram and bid them a tearful good-bye.

At last there's no one left but me and my wilted roses and the theater manager with a wilted collar and a case of the jitters on account of having advertised Bennett at all performances and figuring he is stuck for plenty of refunds. By then, he and I are meeting all sea gulls. We even met a couple of sparrows.

AT last in swoops a plane with Joan, her companion, hairdresser and maid. I introduced her hastily to the theater manager and load them all in the limousine. I begin to rehearse Joan immediately in her speech which I had written as per your instructions. She asks what's the hurry. To give her the speech and she will learn it while she rests and has her hair done and eats. I then point out that we have to beat all existing speed records to get her to the theater in time for her first appearance. She wants to know what I mean "first appearance" as she is only going to appear once. I then learn for the first time that you had forgotten to tell her she was to make five appearances.

It took considerable arguing to get her out on the stage for the first show, but I did it. While she was appearing, I hastened to grab a phone and get the interviewers down to the theater so that by the time she finished her first appearance, they were waiting for her. This kept her occupied until the next show. I also got the photogs down and we took pictures of her between the second and third appearances. Between the third and fourth shows she did a radio interview over a coast-to-coast hook-up, as per your suggestion. Then she got tough and insisted on eating between the fourth and last show. It was then nearly eight p.m. so I took her to dinner at the St. Francis Hotel where Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians happened to be opening that night.

I had it all set with the hotel press agent and Guy, and we got her up to the mike and made her say a few words, coast-to-coast over the air. She was kind of sore at me because we had to get back for the last show and she missed all her dinner but the soup, but we made it okay. I had it arranged for her to drop in at the Mark Hopkins and also at the Palace after the last show. They broadcast dance music coast-to-coast in those spots too, but she wouldn't co-operate. I let her go to bed early on account of her cold so her hairdresser and I took in the other spots and had a few dances.

I am mailing you herewith today's papers and you'll see we get plenty of space—on Bennett I mean, not the hairdresser.

This morning I persuaded Joan to drop in at a store where I had fixed it for her to autograph pictures for a couple of hours on the mezzanine. The store gave us two big windows and a space in their ads.

I wanted her to model some dresses in another store where I had it all set, but she wouldn't co-operate.

It was only an hour before time for her plane to pull out, so we had lunch. I asked her if she had reservations and she said she did, so everything looked sweet and lovely.

When we got clear out to the airport it turned out she only had tickets, no reservations, so we had to come back. Joan wouldn't



**FOUNDATION
BY
GOSSARD**



Babs* is 19, and the star of her class at dramatic school. In fact she's already been offered a part in a show opening next month. (She hasn't decided whether to take it or not. The nicest boy she's ever known has been making rather attractive offers, too!)

To look at her picture you'd never believe that the school used to think her figure too awkward for the stage.

But Barbara found it out. And she very quickly put herself into a Gossard "Goss-Amour" elastic *net* combination. She says it's the only foundation she knows of which feels like nothing at all. But how it does smooth those awkward lines into flowing curves. "Goss-Amour" garments are from \$5.00 to \$12.50.

*Not her real name

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model the dresses in the afternoon or co-operate on a couple of other things I suggested, so we had refreshments and finally dinner. I invited the theater manager to dinner so I wouldn't get stuck with the check.

I had made reservations myself for the party on the train and loaded them on and they'll be in tomorrow. Why don't you meet them when they arrive tomorrow A.M.? I looked myself and there's no horses aboard. However, I might mention that Hepburn is in Drawing Room A, so you better check with RKO and arrange to have the photogs shoot the two gals together.

Best regards,
JOE COLLINS

P. S.

Please don't blame my troubles up here on my girl's mirror. There was a cross-eyed porter on the train coming up. When I caught him making up my berth I knew hard luck was still pursuing me.

J.C.

TELEGRAM
WALTER STEVENS
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA
JOE PENNER ARRIVING ON CHIEF
TOMORROW STOP HAS DRAWING
ROOM C CAR TEN STOP MEET HIM
AT PASADENA STOP SUGGEST SOME
GAG ARRIVAL PICTURES WITH HIS
FAMOUS DUCK GOO GOO REGARDS

AL

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS
FROM WALTER STEVENS

Please meet Penner as per attached wire. By all means use his famous duck, Goo Goo, in the arrival art. As far as I know, ducks are not conveyors of bad luck. However, get yourself a rabbit's foot and hang a horseshoe around your neck—I have enough bad luck of my own without hiring you to supply it for me.

MEMO TO OTTO METZ
FROM JOE COLLINS

Joseph Peter Piper Penner arrives tomorrow at Pasadena. We want some arrival art featuring his famous duck, Goo Goo. I happen to know this duck he talks about over the radio is only an imaginary one, so we'll leave early and pick up a real duck on the way over.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS
FROM JOE COLLINS

Please okay the attached requisition for a double bungalow to accommodate two ducks. (For your information, Joe Penner's famous Goo Goo has a new mate—Ga Ga! I'll explain.)

I know, or at least I had read or heard that Penner's duck was actually as non-existent as the one Wimpy invites you to bring over for a duck dinner. Therefore, not taking any chances, Otto and I stopped by a butcher shop on Temple Street and I selected a duck which I thought would photograph well. Whether I was right or wrong I'll never know! I no sooner pointed it out than the guy grabbed it and slayed it in cold blood.

I explained at length that if we wanted a dead duck we'd have used a stuffed one and that we are selecting a duck to be glorified in the pages of the great American press. I finally picked another bird which seemed to have a nice personality. You will note on my expense account that I not only had to pay for the live duck, but also for the dead one. I'll admit I took the dead one home and we

had a duck dinner. If this makes any difference you can de-duck it! Cute?

Otto, the duck and I were waiting with smiles when the Chief pulled in at Pasadena. But imagine our astonishment and slight embarrassment when Joseph Peter Piper Penner steps off the car with a duck tucked neatly under his arm. It is time for some quick thinking and quicker explanations to the newspaper boys whom I had already informed that Joe had sent the famous Goo Goo on ahead by plane.

I hastened to explain that Joe had brought Goo Goo's mate Ga Ga with him. That went over swell and we got some great pictures that you saw in the papers today.

If you will okay the requisition for a double bungalow, we will ensconce Goo Goo and Ga Ga therein and I will arrange some blessed events, christenings, etc., etc.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS
FROM JOE COLLINS

As you know, Goo Goo and Ga Ga, Penner's duo of ducks, are living happily in the double bungalow we had built and placed on the lawn in front of the administration building.

I purchased twelve (12) duck eggs which are guaranteed to hatch in time for the big christening and celebration a week from tomorrow. I have done a little private christening in advance. It was necessary to change Goo Goo's name to Ga Ga and Ga Ga's name to Goo Goo. You see Goo Goo is the only one who will sit on the eggs.

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS
FROM WALTER STEVENS

What about your duck farm? I haven't heard anything for two weeks.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS
FROM JOE COLLINS

Knowing your complete lack of sympathy with my run of bad luck, I hate to report my latest tragedy.

You will remember that you told me to get some advance Easter pictures for the magazines. Well, I spotted Claudette Colbert walking across the lot that same day wearing an Eastery-looking frock so I hastened to proposition her to pose for a couple of shots. She said, "How are you going to take Easter pictures without any Easter eggs?" That's when I had a sudden flash of inspiration!

Telling Claudette to stand by while Otto got the camers set up, I rushed over and borrowed Ga Ga's (formerly Goo Goo) nest of eggs. Surely you recall the swell Easter pictures I got of Claudette.

I returned the eggs to Ga Ga, but they have never hatched and now they tell me they never will. It seems you should never take eggs out of a nest and use them for pictures because they get cold and won't ever hatch. If I had only remembered it was Friday the 13th I never would have tried to do anything that day.

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS
FROM WALTER STEVENS

What do you mean I'm not sympathetic? To prove how my heart rules my head, I've gone to the trouble of locating another job for you.

Take the enclosed letter and—carefully avoiding black cats on the way—go over and see the Publicity Chief at Walt Disney's. You should do great over there handling Mickey Mouse. After all, Mickey is simply a pipe-dream of Walt Disney's—and you are wonderful on dreams

Boos & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

"I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "Bordertown" and "Dr. Socrates," the incomparable Paul Muni!

These are assuredly the unanimous sentiments of a multitude of discriminating film fans over here, and I hope they reiterate similar opinions on your side.

MICK DAWSON, Bandra, Bombay, India

\$1 PRIZE

HALLELUJAHS FOR HENRY

Glory be for Mister Henry Fonda, the personification of our own American farmer. The young folks like him because he is irresistible in his tender simplicity, and the older ones revel in his lifelike characterizations of that lad down on the farm.

Hail to Henry Fonda, the genuine American boy rounding into manhood. He is the typical college boy, or the half-shy lad in the corner drug store. There is no other man on the screen today so refreshing to watch. These facts are evident in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," "Way Down East" and "I Dream Too Much."

I hope the casting directors don't ruin this fine young actor by miscasting him as a suave young man about town, but leave him as we all admire him, a frank lovable kid saying what he thinks and acting accordingly.

Shucks, I reckon I just kinda like the young fella.

KATHERINE UNDERWOOD, Oakland, Calif.

\$1 PRIZE

STARS FOR RONALD

Surely Dickens himself as he looks down from his place among the immortals must long to toss a handful of heaven's brightest stars to Ronald Colman for his beautiful poignant portrayal of that gallant gentleman *Sydney Carton* in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Mr. Colman is indeed a great actor, and this I think is his finest performance. It should prove a source of courage, inspiration and hope to all of us who saw it.

MARY F. HICKEY, Jersey City, N. J.

NATIVE VS. FOREIGN TALENT

There has been so much talk of late about foreign and native movie talent. I believe that talent, like art, has no nationality. Does it make any difference where the fascinating Garbo comes from? She does not captivate the hearts of her audience because she is a Swede, nor is she less glamorous because of that; she is loved and admired because of her great performances and that elusive something called screen personality.

We like Charles Boyer because of his engaging smile and charm; does it matter that he was born in France? Leslie Howard's appeal and art have made him dear to American audiences, so why worry because he is an Englishman? And what about the greatest artist of them all, the never to be forgotten Valentino—we do not remember him as an Italian.

It is the business of the producers to give the cinema public what it wants, and it wants art and talent regardless of nationality. Talent is universal, just as the appeal of these artists is universal.

BESSIE TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

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The Private Life of a Talking Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

any 1936 house, we start at once with sketches. But if the action takes place in some previous year and in a foreign country, then the research department takes first honor."

The research department is a collection of monster filing cabinets and libraries of books containing the most complete fund of general knowledge in the world. Trained women preside here, their sole occupation that of answering 50,000 questions a year.

The questions pour in from many sides, often from harassed directors who must know what sanitary precautions are taken in a Chinese cholera district, how men shaved in 1885, and if coal were used in the days of Marie Antoinette. But the department is employed mostly by Gibbons and the set builders, who must learn the forms of Russian architecture in greatest favor during Czar days, for "Anna Karenina," how the interior of H.M.S. Bounty was painted; and what sort of cribs English people used about the time of the French Revolution, for "A Tale of Two Cities."

All this the price of authenticity.

BUT when the research girls have sent in their folios of information for each scene, Mr. Gibbons and his assistants re-read the scenario and do a great deal of hard thinking.

"Then," he continued, "we hold a meeting with the director and discuss various set-ups; camera and light positions, methods of getting effects. The conversation may run on whether a certain station scene shall have a train pushed through it, or whether the camera will cut to the train later; whether the actors will stand against the engine or a pullman; whether there shall be rain or snow. . . ."

"After that we make sketches of the lay-outs, and have a blue-print model built. With this to show, there's another meeting with the director where we add the final touches. And the rest is a matter of putting the sets together, painting, and 'dressing' them.

"Fifteen were finished today. They ranged in form from a submarine interior to a radio station. An entire production can be equipped with its fifty sets in five weeks."

The significance of Cedric Gibbons' work is not bound by mere studio walls, however. What is more exciting is that the original and modern interiors he designs are slowly but steadily changing the trend of architecture and decoration in the American home. Letters by the hundreds are mailed to him daily, asking for the plans of scenes from current pictures, for reproduction. When he decided that Jean Harlow would photograph well against an entirely white background, bedrooms and dining halls throughout the United States became white within a few weeks. Furniture dealers watch the movies carefully, and make a business of duplicating new upholstery and draperies that catch the public eye.

In the course of my work in various departments responsible for sets, I spent a pleasant three hours helping to make one of the little thin-wood working models so necessary in final construction. If you've ever lost yourself in the hobby of making toy airplanes or tiny sailing vessels you have experienced the delight of miniature detail; these little rooms and hallways are as carefully done as Colleen Moore's famous doll-house, but they have much more practical value.

It is by their use that mistakes are discovered. The director traces out potential action across the reduced space of floors, watches hypothetical entrances and exits; and as a result doorways are shifted, windows moved, and whole apartments juggled.

Thus with these little toys and great sheets of blue-printed detail beside them, carpenters build the sets on sound-stage space which has been reserved months in advance, so busy is Metro in the making of movies.

The carpenters are pretty swell fellows to work with. They are regular house builders recruited usually from neighborhood construction companies, but they've got to be good, because speed and absolute accuracy is the keynote here. And then it is no easy job to put up artificial cloth walls that must give an appearance of being eight inches thick—that's an art.

These men have more to tell over the dinner table than any of their contemporaries outside of Hollywood. And they must know tricks of construction not entirely possible anywhere else in the world. Scripts call for giant fireplaces roaring with flame; and there must be no fire-hazard. So flues of asbestos and plaster must lead up the canvas walls, and substitutes for stone hearths must be arranged.

And they love it, these workers. They're enthusiastic about their jobs. Said one of them to me: "I wouldn't trade my spot for a place outside the studio even if I were offered twice the salary. Why, all this—" he looked about him, at part of a white yacht on wheels standing next to a palace throne-room—"it's a show, in itself. Something to watch . . ."

Painters and metal-workers and electricians move in next, but theirs is routine work except that, like the carpenters, they must work with expert quickness and in an atmosphere of careful make-believe. It is when they are finished and the bare set stands complete and empty that the prop department gets busy.

I've got to admit that with the exception of a trip to a big location camp I had more fun puttering about in the great properties warehouse than in any other department at M-G-M.

THAT warehouse is an Aladdin's cave, four stories high, containing multiple millions of dollars worth of everything you can think of—which sounds like *some* order, but it's true.

On the first floor is the private office of Edwin B. Willis, who heads the department and who is guardian of the treasure here. To him we go for a survey of those problems involved in the "dressing" of a set.

"First," Willis told me, "you must know that our creed insofar as props is concerned, is *reality*. When you see Clark Gable being served a meal from a silver service in any picture, that silver is solid sterling. When Garbo fondles a figurine it's a genuine Tanagra, and Joan Crawford's dressing-table set is the best cloisonné. The chairs these people sit in are period antiques purchased all over the world by our scouts, who go from auction to auction, pry about in attics of old houses, run over to Europe for a special piece."

My inevitable query: "Why not fake them, save money?"—and his reply:

"Two reasons. First, the camera picks up artificiality in things like house-furnishings and decorations. And then, second, it helps the

stars give more convincing portrayals. They can feel their parts better if the atmosphere is real."

During my peregrinations through the store-rooms I discovered what he meant. The rows of Chippendale and Louis XVI and Colonial American; the cases of Sheffield silver and Sèvres porcelain; the hand-done flimsy crystal and exquisite Spode; the rolls of Aubusson and Oriental rugs—they would send a connoisseur into hysterical delight. I spend hours trying to find the secret drawer in one mellow old highboy bought from the estate of a forgotten family; and at last a bit of carving fell inward, and a panel slid back, and I drew out a yellowed letter beginning, "Beloved, If Alyce discovers we've. . . ."

Four generations of one Chinese family worked steadily, lifetime after lifetime, to carve so minutely this huge ebony table; an old French woman went blind making the petit-point lining of that mahogany chest.

"We carry our pampering of the stars' tastes to great lengths," Mr. Willis went on, "because we've discovered that the more at home they feel the better they act. It's a psychological factor that's terribly important. Then, too, always remembering that the set is a sort of picture frame for the player, we try to express that player's personality in the layout.

"Thus Miss Crawford's sets are usually done in sapphire-blue and chartreuse, even if the colors don't show in the film; Garbo likes heavy, dull backgrounds; and Norma Shearer is typified by modern, clean-cut rooms with very little clutter in them."

Under Willis is a staff of interior artists who specialize in different modes of design: one for historical apartments, one for foreign styles, one for ultra modern rooms. Working with him, they plan the sets so carefully that even the colors of the women's gowns do not clash with the harmonies of curtains and carpets.

"We work out a room as only one portion of a picture," Willis finished, "and the stars complete it. We think of them as additional furniture, in one respect. It's a complicated game."

I SPENT one whole day with Jack Moore, the artist-decorator who does Joan Crawford's lovely settings, while he dressed a set for her latest picture. We started early in the morning when Jack, standing thoughtfully staring at the clean new walls just erected in sound-stage number four, began to see the completed rooms as they would be that night. Script in hand, we hurried back to the prop department.

The story called for a mansion interior, owned by an old lady (Joan's movie grandmother) of great wealth and good taste. The entire set, then, would contain furniture of high intrinsic value, probably period pieces of Early English variety. The Grandmamma's bedroom would have a suggestion of refined mustiness about it; but Joan's boudoir, though retaining the old and expensive feeling of the entire house, would evince a modern intrusion. It would have her flair, subtly flavored of past days. There would be, here, 1936 M-G-M, things of sapphire-blue and chartreuse.

We scurried to the third floor and invaded the drapery section, where bolts of material are piled high and where women sit all day sewing curtains and portieres. We chose tomato-colored glazed chintz with an oriental design for Joan's windows, since Jack had decided to use Chinese Chippendale in her room; we chose priceless heavy tapestry for the old



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lady's sleeping chamber. We sent the materials down to Mr. Willis for an Okay.

We hurried into the "florist shop," where all the flowers used in production are beautifully imitated in velvets and muslin and shiny green cloth by skilled workers. Since a two-minute dialogue in front of a vase with a bouquet in it may take hours to film, and since real leaves and petals wither in a few seconds under the heat of arc-lights, this sub-department is an important props unit. Jack Moore and I chose the flowers.

Then for two hours we walked up and down the aisles of stacked furniture, followed by prop-boys, while Jack decided which chairs and tables he wanted. "That Queen Anne chest of drawers," he would say, pointing; "those four satinwood Adam chairs; that octagon coffee-stand; this peach-taffeta dressing table with the lace cover. . . ."

The list grew. The prop-boys lugged and grunted.

There were a few things that he wanted that weren't in stock here. So they would be rented that afternoon. In the meantime, we ran to the upholstery department to make sure a chaise-longue would be ready in time. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in the matter of re-covering furniture as in all other things, is sufficient unto itself.

And so, after lunch, I followed suave Mr. Moore onto the set where already the things he had pointed out earlier in the day were waiting for placement. Under his direction those chairs and desks and tables moved magically over the carpeting, assumed positions against the walls, and looked as if they had been there always. By five o'clock, the rooms were finished to the pictures on the white panels, paper-knives carelessly left on blotters, and the satin-puffs on canopied beds. By the time this story is published you will have watched Joan Crawford move through those rooms, in "I Live My Life."

A QUICK glance at the prop-man, one of the most fabulous of studio figures, will end our snooping into the affairs of those who make sets. Truly behind the scenes, since no one ever hears of him, he nevertheless is clever, essentially intelligent, resourceful and versatile.

He must, as part of every-day routine, know how to keep ice-cream frozen for hours; he must know the correct solvent for removing stains that might get on a star's dress; seven different ways of brewing tea and coffee; the correct placement of silver and china on a

formal table. He must be familiar with all rules of etiquette, including the right order of wines at a banquet, and he must know how to be nurse to a baby, when there is one on the set.

He must be a first-aid doctor, understand the symptoms of coming sickness when he sees it.

His routine knowledge must include the position of almost any type of prop a director might need, and he must be able to find those props in a maze of billiard balls and dentist's equipment; manicure sets and spectacles; hunting-knives and hand-luggage; quill pens and telephones; ship models and bearskins; cushions and barber chairs; jewels for a king and jewels for an elephant's headdress.

HE must know his 30,000 units of "paper-props": Russian café menus, foreign bank-books, time tables of all railways and steamships, maps of all countries, liquor labels, theater tickets, real estate deeds, mortgages. A director may ask for anything, any time, from invisible ink to a quart of man-eating ants; and even if it means hunting all over the United States, the prop-man must do his job.

There is the amusing anecdote of the caterpillars: somebody or other wanted three bushels of them for a plague sequence. The prop-men couldn't find caterpillars in any such quantity and said so. Disgusted, the director had a thousand fuzzy worms made of cloth and hair, shot his scenes, and forgot about it—nearly. But in the meantime one prop-man wouldn't say die. He heard of a caterpillar crop in Oregon and sent for three bushels of them, which arrived too late. The thwarted man said nothing, but turned his wriggling catch out into the shrubbery on the lot.

And two hours later in stormed a fuming director. "What did this silly department mean, whining that there were no caterpillars when the whole darned studio was crawling with millions of them. . . .?"

Wherefore we have reached, in this series, the time when we must finish our nose-poking into all "preparatory" activities. We have got the script finished; the players chosen, clothed and painted; the sets ready. But in the course of unbroken narrative it has been necessary to slip by a score of departments and hundreds of people utterly essential in the making of a movie. We cannot ignore them—they are too glamorous, too significant.

Thus we must devote a story to those "people behind the people behind the scenes"—a story of human interest, of discovery. You'll have it next month.

Mr. Chips Discovers Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

its implications, but because its clues are masked so obviously that even a visitor can detect them. It is the difference between the evening and the morning star, the star who is afraid his option may not be exercised, and the star who is afraid that it will.

Because the picture industry goes on, insatiable in its demands for new faces, new voices, new ideas. It shows signs of invading all surrounding territory; it already produces plays on Broadway, ties up with radio networks, has an interest in big sporting events, and even puts out a finger tentatively into the realm of book publishing. Eventually, perhaps, the result will be a huge earth-girdling Entertain-

ment Trust, the most gigantic industry in a world where (for the vast majority of people) work is going to be easy and only leisure a problem. Actors, artists, writers, musicians, radio-entertainers, boxers and footballers—all will be involved, more or less directly, in an organization which will reach out with equal eagerness for a Max Baer and a Max Beer-bohm. Out of money will come a certain amount of culture, and out of culture a certain amount of money.

I do not, myself, look forward to that day with unbounded zest. The artist is a solitary; he finds it hard to work in harness. But as the world seems to be shaping, that harness must

be worn, if certain things are to be done at all. Picture-making is one of them. It is a coöperative enterprise between actors, writers, director-producers, and technicians. A picture is much more than a photographed stage-play, much more than the selection and abstraction of dialogue out of a novel. It is a job that one man cannot do, and that a group of men cannot do if each tries to behave with one-man autocracy. Now this coöperative working is immensely difficult; but every first-class picture proves that it is possible. Often when I walk through a studio or listen to a preliminary discussion between writer and producer, I wonder how it is that good pictures ever get made at all. But then when I see a good picture on the screen, it seems to me that the whole world could take a lesson from the studios in achieving an occasionally successful outcome from the familiar human mix-up of brains, uncertainty, personal rivalries, hard effort, sparks of genius, pure nonsense, and excellent intentions

SO that I do not join in the sneers about Hollywood that one hears most often (if the truth be told) from writers and actors who would flock there by the next boat and train if they had half a chance. Hollywood is a pioneer city; pioneer in the realm of art and intellect, just as the wild-western cities of a generation ago were pioneers of physical onrush. Indeed, in this more subtle sense, Hollywood is the wildest west of all, a sort of mental and spiritual rodeo going on all the time. It may not suit every mood of the visitor who (like myself) could be perfectly and permanently happy in some quiet university town in either New or Old England; but it is, most excitingly, a community facing and solving new problems, and those problems are of the future.

Even the geographical lay-out of Hollywood belongs to this new age. With the surrounding townships of Beverly Hills and Santa Monica and the huge adjacent Los Angeles, it makes up the most spacious urban unit in the world—a population of a million and a half occupying an area as large as a province. The city seems never to end; in the European sense, it also seems never to begin. Its streets are each about twenty miles long, and you cruise along them at anything up to fifty miles an hour. It is the rarest experience to find yourself within

walking distance of anybody you want to visit. The entire conglomeration of gardens and boulevards is planned under the assumption that everyone will travel by car, just as the alleyways of Bruges or Oxford were built for the age when ten miles an hour was fast. Mankind has speeded up since then, and Los Angeles is in top gear, a paradise for all motorists except those involved in accidents that killed over a thousand persons during 1935.

And as with space, so inversely with time. Just as twenty miles is a short distance to drive to a Hollywood cocktail-party, so five years is an age, ten years is history, while twenty years ago is historic. A quarter of a century ago is even prehistoric, for that harks back to the days before "The Birth of a Nation," to those early nickelodeon audiences who always laughed at far-flung custard-pies and never laughed at "Came the Dawn!" If you have lived in Hollywood for a third of a lifetime you have seen the whole picture industry grow up from these rude beginnings. Dissolve (as the scenario-writers say) from a flat-floored and flea-infested side-show (circa 1910) into the jewelled and boiled-shirt audience at a fashionable picture première today. That is the meaning of Hollywood.

Nor does Hollywood, with all its discovery of prestige-value, forget such a humble but essentially healthy origin. It dare not. That is why the most important cinema discovery of recent years is not the process-background, nor colour photography, nor stereoscopy, nor Shirley Temple—but the simple fact that good pictures make more money than bad ones

IT is this reliance on the ultimate test of entertainment-value that will keep the cinema on the right track more easily, perhaps, than it has kept the novel. For you can (and, though it would be invidious to mention names, you sometimes do) have a novel which everybody buys and few people read. The cinema offers no parallel to this—not even movie-Shakespeare.

If people do not get what they want out of a picture they stay away.

They will not like it because they feel they ought to like it. And the casual "Good show, that was," of Mr. and Mrs. Everyman is worth more than all the adjectives in the publicity department.

Hollywood at the Mike

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

back—to tour in a series of one-night stands, making personal appearances with his entire troupe. He plans to present a regular road-show at a \$2 top price.

It would have been nice if only it had worked out—I mean Texaco's plan to replace Jimmy Durante in its weekly show with Lee Tracy. The Schnozz, you know, retired from the program because two "Jumbo" performances a day kept him more than busy enough and up to now Texaco hasn't found just the right person to succeed him. There's a well-founded rumor, however, that Frank Fay, who's been doing right well for himself and his listeners on Rudy Vallee's program, may end up as the oil broadcast's funny man.

Fred Allen became almost as big a movie personality as he is in radio, on the strength of his work in a single picture, "Thanks a Million." Now Twentieth Century-Fox is set to star him in a film version of "Town Hall

Tonight," his Ipana tooth paste radio hour, but production may not start until spring.

George Burns and Gracie Allen celebrated their fourth year of broadcasting early in February, and when pressed to make a choice, picked radio as being much tougher than either the stage or screen. Then, having decided that, they boarded a through train for Hollywood where they're going to be several months.

Incidentally, here's a smart way of dodging worries about your lease when you go out of town. "The Jack Bennys move into our apartment today," Gracie said. "They'll use our car, too. In Hollywood we're going to live in their home and I'll use Mary's car. How's that for fair exchange between comedians?"

Edward G. Robinson has made just about as big a hit in radio as any other movie star. Recently he went on the Vallee hour for the second time this season, and he also scored a success in the Lux production of "The Boss."

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Love, Honor and Obey That Impulse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

saw some hurdles in front of me. Then I'd gird up the loins and clench the fists and with a challenging yell go charging into what I thought was going to be a swell fight. And when I got where the hurdle was it just flopped over, leaving the way clear, and I would grind to a stop way beyond, looking silly.

"What I'm trying to say is that I'll never get over the final hurdle. I'll never be able to clear the tallest one—the hurdle of Greatness—without any practice. It's like trying to win a track-meet without training for it; you've got to have experienced the tough side of things in order to act well, or even to appreciate life as it is.

"I don't get so much kick out of the grand things I've got, for the very simple reason I've always had them . . ."

THUS Mr. Tone, bachelor.

But, in the familiar newspaper jargon: ". . . authoritative sources here early today confirmed reports that Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford, well-known motion picture stars, were wed last night."

Being a man of meticulous taste, Franchot doesn't want to present the world with a figurative key-hole through which to view the intimacies of his marriage. Therefore when I talked to him again it was on the understanding that he might say as little or as much as he cared to about this delicate subject. His answers, meant to evade, in reality told the story as clearly as if he had offered his personal diary for inspection.

I discovered him, a week ago, in the dark corner of a sound stage, lying on an incredibly old and broken-down couch attempting—quite in vain—to get some rest on the first day of a new picture. A make-shift screen of tattered cloth stood between him and the frantic noise of the set.

"Very special congratulations and good wishes," I said, holding out my hand.

He took it. "Thanks."

"I'm afraid you've ruined my story, though," I added. "Now that you're married you'll have different plans, naturally. You'll have changed your attitudes toward things; you'll—"

Franchot jerked himself erect on the couch. "But I haven't changed! I still want the same things!

"Why should you think that just because I'm married I have to give up my personality or any one of my dreams?"

I wilted. "People *do*,"—protestingly. "When two separate persons become one person that calls for adjustment, concession on both sides."

"Adjustment and concession. Yes. *But marriage doesn't mean you have to stop being individuals.* On the Island that day you asked me an abstract question; and I told you what I would consider a full and successful life for myself.

"I wanted those things then, I want them today, and I'll get them if I can."

"But does Mrs. Tone agree with you? Will she go with you around the world in a schooner, looking for Utopia? Will she do the decorations for your New England house and follow you to the stage and come to Hollywood with you for the season? How about that?"

Outside the stained, shabby screen, voices were loud in sudden argument; above them Franchot said, "I *hope* she will—does it sound like such a hard life? But it's for her to decide. I'm an individual still; ergo, so is she. . . ."

While he lit the inevitable cigarette I thought about that. To the Tones, then, matrimony was not to mean a series of haggling debates over what course to take; each would respect the other's career, ambitions, philosophy—but especially the other's career.

Franchot, actor and gentleman, must never under any circumstances become "Mr. Crawford." His wife, except in private circles, must never be just "Mrs. Tone."

The little pact they made when finally they decided to marry must have read, in effect: "We will concede to the other as much as possible, but not to the point of argument. If we agree—Great! If we do not—then each his separate way will trod, without bloodshed, without tears. By this modern plan shall we conquer Reno!"

Did it take them two long years to reach that conclusion? Respectively, they have been silent on that particular subject to the press and to the public in general. And stonily silent they will remain, I learned, for the rest of time.

Under a reckless impulse I asked of Franchot, "Did you know, that afternoon at Catalina when we had our talk, that within a few months you would marry Joan Crawford?"

He hesitated. "That—that's unanswerable."

"All right," I muttered.

"I don't see that it's such a burning question anyway."

"Oh *don't* you," I said bitterly. "Well, it may remain a dark secret with you for the rest of your life, but people in that way they have will find an answer—or answers. They'll 'just suppose' at first. But before long they'll believe their little stories as religiously as if you had come through with the solution yourself."

"Let them!" He smiled. "They have my permission . . ."

WITH his permission you may—and will—think what you like. But think logically, from what you know of Franchot Tone by reading this story; abstain from romantic melodrama or sentimentality, remembering that he is an idealist but eminently practical; translate the meaning between a few lines; and your result is clear. It should deal with a simple psychological barrier built of two individualists, Joan's previous marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Hollywood situation, and Opinion.

Love is a known solvent of barriers.

From the first-day madness of the sound stage a voice yelled, "All ready now, Mr. Tone!"

He stood before the cloudy mirror and brushed down his rumpled hair. "Three years of this," he said with the faintest suggestion of weariness. "Then—well, you understand what I want. Futures can't be planned irrevocably. I'm not at all certain about mine, or that I'll succeed in realizing my dreams. But at any rate . . ."

The voice called again. "At any rate," finished Franchot, pausing at the screen, "I'm going to try."



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WEEKLY

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

☆ TOUGH GUY—M-G-M

ALL the kids and more than one adult will get a kick out of a lonely little boy's exciting adventures when he and his dog get kidnapped. For all its crime angle and gun battles, it is a moral little piece because the boy wins the gang leader from a life of crime. Jackie Cooper is appealing, Joseph Calleia excellent, and Rin Tin Tin, Jr., the real hero.

KLONDIKE ANNIE—Paramount

YOU'LL have to be a pretty rabid Western fan to take this last Mae West gasp for Paramount. The wise cracks aren't very wise, and the story such as it is mixes religion with sex a little offensively. Mae is a San Francisco lady of the evening who turns evangelist in the Klondike gold rush. Victor McLaglen wallows harmlessly through the picture. You'll yawn.

SONG AND DANCE MAN—20th Century-Fox

THE old story of the vaudeville team—one good, one awful—who can't stick together on Broadway. Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor struggle through synthetic emotions and stilted talk so Paul can make the final backstage sacrifice and let rich boy Michael Whalen walk off with Claire. Just another movie.

THE PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY—Paramount

ANOTHER studio murder mystery, but you'll be entertained doping out the answer. Rod La Roque, a big movie star is killed on the preview night of his big picture. The police bottle up the studio—and the murders multiply. Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick and Conway Tearle have a hand in the fast suspense and suspicion.

THE GARDEN MURDER CASE—M-G-M

ALTHOUGH it doesn't resemble the S.S. Van Dine thriller, this manages to be a fairly interesting study in murder by hypnotism. Edmund Lowe as the newest *Philo Vance* is satisfactory if not compelling. H. B. Warner makes a convincing heavy and Virginia Bruce looks lovely doing little of nothing. Frieda Inescort dominates.

HERE COMES TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

TO have wasted the fine talents of Paul Kelly on such unmitigated trash is nothing less than high treason. Bumbling around in unfunny slap-stick in an incredibly dull story. Kelly wins sympathy—but only for the trick played on him in the casting. It's all about a slick lady jewel thief (Mona Barrie) playing Third Engineer Kelly for a sucker. Skip it.

THE RETURN OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic

WELL-KNIT in plot and well-played is this semi-mystery story which concerns the unearthing, as a newspaper promotion stunt, of the whereabouts of that beloved rogue, *Jimmy Valentine*, twenty years after his disappearance. The suspense is exceptionally well-handled and the dialogue sparkling.

Roger Pryor, J. Carrol Naish and Edgar Kennedy score. James Burtis' comedy is amusing.

THE SEEING EYE—Educational

OUT in Morristown, New Jersey, a non-profit making institution trains German police dogs to be guides and companions to the blind, trains the blind to be gratefully receptive masters to the miraculous dogs. This Treasure Chest short offers instructive and heart-warming picturization of the worthy work.

THE LEATHERNECKERS HAVE LANDED—Republic

ACTION and plenty of it is the keynote of this strictly illogical tale of a marine who was too handy with his fists and got kicked out of the service as result. He joins up with the rebels in China, but gets reinstated in the marines after some noteworthy heroism for the stars and stripes. Isabel Jewell is the sole feminine interest and a badly photographed one. Lew Ayres is the rambunctious marine.

☆ WIFE vs. SECRETARY—M-G-M

AHUSBAND and wife madly in love with one another. A too attractive secretary, a secret business mission and a welter of misunderstandings. There you have the very familiar story which emerges here. A moderately distinctive movie, because Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy supply three star performances.

It isn't as exciting as it might be, because you'll be guessing ahead in the typical course of screen cliches. Nevertheless, Clark Gable is effective and affectionate enough for his most romantic admirer. Jean Harlow underplays pleasantly the other woman and Myrna Loy eats her heart out with dignity, as a lady should, until the very last.

Expert direction and pretentious production bring it well out of the ordinary groove. May Robson and James Stewart bolster with small effective parts.

It's a good Gable film, not the best, but not the worst.

SNOWED UNDER—Warners

WHAT happens when a playwright has too many exwives and lets them all swoop down on him at once is the rib tickling subject of this unpretentious little farce. George Brent is the harassed scribe, faced with finishing a third act in his show in his snow-bound hideout. Genevieve Tobin, Glenda Farrell and Patricia Ellis furnish the feminine distraction. Frank McHugh makes a delightfully dumb deputy sheriff.

THREE GODFATHERS—M-G-M

DIRECTOR Boleslawski effectively trimmed to the bone this Peter B. Kyne tale of three desperadoes who find a baby on the desert and bring it to safety at the cost of their lives and thereby save their souls. Chester Morris is superb as the toughest of them, while Lewis Stone as the cultured "Doc" and Walter "Old Atrocity" Brennan as Gus are also excellent.



ONE of them's the smoke from your cigarette (or some one else's). Dust, glare, late parties, driving your car, reading, typing, are others. Without your realizing it, your eyes become dull, pink-edged or really inflamed . . . and *SPOIL* your appearance no matter how careful you are of your make-up.

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Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

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SPLENDID OPPORTUNITIES

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Room VMD-813, Washington, D. C.

IT was an outdoor shot in "The Voice of Bugle Ann." Lionel Barrymore was doing a dra-a-matic speech. Nearby was a corral of sheep. As Lionel concluded, a loud and lusty "Baaaaa!" filled the air.

The actor stared haughtily at the malefactor. "I see we have a critic in the house," he observed.

WHEN Mary Carlisle left for London James Blakeley saw her off. What's more, he kissed her—three times—and they were long and lingering too.

All of which leads folks hereabouts to wonder if Mary was hiding an engagement ring under her left glove and whether there will be Mendelssohn music when she returns.

MOST people thought Randy Scott was a pretty nice guy until he started this "Polar Club" business. Randy, who lives not far from the rolling breakers, decided to take a dip in the surf every morning. He did—and liked it. It kept him from having colds—so being a large hearted gent, he thought everyone else should do the same. He started the "Polar Club"—sad to say, there are very few members. You have to hop in the ocean every day—all winter (oh yes, there's winter in California). Randy is feeling so chipper because of this Spartan ordeal that he's taking dancing lessons from his pal, Fred Astaire. But that doesn't come with every membership.

THE saddest note of the month concerns that old tailor's delight Adolphe Menjou.

He went and got sick just when he had ordered ten new suits from his tailor. While he was sick in the hospital he dropped twenty pounds. And now—ah woe—now Adolphe's new suits look like pup tents when he drapes them about his wasted limbs.

He's doubling up on his calories to get back his weight.

JEANETTE MACDONALD has a new puppy. He's a Skye terrier and his coat is gray. So Jeanette named him "Stormy

Weather." Because—can you take it—he's a gray Skye!

IT took Hollywood a long time to find out just what the trouble was behind Jimmy Cagney's most recent strike.

Jimmy sailed away on his yacht, leaving his bosses, the Warner Brothers, all up in the air about plans for one of their hottest stars. Last time Jimmy ran away, he had to compromise to make things easy again. But this time? Well—he's an established star now, big box office, and they need him—and here's why he walked out—he doesn't want any more money (believe it or not) and he likes his parts just fine (that's what we said)—but he wants more time to loaf around!

Jimmy says he's making too many pictures and isn't having enough fun. So he wants to cut down to about three a year. And the Warner Brothers don't like the idea. Who'll win the argument?

IRENE DUNNE'S nose was shiny.

"Hey, powder puffy!" yelled an assistant director.

A bruise who looked like Man Mountain Dean might have landed on him, not once but several times, ambled over, puff in hand.

"Yes, sir?" he said mildly. "You call me?"

IF you have learned by mail or somehow or other just exactly how to make an avocado tree grow in New England, it will be worth exactly one thousand dollars to you if you'll prove it to Bob Montgomery.

Bob wants to grow his favorite fruit on his Connecticut farm, but doesn't know how. He offers one grand for such horticultural success. Don't push, all you farmers and farmerettes.

WALTER CONNOLLY didn't give a whoop the other day how many "takes" Joe von Sternberg insisted upon for a certain scene in the Grace Moore picture. He was having too good a time. The scene called for Walter to quaff a glass of beer and by the time the quaffing had been done to Von's liking, four good pints of beer were doing their bit for the Connolly waistline.

Cal York's Pick of the Month

GREATEST COMEBACK

Harold Lloyd's glorious return to the screen after two years in the funniest picture he ever made, "The Milky Way."

BIGGEST PICTURE THEFT

James Stewart taking the picture away from Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love."

MOST IMPORTANT NEWCOMER

The same James Stewart

MOST SUCCESSFUL STARRING DEBUT

Ross Alexander's spirited and fascinating acting in "Brides Are Like That."

GREATEST NEW VOICE DISCOVERY

A Missouri foxhound's musical bay in "The Voice of Bugle Ann."

MOST TOUCHING SCENE

Spanky Macfarland's death in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

MOST HILARIOUS SCENE

When Helen Broderick wins the cider drinking contest in "Don't Bet On Love."

WORST CASTING MISTAKE

Putting Paul Kelly in a slapstick rôle in "Here Comes Trouble."

GREATEST CENSOR-JITTERS MOMENT

Prolonged and passionate Gary Cooper-Marlene Dietrich kiss in "Desire."

PRIZE PART

Henry Fonda's great rôle in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

The Facts of Hollywood Life

RICE AND OLD SHOES

For *Robert Armstrong*, erstwhile inveterate bachelor, and *Gladys LuBois*, comely composer and songstress, at Yuma.

For *Jean Dixon* and *Edward Ely*, of Boston, a suitor of long standing. Also at Yuma.

For *Mrs. Anne Page Alvarado*, former wife of *Don Alvarado*, and *Jack L. Warner*, of the famous producing Warner Brothers. In New York.

For *Kathryn Carver*, *Adolphe Menjou's* once better half, and *Vincent Hall*, Manhattan broker.

LEFT-HANDED SPARKLERS

Mae Clarke and her favorite doctor, *Frank G. Nolan*, announced they mean business, matrimonially speaking.

Polly Ann Young, of the famous Young sisters, and *James Carter Hermann*, young Pasadena blue-blood, posted banns at the City Hall.

SAFETY PINS AND SUCH

Mrs. Fred Astaire presented husband *Fred* with a six-and-a-half pound son. After some thought, named *Fred Astaire, Jr.*

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Woods are oiling up the baby buggy for May occupancy.

Laura LaPlante and husband, *Irving Asher*, hope their dream comes true in a few months.

GOOD-BYE NOW

After four months of married life, *Sylvia Sidney* and publisher husband, *Bennett Cerf*, decided to call it a day

SICK LIST

Appendicitis trouble rushed *Errol Flynn*, *Bill Robinson* and *Marian Marsh* to the operating table.

All recovered smartly after the delicate snipping.

Influenza kept *Lewis Stone* in bed two weeks, jerked *Bela Lugosi* out of "The House of a Thousand Candles," and sent *Gertrude Michael* back to bed.

Little *Sybil Jason* lost her tonsils and adenoids.

Keye Luke, the Chinese actor-artist, tried to imitate a contortionist—went to bed with a sprained back.

Rochelle Hudson got in the way of a Sierra snowslide. Knocked unconscious, but recovered in bed.

Richard Bennett, father of the famous Hollywood Bennetts, fought a serious attack of bronchitis in New York.

Daughters *Connie* and *Joan* flew immediately to his bedside

LAW BUSINESS

John Barrymore asked the district attorney to help him recover \$30,000 in securities which vanished from his Beverly Hills Home.

Gertrude Michael sued the Pacific Electric Railway Company for killing her prized pet dachshund, *Johannesburg*.

She wants \$5,000

Don Evan Brown, 19-year-old son of *Joe E. Brown*, asked the court to make him legally of age so he could start a business peddling his papa's famous grin for advertising purposes.



Has
Lipstick
parching
kept love
from your lips?

Lips that look kissable...and *are* kissable must be satin smooth. Never rough! Yet some lipsticks seem to dry and parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a *new* lipstick.

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Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty...with the new Coty "Air Spun" Face Powder!



50c

On the Spot News

Otto Kruger is back at work after an extended vacation. He is doing a mild horror man in "Dracula's daughter."

Fred Stone is in the midst of a solitary ten thousand mile motor tour of the country and should be deep sea fishing with his brother-in-law, Rex Beach, about this time.

Katharine Hepburn is back from a family visit in Connecticut.

Merle Oberon recuperating nicely from the loss of her tonsils in a swank Santa Barbara hospital.

Helen Gahagan returned from New York to do her second picture for RKO-Radio.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. flew in and out on a hurry-up business trip to talk over release deals with his father and Mary Pickford.

The granting of Joel McCrea's fervent pleas for rain left him mud-bound at his Morre Park ranch for a week.

The Samuel Goldwyns in Europe on a brief vacation.

Ken Maynard has bought the Christie Circus and will transform it into a wild west show to open May 1 on his Diamond ranch in Van Nuys

Paul Cavanagh has holed in at a mountain resort in the Swiss Alps until his busted ankle mends.

Marian Marsh is up but not about after an appendectomy.

Rod LaRoque and Vilma Banky are celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary. Does that make you feel old?

Reports that George Brent is giving up aviation are false. He sold his plane just to buy a faster one.

In spite of all the trouble in Paramount, Mae West has re-signed to make two more pictures. They were supposed to have bought up her contract.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. leaves for China in May to get scenes for his production "Marco Polo."

Margaret Lindsay and Pat De Cicco are back together again after a separation caused by the postmortem investigations of the Thelma Todd tragedy.

Adolphe Menjou is slowly recovering from a serious stomach operation.

Errol Flynn and Lili Damita are house hunting.



A distinct division between the breasts is especially important for the new fashions. To meet this need, Maiden Form developed this "Variation" brassiere which—in addition to under-breast stitching for extra-firm support—gives you that fashionable line-of-separation. Note the little heart-shaped "over-lap" at the center front—it supplies just enough gentle pressure at the necessary point! \$1.00 and \$1.50.



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Casts of Current Photoplays

"BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play "Applesauce" by Barry Connors. Screen play by Ben Markson. Directed by William McGann. The cast: *Bill McAllister*, Ross Alexander; *Hazel Robinson*, Anita Louise; *Fred Schultz*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Mrs. Ella Robinson*, Kathleen Lockhart; *John Robinson*, Gene Lockhart; *Dr. Randolph Jeninsk*, Richard Purcell; *Jennie*, Mary Treen; *Carter*, Joseph Crehan; *Clem Brown*, Frank Darien; *Jones*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Mary Ann*, Kay Hughes.

"COLLEEN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Screen play by Peter Milne, F. Hugh Herbert and Sig Herzig. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Donald Ames, 3rd*, Dick Powell; *Colleen Reilly*, Ruby Keeler; *Joe Cork*, Jack Oakie; *Minnie Hawkins*, Joan Blondell; *Cedric Ames*, Hugh Herbert; *Alicia Ames*, Louise Fazenda; *Paul Gordon*, Paul Draper; *Mabel*, Marie Wilson; *Carlo*, Louis Alberni; *Noggin*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Logan*, Berton Churchill; *Pop Reilly*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Schuyler*, Addison Richards; *Butler*, Charles Coleman.

"DANCING FEET"—REPUBLIC.—From the story by David Silverstein. Screen play by Jerry Chodorov, Olive Cooper and Wellyn Totman. Directed by Joseph Santley. The cast: *Peyton*, Ben Lyon; *Judy*, Joan Marsh; *Jimmy*, Eddie Nugent; *Mabel*, Isabel Jewell; *Phil*, James Burke; *Silas*, Purcell Pratt; *Willoughby*, Vince Barnett; *Specialty Dancer*, Nick Condos; *Groves*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Aggie*, Lillian Harmer; *Jenkins*, Herbert Corthell; *Stupe*, Jimmy Burtis; *Assistant Manager*, Harry Bradley; *Hotel Detective*, Cy Kendall; *Hotel Clerk*, Lynton Brent; *Silas' Butler*, Wilson Bengie; *Silas' Secretary*, Fern Emmett; *Mrs. Blane*, Gladys Gale; *Mrs. Worthington*, Grace Hale.

"DANGEROUS WATERS"—UNIVERSAL.—From a story by Theodore Reeves. Screen play by Richard Schayer and Hazel Jamieson. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Jim Marlowe*, Jack Holt; *Joan*, Grace Bradley; *Dusty Johnson*, Robert Armstrong; *Ruth Denning*, Diana Gibson; *McDuffy*, Charlie Murray; *Bill McKeechie*, Willard Robertson; *Chips*, Dewey Robinson; *Captain Denning*, Guy Usher; *Bosun*, Ed Gargan; *Hayes*, Richard Alexander; *Brunch*, Edwin Maxwell; *Nelson*, Edward Earle; *Garvey*, Matty Kemp; *Carlos*, Billy Gilbert; Also: Lloyd Whitlock, Priscilla Lawson, Stanley Andrews and Grace Cunard.

"DESIRE"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on a comedy by Hans Ssekely and R. A. Stemmle. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Waldemar Young and Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Madeleine de Beaupre*, Marlene Dietrich; *Tom Bradley*, Gary Cooper; *Carlos Margoli*, John Halliday; *Mr. Gibson*, William Frawley; *Aristide Duvalle*, Ernest Cosart; *Police Official*, Akim Tamiroff; *Dr. Edouard Pauquel*, Alan Mowbray; *Aunt Olga*, Zeffie Tilbury.

"EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the play by Katharine Kavanaugh. Screen play by Edward Eliscu. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Mr. Evers*, Jed Prouty; *Mrs. Evers*, Spring Byington; *Bonnie Evers*, June Lang; *Granny Evers*, Florence Roberts; *Jack Evers*, Kenneth Howell; *Rogers Evers*, George Ernest; *Lucy Evers*, June Carlson; *Bobby Evers*, William Mahan; *Clark Newall*, Thomas Beck; *Mr. Newall*, Paul Stanton; *Paxton Sisters*, Paxton Sisters; *Patty Newall*, Kay Hughes; *Millicent*, Phyllis Fraser.

"FOLLOW THE FLEET"—RKO-RADIO.—Based on a play by Hubert Osborne. Screen play by Dwight Taylor and Allan Scott. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Bake*, Fred Astaire; *Sherry*, Ginger Rogers; *Bilge*, Ranolph Scott; *Connie*, Harriet Hilliard; *Iris*, Astrid Allwyn; *Dopey*, Ray Mayer; *Captain Hickey*, Harry Beresford; *Lieutenant Williams*, Addison Randall; *Nolan*, Russell Hicks; *Sullivan*, Brooks Benedict; *Kitty*, Lucille Ball; *Waitress*, Jane Hamilton; *The Trio*, Betty Grable, Joy Hodges and Jennie Gray; *Sailor*, Tony Martin; *Hostess*, Maxine Jennings; *Sailor*, Edward Burns; *Sailor*, Frank Mills; *Sailor*, Frank Jenks.

"GARDEN MURDER CASE, THE"—M-G-M.—Based on the story by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by Bertram Milhauser. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. The cast: *Philo Vance*, Edmund Lowe; *Valia Graem*, Virginia Bruce; *Nurse Belom*, Benita Hume; *Floyd Garden*, Douglas Walton; *Sergeant Heath*, Nat Pendleton; *Lowe Hammle*, Gene Lockhart; *Major Fenwick-Ralston*, H. B. Warner; *Woode Swift*, Kent Smith; *Markham*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Fenwick-Ralston*, Frieda Inescourt; *Dr. Garden*, Henry B. Walthall; *Mrs. Hammle*, Jessie Ralph; *Inspector Colby*, Charles Trowbridge; *Doremus*, Etienne Girardot.

"HERE COMES TROUBLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the story by John Bright and Robert Tasker. Screen play by Robert Ellis, Helen Logan, and Barry Trivers. Directed by Lewis Seiler. The cast: *Duke Donovan*, Paul Kelly; *Margie*, Arline Judge; *Evelyn Howard*, Mona Barrie; *Ivan Petroff*, Gregory Ratoff; *Grimy*, Sammy Cohen; *Crowley*, Edward Brophy; *Professor Howard*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Adams*, Andrew Tombes; *Harry Goodfellow*, Ernie Alexander; *Purser Brooks*, George Chandler; *Ox*, Frank Hagney; *Malay Mike*, Charles Stevens; *Mac Winney*, Robert Homans; *Ship's Captain*, Granville Bates; *Detective Lieutenant*, Wade Boteler; *Detectives*, Stanley Blystone and Tom O'Grady.

"IT HAD TO HAPPEN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by Rupert Hughes. Screen play by Howard Ellis Smith and Kathryn Scola. Directed

by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Enrico Scaffa*, George Raft; *Beatrice Newnes*, Rosalind Russell; *Giusepp Badjagalupe*, Leo Carrillo; *Miss Sullivan*, Arline Judge; *Rodman Drake*, Alan Dinehart; *Mabel Spears*, Astrid Allwyn; *Dooley*, Andrew Tombes; *John Pelkey*, Arthur Hohl; *Mayor of New York*, Paul Stanton; *District Attorney*, Pierre Watkins; *Mug*, Stanley Fields; *Foreman of the Jury*, George Irving; *Tony*, George Humbert; *Tony's Wife*, Nina Campana; *Pelkey's Secretary*, John Sheehan; *Mrs. Spears*, Margaret Bloodgood; *Mayor's Secretary*, Thomas Jackson; *Beatrice's Secretary*, Harry C. Bradley; *McCloskey*, Clay Clement.

"KLONDIKE ANNIE"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Mae West, a story by Marion Morgan and George B. Dowell, and material suggested by Frank Mitchell Dazey. Screen play by Mae West. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Frisco Doll*, Mae West; *Bull Brackett*, Victor McLaglen; *Jack Forrest*, Phillip Reed; *Chan Lo*, Harold Huber; *Fah Wong*, Soo Yong; *Big Tess*, Lucille Webster Gleason; *Annie Alden*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Lan Fang*, Tetsu Komai; *Bar-tender*, James Burke; *Brother Bowser*, Harry Beresford; *James Palmer*, Conway Tearle; *Griggsby*, Ted Oliver; *Buddie*, John Rogers; *Quartermaster*, George Walsh.

"LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED, THE"—REPUBLIC.—From an original by Wellyn Totman, and James Gruen. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Woody Davis*, Lew Ayres; *Brooklyn*, Isabel Jewell; *Mac MacDonald*, Jimmy Ellison; *"Tex"*, Ward Bond; *Corrigan*, James Burke; *Drenow*, J. Carrol Naish; *Captain Halstead*, Clay Clement; *Sergeant Regan*, Joe Sawyer; *Cheng*, Victor Wong; *Young Chinese Officer*, Beal Wong; *Chinese Sergeant*, Frank Tang; *Chinese Officer*, Louis Vincent; *Sikh Sergeant*, Lal Chand Mehra; *"Tubby"*, Waters, Maynard Holmes.

"LOVE ON A BET"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Kenneth Earl. Screen play by W. J. Wolfson and Phil G. Epstein. Directed by Leigh Jason. The cast: *Michael*, Gene Raymond; *Paula*, Wendy Barrie; *Aunt Charlotte*, Helen Broderick; *Uncle Carlton*, William Collier Sr.; *Stephan*, Walter Johnson; *Jackson Wallace*, Addison Randall; *Donovan*, Eddie Gribbon; *Morton*, Morgan Wallace.

"MILKY WAY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From a play by Lynn Root and Harry Clork. Screen play by Grover Jones, Frank Butler, and Richard Connell. Directed by Leo McCarey. The cast: *Burleigh Sullivan*, Harold Lloyd; *Gabby Sloan*, Adolphe Menjou; *Ann Wesley*, Verree Teasdale; *Mae Sullivan*, Helen Mack; *Speed McFarland*, William Gargan; *Polly Pringle*, Dorothy Wilson; *Wilbur Austin*, George Barbier; *Spider Shultz*, Lionel Stander; *Willard*, Charles Lane; *Landlady*, Bonita.

"MODERN TIMES"—CHARLES CHAPLIN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Written, directed and produced by Charles Chaplin. The cast: *A Tramp*, Charles Chaplin; *A Gamin*, Paulette Goddard; *A Cafe Proprietor*, Henry Bergman; *A Mechanic*, Chester Conklin; *The Burglars*, Stanley Sandford, Hank Mann, Louis Natheux; *President of a Steel Corporation*, Allen Garcia.

"MUSS 'EM UP"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by James Edward Grant. Screen play by Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Charles Vidor. The cast: *Tip O'Neil*, Preston Foster; *Amy Hutchins*, Margaret Calahan; *Paul Harding*, Alan Mowbray; *Jim Glenray*, Ralph Morgan; *"Red" Cable*, "Big Boy" Williams; *"Snake"*, Maxie Rosenbloom; *Nancy Harding*, Molly Lamont; *Gene Leland*, John Carroll; *Corinne*, Florine McKinney; *Inspector Brock*, Robert Middlemass; *Spivak*, Noel Madison; *Cleo*, Maxine Jennings; *Maratti*, Harold Huber; *William*, Clarence Muse; *Luigi*, Paul Porcasi; *Gangster*, Ward Bond; *Gangster*, John Adair.

"NEXT TIME WE LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From a story by Ursula Parrott. Screen play by Melville Baker. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. The cast: *Cicely Tyler*, Margaret Sullivan; *Christopher Tyler*, James Stewart; *Tommy Abbott*, Ray Milland; *Michael Jennings*, Grant Mitchell; *Madame Donato*, Anna DeMetrio; *Frank Carteret*, Robert McWade; *Kil*, Ron nie Cosbey; *Mrs. Talbot*, Florence Roberts; *Otto*, Chair-tian Rub; *Professor Dindel*, Charles Fallon.

"PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Garnett Weston. Screen play by Brian Marlow and Robert Yost. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: *Johnny Morgan*, Reginald Denny; *Peggy Madison*, Frances Drake; *Claire Woodward*, Gail Patrick; *Neil DuBeck*, Rod La Roque; *E. Gordon Smith*, Ian Keith; *Jerome Hewitt*, George Barbier; *Detective McKane*, Thomas Jackson; *George Tyson*, Jack Raymond; *Studio Manager*, Colin Tap-ley; *Karl Jennings*, Bryant Washburn; *Legal Adviser*, Phillips Smalley.

"PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on the life of Dr Samuel A. Mudd. Screen play by Nunally Johnson. Directed by John Ford. The cast: *Dr. Samuel Alexander Mudd*, Warner Baxter; *Mrs. Peggy Mudd*, Gloria Stuart; *Colonel Dyer*, Claude Gillingwater; *Mr. Erickson*, Arthur Byron; *Doctor MacIntyre*, O. P. Heggie; *Commandant*, Harry Carey; *Corporal O'Toole*, Francis Ford; *Lieutenant Lovett*, John McGuire; *John Wilkes Booth*, Francis McDonald; *General Ewing*, Douglas Wood; *Sergeant Rankin*, John Carradine; *Martha Mudd*, Joyce Kay; *Sergeant Cooper*, Fred Kohler, Jr.; *Buck Ernest Whitman*.

David Herold, Paul Fix; Mr. Holt, Frank Shannon; Abraham Lincoln, Frank McGlynn, Sr.; Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Leila McIntyre; Aunt Rosabelle, Etta McDaniel; Judge Maiben, J. M. Kerrigan; Carpet Bagger, Arthur Loft; General Hunter, Paul McVey; Orderly, Maurice Murphy.

"RETURN OF JIMMY VALENTINE, THE"—REPUBLIC.—From a story by Scott Darling, Wallace Sullivan and Paul Armstrong, Jr. Screen play by Jack Netteford and Olive Cooper. Directed by Lewis D. Collins. The cast: Gary Howard, Roger Pryor; "Midge" Davis, Charlotte Henry; "Jimmy" Davis, Robert Warwick; Mac, James Burtis; Callahan, Edgar Kennedy; Tony Scapelli, J. Carrol Naish; Mary Davis, Lois Wilson; "Red" Dolan, Wade Boteler; Radio Actor, Gayne Whitman; Augie Miller, Dewey Robinson; Rocco, Hooper Atchley; Warden Keeley, Wm. P. Carlton; Mrs. Keeley, Lucille Ward; Dixon, Frank Melton; Kitty, Jeannie Roberts; Nick, George Chesebro; Kelley, Charles Wilson; Grogan, Franklyn Parker; Price, Harry Bowen; Finney, Lane Chandler; Louie, George Lloyd.

"SNOWED UNDER"—WARNERS.—From the story by Lawrence Saunders. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert, and Brown Holmes. Directed by Raymond Enright. The cast: Alan Tanner, George Brent; Alice Merritt, Genevieve Tobin; Daisy Lowell, Glenda Farrell; Pat Quinn, Patricia Ellis; Orlando Rowe, Frank McHugh; McBride, John Eldredge; Arthur Layton, Porter Hall; Mrs. Canterbury, Helen Lowell.

"SONG AND DANCE MAN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—From the play by George M. Cohan. Screen play by Maude Fulton. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: Julie Carroll, Claire Trevor; Hap Farrell, Paul Kelly; Alan Davis, Michael Whalen; Patsy O'Madigan, Ruth Donnelly; Lieut. Mike Boyle, James Burke; Sally, Helen Troy; C. B. Nelson, Lester Matthews; Crosby, Ralf Harolde; Dolores, Gloria Roy; Mrs. Whitney, Margaret Dumont; Curtis, Billy Bevan; Goldie McGuffey, Irene Franklin.

"TIMOTHY'S QUEST"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp, Dore Schary and Gilbert W. Pratt. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: Martha, Eleanor Whitney; David Young, Tom Keene; Timothy, Dickie Moore; Samantha Tarbox, Virginia Weidler; Vilda Cummins, Elizabeth Patterson; Gay, Sally Martin; Jimmy, Bennie Bartlett; Fellows, Samuel S. Hinds; Hilly Tarbox, Esther Dale; Dr. Cudd, J. M. Kerrigan; Flossie, Irene Franklin.

"THREE GODFATHERS"—M-G-M.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by E. E. Paramore, Jr., and Manuel Seff. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: Bob, Chester Morris; Doc-Lewis Stone, Gus, Walter Brennan; Mollie, Irene Herve; Sheriff, Roger Imhof; Marcus Treen, Harvey Clarke; Buck Tooth, Victor Potel; Reverend McLane, Willard Robertson; Ed, John Sheehan; Frank, Robert Livingston; Professor Snape, Sidney Toler; Pedro, Joseph Mariedsky; Goldie, Dorothy Tree;

Mrs. Marshall, Helen Brown; Mrs. McLane, Virginia Brissac; Babies, Kirchner Twins.

"TOUGH GUY"—M-G-M.—From the story by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: Freddie, Jackie Cooper; Joe, Joseph Calleia; Duke, Rin Tin Tin, Jr.; Chief Davison, Harvey Stephens; Doctor, Jean Hersholt; Tony, Edward Pawley; Chi, Misch Auer; Vincent, Robert Warwick.

"TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE"—WALTER WANGER-PARAMOUNT.—From an original by John Fox, Jr. Screen play by Grover Jones. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: June Tolliver, Sylvia Sidney; Dave Tolliver, Henry Fonda; Jack Hale, Fred MacMurray; Judd Tolliver, Fred Stone; Thurber, Nigel Bruce; Melissa Tolliver, Beulah Bondi; Buck Falin, Robert Barrat; Buddie Tolliver, Spanky McFarland; Taler, Fuzzy Knight; Corsey, Otto Fries; Sheriff, Samuel Hinds; Clay Tolliver, Alan Baxter; Lina Tolliver, Fern Emmett; Ezra Tolliver, Richard Carle; Wade Falin, Henry Kleinbach; Meed Falin, Phillip Barker; Gorley Falin, Robert Kortman; Katherine Hale, Charlotte Wynters; Zeke Denker, Frank Rice; Gaptown School-teacher, Hilda Vaughn; Jenkins, Charles Middleton; Landlady, Clara Blandick; Storekeeper, Russ Powell; Mailman, Irving Bacon; Ebony, John Larkin.

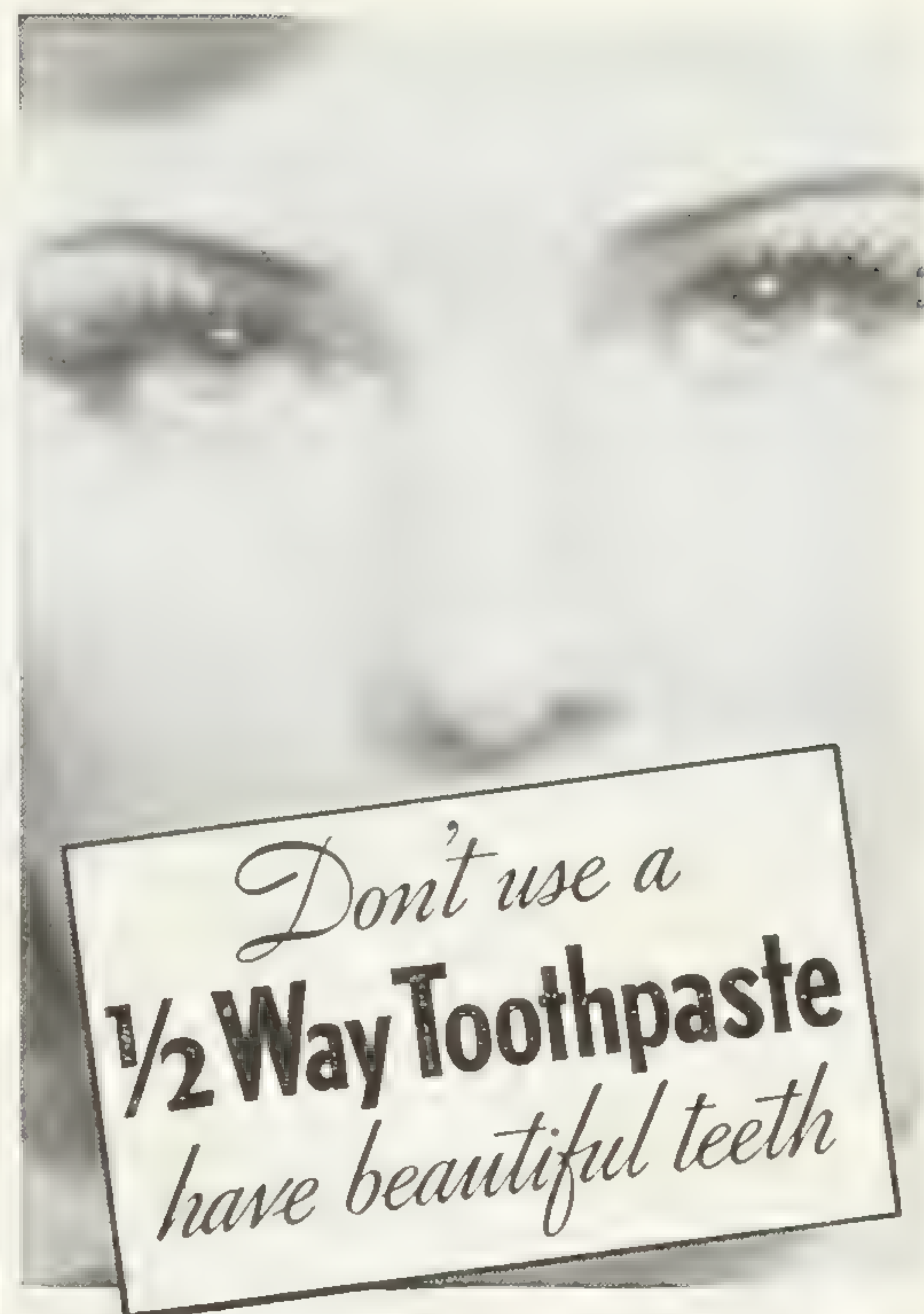
"VOICE OF BUGLE ANN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the book by MacKinlay Kantor. Screen play by Harvey Gates and Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Spring Davis, Lionel Barrymore; Camden Terry, Maureen O'Sullivan; Benjy Davis, Eric Linden; Jacob Terry, Dudley Digges; Ma Davis, Spring Byington; Cal Royster, Charley Grapewin; Bake Royster, Henry Wadsworth; Mr. Tanner, William Newell; Del Royster, James Macklin; District Attorney, Jonathan Hale; The Warden, Frederick Burton.

"WIFE VS. SECRETARY"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Faith Baldwin. Screen play by Norman Krasna, John Lee Mahin, and Alice Duer Miller. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: Dan Sanford, Clark Gable; Whitey, Jean Harlow; Linda, Myrna Loy; Mimi, May Robson; Joe, Hobart Cavanaugh; Tom, Billy Newell; Edna, Margaret Irving; Finney, Tom Dugan; Simpson, Gilbert Emery; Eve, Marjorie Gateson; James, James Stewart; Underwood, George Barbier; Joan, Gloria Holden.

"WOMAN TRAP"—PARAMOUNT.—From a story by Charles Brackett. Screen play by Brian Marlow and Eugene Walter. Directed by Harold Young. The cast: Barbara Andrews, Gertrude Michael; Keat Shevlin, George Murphy; Mopsy, Roscoe Karns; Ramirez, Akim Tamiroff; Senator Andrews, Samuel S. Hinds; Ferguson, Sidney Blackmer; Honey Hogan, Dean Jagger; Mr. Dodd, Russell Hicks; Jimmy Emerson, David Haines; Pancho, Julian Rivero; George Meade, Ed Brophy; Harry, Bradley Page; Fred Brace, Ralph Malone; Berl, City Editor, Arthur Aylesworth; Jenny, Society Editor, Henrietta Burnside; Sheriff, Hayden Stephen-son; Miller, Norman Willis.



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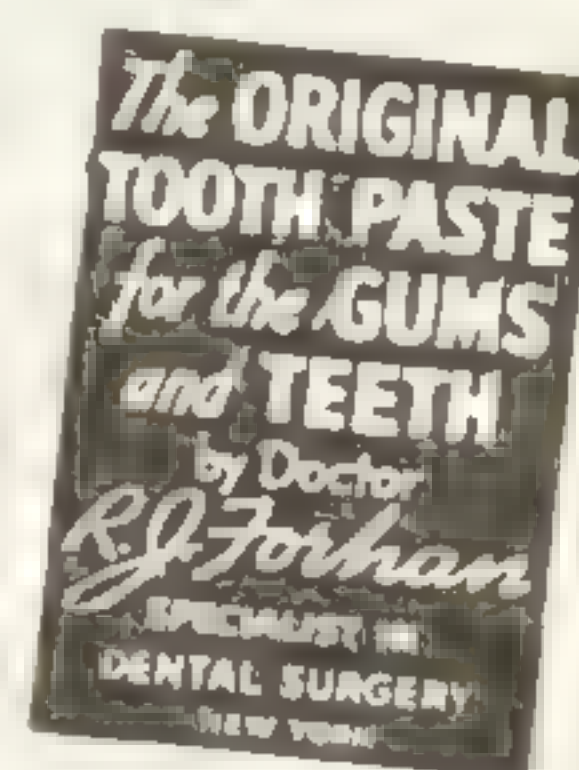
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Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Tom Brown
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Cary Cooper
Ernest Cossart
Larry Crabbe
Bing Crosby
Robert Cummings
Louis DaPrun
Jill Deen
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Johnny Downs
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glenn Erikson
W. C. Fields
Robert Fiske
William Frawley
Cary Grant
Porter Hall
John Halliday
Julie Haydon
Samuel S. Hinds
Betty Holt
David Holt
John Howard
Marsha Hunt

Dean Jagger
Helen Jepson
Roscoe Karns
Rosalind Keith
Jan Kiepura
Billy Lee
Baby LeRoy
Carole Lombard
Ida Lupino
Fred MacMurray
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Ray Milland
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
Elizabeth Patterson
Joe Penner
George Raft
Jane Rhodes
Charlie Ruggles
Elizabeth Russell
Randolph Scott
Gail Sheridan
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Fred Stone
Gladys Swarthout
Akim Tamiroff
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Virginia Weidler
Mae West
Eleanore Whitney
Henry Wilcoxon

20th-Century-Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astrid Allwyn
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
Thomas Beck
John Boles
J. Edward Bromberg
George and Olive
Brasno
Rita Casino
Irvin S. Cobb
Ronald Colman
John Carradine
Jane Darwell
Dixie Dunbar
Stepin Fetchit
Francis Ford
Alice Faye
Virginia Field
Janet Gaynor
Sara Haden
Jack Haley
Rochelle Hudson
Arlene Judge
Paul Kelly
June Lang
Wilfred Lawson

Fredric March
John J. McGuire
Victor McLaglen
Maurice Murphy
Warner Oland
Paxton Sisters
Gilbert Roland
Maxine Reiner
Charles A. Sellen
Paul Stanton
Slim Summerville
Simone Simon
Paul Stanton
Gloria Stuart
Fred Sylva
Arthur Treacher
Shirley Temple
Lawrence Tibbett
Andrew Tombes
Edward Trevor
Claire Trevor
Jane Withers
Helen Wood
Michael Whalen
Loretta Young

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Lucille Ball
John Beal
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Richard Dix
Doris Dudley
Preston Foster
James Gleason
Betty Grable
Margot Grahame
Alan Hale
Harriet Hilliard
Jane Hamilton
Margaret Hamilton
Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Maxine Jennings
Molly Lamont
Harry Jans

Helen Mack
Raymond Middleton
Herbert Marshall
Ray Mayer
Victor Moore
Helen Parrish
Evelyn Poe
Lily Pons
Gene Raymond
Virginia Reid
Erik Rhodes
Buddy Rogers
Ginger Rogers
Francis Sage
Anne Shirley
Ann Sothorn
Lionel Stander
Barbara Stanwyck
Frankie Thomas
Helen Westley
Wheeler and Woolsey
John Wood

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 North Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood

Phillip Barker
Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeline Carroll

Peggy Conklin
Henry Fonda
Walter Pidgeon
Sylvia Sidnev

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Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Ruth Chatterton
Douglas Fairbanks
Miriam Hopkins

Walter Huston
Joel McCrea
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Jean Arthur
George Bancroft
Michael Bartlett
Ralph Bellamy
Wyrley Birch

Nana Bryant
Leo Carrillo
Walter Connolly
Jean Dixon
Melvyn Douglas
Douglass Dumbrille

Edith Fellows
Thurston Hall
Victor Jory
Peter Lorre
Marian Marsh
Ken Maynard
Henry Mollison
Grace Moore
Gene Morgan

Pioneer Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Charles Collins
Dolores Del Rio
Steffi Duna

Lloyd Nolan
Joan Perry
Arthur Rankin
Florence Rice
Gloria Shea
Ann Sothorn
Lionel Stander
Charles Starrett
Raymond Walburn

Helen Gahagan
Douglas Walton

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Coach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Patsy Kelly
Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Robert Benchley
Wallace Beery
Ray Bolger
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Joseph Calleja
Mary Carlisle
Mamo Clark
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Dudley Digges
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Grace Ford
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Greta Garbo
Gladys George
Edmund Gwenn
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Ted Healy
Louise Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Allan Jones
June Knight
Frances Langford
Elsa Lanchester
Francine Larrimore
Charles Laughton
Eric Linden

Robert Livingston
Myrna Loy
Marx Brothers
Jeanette MacDonald
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edward Norris
Edna May Oliver
Maureen O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecelia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luise Rainer
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink
Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Harry Stockwell
Lewis Stone
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
Spencer Tracy
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Charles Trowbridge
Henry Wadsworth
Lucile Watson
Johnny Weissmuller
Clifton Webb
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Edward Arnold
Binnie Barnes
Noah Beery, Jr.
Andy Devine
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Edgar A. Guest
Jack Holt
Edward Everett Horton
Buck Jones
Shaindel Kalish

Boris Karloff
Edmund Lowe
Frank Lawton
Priscilla Lawson
Jean Rogers
Cesar Romero
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Pinky Tomlin
Clark Williams
Jane Wyatt

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Marguerite Churchill
Ricardo Cortez
Marion Davies
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
Jane Froman
Hugh Herbert
Olin Howland
Warren Hull
Kay Hughes
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason

Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Ruby Keeler
Joseph King
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anita Louise
Barton MacLane
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Richard Purcell
Edward G. Robinson
Claude Rains
Beverly Roberts
Winifred Shaw
George E. Stone
Eddie Shubert
Paula Stone
Gale Sondergaard
Lyle Talbot
June Travis
Rudy Vallee
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood.
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1765 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.

Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

MAN HUNT—Warners.—Fairly bright tale of a hick reporter, William Gargan and school-marm, Marguerite Churchill who tackle the Big City for escaped bad man Ricardo Cortez. Chic Sale captures him. (Mar.)

★ **MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE**—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—The dramatic vicissitudes of a feminine fugitive from justice. Sylvia Sidney, Melvyn Douglas and Alan Baxter are excellent. (Feb.)

MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Reliance.—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Houston can't save this tiresome story. A student abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer. He is killed, the child is taken. She finds him grown and starts him on a musical career. (Jan.)

MELODY TRAIL—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the redeeming feature of this impossible potpourri of cattle rustling, kidnaping and rodeos. (Dec.)

★ **METROPOLITAN**—20th Century-Fox.—Grand opera behind the scenes with baritone Lawrence Tibbett's voice finer than ever. Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady and George Marion, Sr. are exceptional. Direction outstanding. (Jan.)

MIDNIGHT PHANTOM—Reliance.—Fairish entertainment with Detective Reginald Denny solving a murder committed in police headquarters. Competent cast with Claudia Dell and Lloyd Hughes. (Feb.)

★ **MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A**—Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipation and speculation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in the progress of motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

MILLIONS IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Featherweight comedy of amateur radio hours. Wendy Barrie and John Howard an appealing sweet-heart team. (Feb.)

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Warners.—The team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell skitter through a lightweight comedy about a popularity contest. Broad comedy, but monotonous. (Feb.)

MISTER HOBO—GB.—George Arliss being him self in a delightful tale of the highway. Gene Gerrard Viola Keats and an excellent supporting cast. (Feb.)

MORALS OF MARCUS—G. B.—Lupe Velez, fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (Oct.)

MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIGAN, THE—Warners.—Ricardo Cortez gives the only acceptable performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some terrific technical faux pas. (Jan.)

MUSIC IS MAGIC—20th Century-Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real trouping in a pleasant semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (Dec.)

★ **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY**—M-G-M.—Magnificent sea saga culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book. Charles Laughton as *Captain Bligh*, Clark Gable as *Fletcher Christian*, leader of the mutiny, and Franchot Tone as *Midshipman Byam*. Superb acting, direction, scenery and cast. Don't miss it (Jan.)

MY MARRIAGE—20th Century-Fox.—Solid performances by Claire Trevor, Kent Taylor and Paul Kelly help a weak and confusing picture of society versus underworld tangled up by several murders. (Feb.)

NAVY WIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her own unpleasant family experiences, navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually does wed Ralph Bellamy in this unexciting and listless film. (Dec.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A Zane Grey Western. Buster Crabbe and Sid Saylor prove their mettle in a cattle war. Grand scenery and Kathleen Burke. (Feb.)

★ **NIGHT AT THE OPERA, A**—M-G-M.—Those idiotic zanies, the Marx Brothers, start cavorting in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house. Singing Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You'll love it. (Jan.)

ONE WAY TICKET—Columbia.—Peggy Conklin's personality high-lights a poorly constructed picture of the warden's daughter falling for prisoner Lloyd Nolan. Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows are good. (Jan.)

O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY—M-G-M.—The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

PADDY O'DAY—20th Century-Fox.—Jane Withers brings laughs and tears in this homely little story of an orphan's adventures in New York. Rita Cansino, Pinky Tomlin and George Givot. (Jan.)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET—Warner Bros.—A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture glorifies the lowly family maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Dec.)

PETER IBBETSON—Paramount.—An artistically produced new version of the romantic love of *Peter Ibbetson*, a young architect (Gary Cooper) for the *Duchess of Towers*, Ann Harding. (Jan.)

POWDERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (Nov.)

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER—20th Century-Fox.—Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew in story of adventurous boy king, a Graustarkian revolution and a tough soldier of fortune. Old melodramatics but you will like it. (Mar.)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)

RACING LUCK—Winchester-Republic.—An unpretentious stock racing story with novel twist. William Boyd, Ernest Hilliard, Barbara Worth. George Ernst in the cast. (Feb.)

RED SALUTE—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny version of a cross country flight, but he eventually is successful in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal.—A wild party, hangovers, four murders and a suicide are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of the swell cast that includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (Dec.)

RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M.—Exciting comedy melodrama with Bill Powell as the ace-de-coder of the U. S. Intelligence Department who busts up an enemy spy ring. Rosalind Russell superb as his feather-brained sweetheart. Do see this. (Jan.)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

RIFFRAFF—M-G-M.—Jean Harlow surrounded by fish canneries, labor troubles and penitentiaries. Spencer Tracy is her man. Lots of battles and love scenes. Joseph Calleia and Una Merkel are great. (Mar.)

RING AROUND THE MOON—Chesterfield.—Donald Cook, Erin O'Brien Moore, and Ann Doran in story of a publisher's daughter who marries a reporter. Mixed up but creditable. (Feb.)

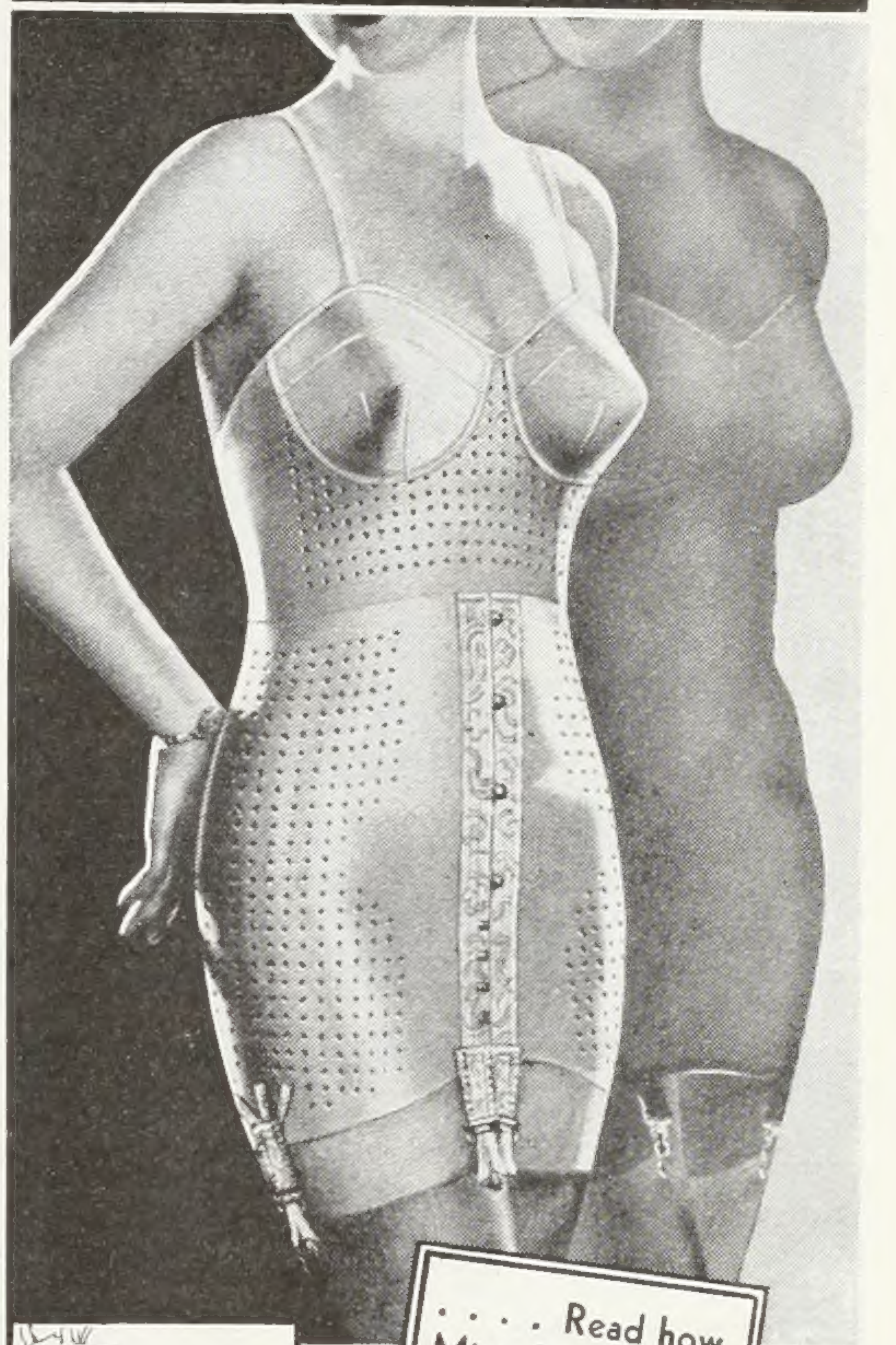
★ **ROSE MARIE**—M-G-M.—Vigorous, romantic, melodic and polished operetta with Jeanette MacDonald as an opera star and Nelson Eddy as a Royal Mounted policeman. Their singing is better than ever. First rate entertainment. (Mar.)

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—Paramount.—Opera star, Gladys Swarthout's screen debut in story of land grabbers in Spanish California. Enchanting singing. John Boles, Charles Bickford, Willie Howard are good. (Mar.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—RKO-Radio.—The perennial mystery of Baldpate Inn with a new ending and modern wisecracks. The sparkling cast includes Gene Raymond, Eric Blore, Margaret Callahan, Henry Travers. (Feb.)

SHANGHAI—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of East is East and West is West—, with Loretta Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

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ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

Dept. P-4

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Columbia.—A swiftly paced and hokum packed version of the harassed millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of temperaments with Joan Bennett until love finally crashed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

SHE GETS HER MAN—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls and thwarts a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees, Lucien Littlefield. (Oct.)

★ **SHE MARRIED HER BOSS**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing rôles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. Melvyn Douglass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

SHIP CAFE—Paramount.—Fairly entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson rising on the wings of song from stoker to gigolo. Arlene Judge and Mady Christians. (Jan.)

★ **SHIPMATES FOREVER**—Warners-Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gayety with their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

★ **SHOW THEM NO MERCY**—20th Century-Fox.—This gripping kidnapper-hunt film is full of terrific suspense after Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble into a gangster's hideout. A prize portrayal by "killer" Bruce Cabot. (Jan.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Paramount.—Stark Young's tender, tragic Civil War tale of a ruined Southern family, beautifully presented. Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott, Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (Jan.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY—Republic.—A California murder mystery entertainingly handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees' help. Burton Churchill's waggish humor helps. (Jan.)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

SPLENDOR—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists.—Wife, Miriam Hopkins sacrifices herself for husband, Joel McCrea's success. Enjoyable cast with Paul Cavanagh, Billie Burke and Helen Westley. (Feb.)

STAR OVER BROADWAY—Warners.—Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songstress Jane Froman. (Jan.)

★ **STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND**—Fox.—Beloved Will Rogers in a dramatic, laugh-laden love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious legal complications. Anne Shirley gives a splendid performance. John McGuire. (Oct.)

★ **STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE**—Warners.—An unusually strong picture of the struggles, disappointments and success of the French scientist who proved the germ theory. Paul Muni excellent as *Pasteur*. Anita Louise and Donald Woods are the mild love interest. (Feb.)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamline train constitute the basis for this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Nov.)

★ **STRIKE ME PINK**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Eddie Cantor extravaganza with good plot, beautiful girls, magnificent sets and swell songs. Eddie running an amusement park gets mixed up with gangsters. Sally Eilers is his secretary. Ethel Merman is the vamp and sings torch songs. You'll like it. (Mar.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT—RKO-Radio.—Katharine Hepburn, Brian Aherne in a whimsical, merry mad pointless story with charming acting and scenes. Cary Grant in a crook comedy rôle steals the picture. (Feb.)

★ **TALE OF TWO CITIES**, A—M-G-M.—Dickens' French Revolution story, rich in spectacular glamour. Ronald Colman as Sydney Carton who redeems a mis-spent life. Elizabeth Allan and a talented cast. Very worth while. (Feb.)

★ **THANKS A MILLION**—20th Century-Fox.—Dick Powell singing grand songs, Paul White-man, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly's slapstick, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak's dancing are only a few of the items you'll find in this swell fast-moving film. (Jan.)

THE INVISIBLE RAY—Universal.—The Shiver and Shake Boys, Karloff and Lugosi combine their horror talents in tale of scientist who discovers a new element which kills or cures. Lugosi is the hero. (Mar.)

THE KING OF THE DAMNED—GB.—Stark realism about a convict revolt on a penal island led by Conrad Veidt and seconded by Noah Beery. Helen Vinson good as commandant's daughter and Cecil Ramage is a perfect villain. Tons of suspense. Not for children. (Mar.)

THE LADY CONSENTS—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding's fine talents wasted in the too familiar triangle about understanding wife losing her husband Herbert Marshall to scheming minx. She wins him back. (Mar.)

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE—Republic.—Obvious plot concerning the murder of Mr. Leavenworth on the eve of his giving away his millions. Norman Foster and Donald Cook are around. Dull. (Mar.)

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK—GB.—Interesting modern allegory with Conrad Veidt as "The Stranger" who exerts a powerful influence for good on a lot of vicious people. Cast and direction are excellent. (Mar.)

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN—M-G-M.—Slight, foolish comedy with witty Frank Morgan capering as music hall favorite with English Cecely Courtneidge. Competent cast. (Feb.)

★ **THE PETRIFIED FOREST**—Warners.—Former Broadway hit with powerful drama. Poetic Leslie Howard wanders into desert oasis, meets Bette Davis. Tender love scenes and tense situations. (Mar.)

THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO—Warners.—Dolores Del Rio, Warren William and Louise Fazenda try hard to lift up a tedious picture about a bored duchess who turns a flirtation into true love. Warren Hymer steals honors. (Mar.)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (Nov.)

\$1000 A MINUTE—Republic.—A "broke" reporter, Roger Pryor, gets the job of spending a thousand a minute for twelve hours. It's harder than you think when you are suspected of being a crook or a lunatic. (Feb.)

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal.—This enlivening comedy of errors develops an accidental kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson as the eccentric millionairess and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Jan.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—M-G-M.—An uninspired dud with three world war veterans returning to find themselves officially dead. Beryl Mercer, Claude Allister, Dudley Diggs, and Nydia Westman are in the cast. (Mar.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—RKO-Radio.—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-flashing quartet to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

TO BEAT THE BAND—RKO-Radio.—Hugh Herbert struggles through this musical hodge-podge to inherit millions. Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (Jan.)

★ **TOP HAT**—RKO-Radio.—A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Nov.)

★ **TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL**—GB.—Richard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a transatlantic tunnel in this well produced, graphically photographed melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic problem. (Jan.)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS—Republic.—Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (Nov.)

TWO FISTED—Paramount.—Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns butte and battle their way through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tot from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

TWO FOR TONIGHT — Paramount. — Bing Crosby clowns and sings his way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

TWO IN THE DARK — RKO-Radio. — Novel, fast moving tale of an amnesia victim, Walter Abel who becomes embroiled in a murder. Margot Grahame helps him solve it happily. (Mar.)

TWO SINNERS — Republic. — Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation, while little Cora Sue Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE — Paramount. — Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones, Stepin Fetchit. (Dec.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY — Warners. — Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN — RKO-Radio. — An action-packed see-saw battle with newspaper trimmings between a killer's gang and a brawny but dumb sleuth, Preston Foster. Reporteress Jane Wyatt softens his heart. (Feb.)

WESTWARD HO! — Republic. — A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Oct.)

WHIPSAW — M-G-M. — G-Man Spencer Tracy trails Myrna Loy, confederate of jewel thieves. Love mixes things up. Satisfying. (Feb.)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA — Paramount. — Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (Dec.)

WITHOUT REGRET — Paramount. — Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

★ **WOMAN WANTED** — M-G-M. — A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY — 20th Century-Fox. — A very fast and funny comedy with Edward Everett Horton ruining his business being civic minded. The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)



Watch for the charming **NATURAL COLOR PORTRAITS** of Myrna Loy and Kay Francis in next month's **PHOTOPLAY**. Myrna Loy will appear on the cover, and Kay Francis, captured in an unusual and fascinating gown, will be presented on the fashion color page which leads Miss Kathleen Howard's illuminating fashion section each month. Beautifully reproduced, these portraits are perfect for memory books or wall decorations. In the May Photoplay, on sale April 10th.



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ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. P-4

Baby Star of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

fresh, the gang would have landed him in the bass drum with a saxophone curled around his neck.

That's how Dixie Dunbar came to Hollywood—the first time.

George White had caught her act at the Paradise.

"I'll have a show one of these days," he had said, "and you'll be in it."

One day he came in at rehearsal.

"How'd you like to go to Hollywood with me and make a picture?"

She made her test in the diaper and the safety pin and the bib. She sang "Baby Star of Broadway." She signed a five year contract with George White. And she arrived in Hollywood the first time a year older than she is now, the second time, although two years have passed!

Which is to say she had to fib about her age to sign with George White. Dixie said she was eighteen, but she was really fifteen. Now she's seventeen.

The Hollywood edition of George White's Scandals wasn't so hot. But when it was over Dixie was dying to stay in Hollywood.

The head man at Fox told her, "You've got lots of time yet. Go back and grow up. Then come back some day when you're a young lady and talk to us."

That "some day" was pretty soon, and Dixie Dunbar still wasn't grown up, and instead of coming to talk to them, they came to talk to her.

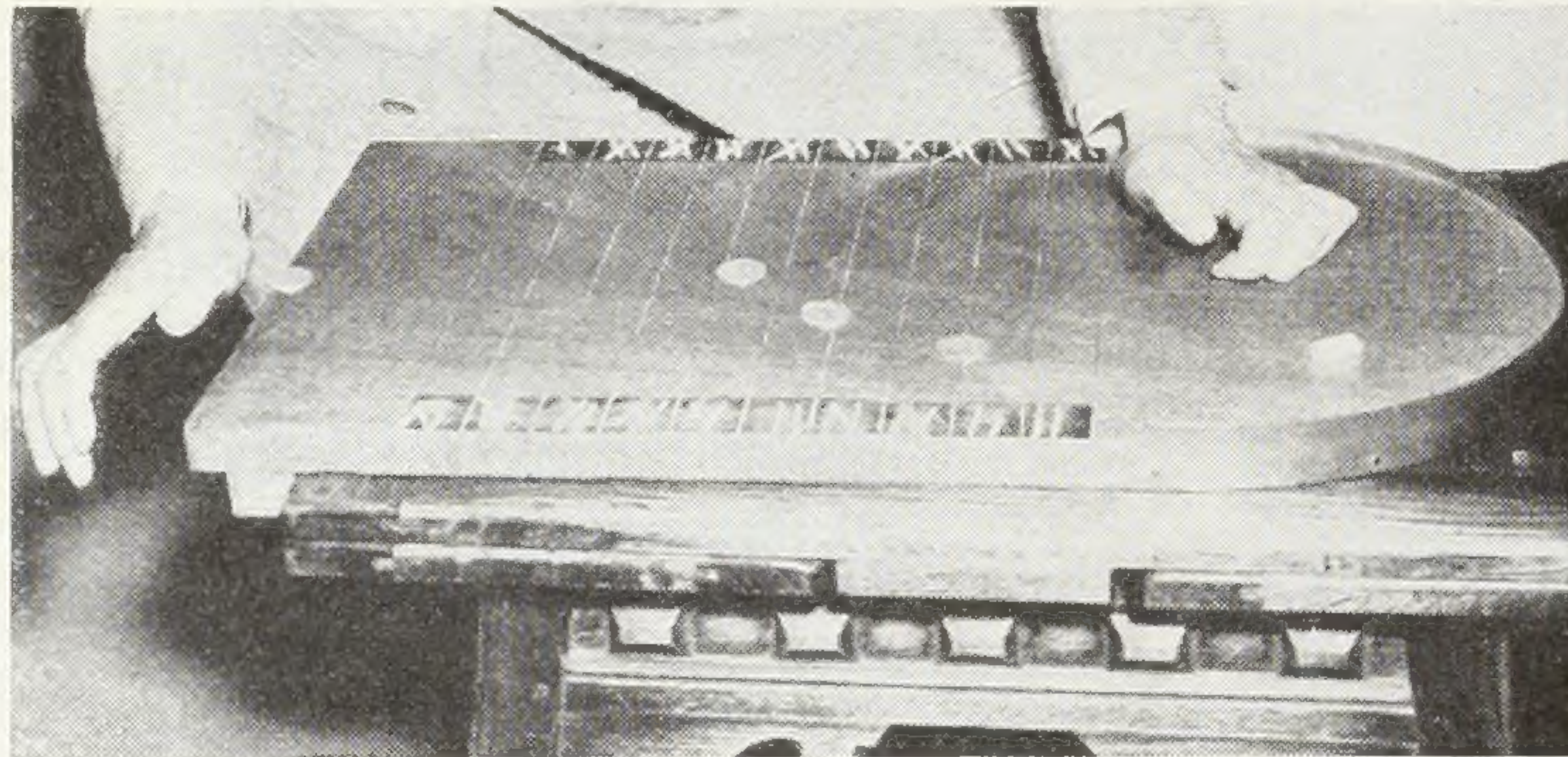
George White didn't have a show ready back in New York. Dixie got out of her contract and toured for a while with Buddy Rogers and his band. She was in vaudeville too and on the air. She danced in Harry Richman's show in "The Riviera" over in Jersey. Ray Bolger and Lee Shubert saw her there one night and offered her the juvenile lead in a show they were going to put on, "Life Begins at 8:40." She danced with Ray Bolger. They were the hit of the show for eleven months.

Dixie was about to go into the Ziegfeld Follies when the wisemen from 20th Century Fox came over.

They didn't find her "grown up" much. A half-

inch under five feet, ninety-eight pounds, wearing a number four shoe.

She didn't slur her "r's" quite so much, but her smile was the same young smile of sweet seventeen. Two years of stage and floor show life seemed to have rolled off her like dew off a buttercup.



Fink

All Hollywood's Playing This Game

It's the British influence this month. Everybody's playing "Shove Ha'penny"—and sink me! It's fun no end!

Take a good look at the picture above—and then have the handy man around the house fix you up a board just like it. Smooth wood, 14 inches wide. Leave 4 inches from the base to the first line, then rule off ten spaces, clear across—each an inch and a quarter deep. Blacken a stripe down each side, so you can score on the squares with chalk. Leave a reasonable margin at the end with a little edging perhaps to stop the coins. Then you're all set—if you've got any coins.

Never mind about sending to England for "ha'pennies." Quarters are about the same size. You'll have to rustle up five of them—but the Depression's over, so that ought to be easy.

Two play at a time, taking turns tapping the coins at the base of the board with the top of their palms, right below the thumb, to send them sliding into the ruled area. The idea is to lag them thus so they rest between the lines without touching either. When you've tapped all five (and there's quite a technique here you'll find; it takes a delicate touch to shove them where you want them) make a chalk mark on the black squares on your side of the board opposite the space where you've scored, and let your opponent try his skill "shoving ha'penny."

The object is to get three scoring chalk marks on each black square at the side. That's thirty scores. Sounds fairly easy—but wait 'til along toward the end when you have to tap the "ha'penny" in just the right space!

The first to turn the trick, of course, wins. Whereupon the thing to do is to shout: "Well played," or "Good boy," and have another pint of stout or whatever's handy.

The nice thing about "Shove Ha'penny" is that it's no strain on the mind. If your guests aren't too mental they'll like it. If they are, they'll go for it even more, because it lets them relax.

W. P. Lipscomb, the British playwright and scenarist, who introduced it to Hollywood, eased down after making such colossal works as "Les Miserables" and "A Tale of Two Cities" into movie scripts by "shoving ha'penny."

At his "English evenings" Ronald Colman takes off his coat and gets down to a serious game of "Shove Ha'penny" and plays far into the night. In fact, everybody's doing it now—whether they have an English accent or not.

"Shove Ha'penny" has been played in Merrie England for hundreds of years. No British pub is complete without a board. And what's good for a pub is good for your bar—wot?

She still went home with her mother every night after the show. She still didn't smoke, still didn't drink.

She was still fresh, unspoiled and she fairly radiated what the wisemen wanted to brighten up their show, "King of Burlesque."

So Dixie Dunbar took the next plane to

Hollywood, in what was not only the first air trip of her life, but the first time she had ever been away from some member of her family for a single night.

On the screen she sparkled into an all sparkling show, "King of Burlesque." Right away orders shot from Darryl Zanuck to build her to the skies. He knows them when he sees them.

Already she's the darling of the Fox Hills lot. Everybody is "Uncle." Everybody, from props to potentates fall for the Southern drawl she's trying to drop and the pert little friendly affection she shows in a wink or a smile or a squeeze of the hand.

Production all over the studio practically stopped recently when she was sent home with an appendicitis attack. Everyone was asking everyone else how Dixie was. Everyone is her self-appointed big brother and loves it.

Because Dixie has never grown into a "lady." She still gets a doll every Christmas, she still carries a silver dollar for a good luck piece, she still plays football with her little nephew out in the back yard of her new house in Beverly Hills where her mother, her daddy, her sister, her brother and his three children and her eighty-three year old grandmother are out from Atlanta to keep her company.

"I just couldn't get along without my folks," says Dixie, and you know she just couldn't.

No wonder a certain gentleman from New York has been sticking around Hollywood every since she's been here hoping she'll change her mind and marry him.

He might as well go home. Dixie isn't "grown up" enough to marry yet. And when she is, there's a boy down home in Atlanta she's never forgotten in all these three years of fame and glamour.